THE HISTORY OF AGATHON,

By Mr. C. M. WIELAND.

Tranſlated from the GERMAN Original,

WITH

A PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

——Quid Virtus & quid Sapientia poſſit
Utile propoſuit nobis exemplar ——

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THE TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

A Famous Cardinal † of the laſt age, ſpeaking of the learned Jeſuit GRETSER, obſerves with ſome degree of ſurpriſe, that, conſidering he was a German he had a great deal of wit. A thought, which a lively Frenchman, improving perhaps upon the original idea, has carried ſo far, as to make it even a queſtion, whether it be poſſible for a German to be a man of wit. There may be ſomething ambiguous in this term, eſpecially as uſed by the French; but to ſet aſide equivocal diſtinctions, it is certain that at ſeveral periods ſince the revival of letters, Germany has produced men of great abilities. They have particularly diſtinguiſhed themſelves in natural hiſtory, chymiſtry, and philological learning. Many of their earlier productions in theſe parts of ſcience may be ſtill read with pleaſure and improvement.

† See Perron. Art. *Greiſer*, p. 272.

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ment. But the preſent æra may be conſidered as a very extraordinary one with reſpect to German literature, and may juſtly boaſt of ſeveral able criticks, philoſophers and divines. Thoſe of the preſent age are ſuch as would do honour to any country. I need only mention the celebrated names of HALLER, ERNESTI, CRAMER, KLOTZ, SEMLER, MENDELSSOHN, to confirm the truth of this obſervation. Candour will not ſuffer me to omit the learned Dr. REISKE, Profeſſor at *Leipſic*, though we in particular have little obligations to that gentlemen, on account of the ſingular manner in which he treats our critical writers, and the cenſure he paſſes upon their Latin ſtile, in his late edition of *Demoſthenes*; a liberty, which in our opinion, he is leſs entitled to make uſe of, than many others of his countrymen.

In theſe branches of critical and philological erudition, the learned MOSHEIM deſerves our warmeſt encomiums. His works abound in much critical learning, diſcover a ſound judgment and great penetration, are written in a clear, correct, and pleaſing ſtile; and with an amiable candour and impartiality. In GESNER too, though his

his writings are chiefly in the Latin language, we ſhall find all the talents of a judicious and elegant critic. To him we are indebted for ſeveral very valuable editions of the Claſſics. The obſervations he has occaſionally ſubjoined are not filled with trite grammatical niceties, or with a detail of an almoſt endleſs variety of ſimilar and often unneceſſary paſſages: on the contrary, they are conciſe, clear and pertinent, the ſimilar paſſages few, and generally well choſen, the difficult parts frequently cleared up, and the peculiar beauties of the author pointed out with judgment and propriety.

The celebrated Dr. MICHAELIS Profeſſeſſor at the Univerſity of *Gottingen*, has choſen a leſs frequented path, in which he hath made a very extraordinary progreſs. A ſuperior degree of penetration, and a very extenſive knowledge of the oriental languages, equally diſtinguiſh this ingenious critic. His works deſerve to be read by all who have any taſte for ſacred literature, as they throw great light upon the phraſeology of the inſpired writers, and ſerve to illuſtrate many obſcure and difficult paſſages in them.

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BUT the greateſt improvement made by the Germans of the preſent century, is, in the cultivation of their own language. The pains that have been taken by ſeveral eminent men among them to poliſh and refine it, have already rendered it well deſerving the attention of the man of genius, as well as of the ſcholar. The influence theſe improvements have had on the general taſte, and progreſs in the politer parts of literature, is by no means inconſiderable. Hence their poetry has undergone a very ſtriking change, and we may diſcover in ſeveral of their later compoſitions, proofs of original genius, and great ſublimity of conception and imagination. Their ſtage, though very imperfect ſome years ago, has been of late entirely new modelled, and a more correct and regular plan adopted by their moſt eſteemed writers: Some of the pieces of a LESSING, and a WEISS, would command applauſe from the politeſt Britiſh audience.

The refinement of the language has been owing in a great meaſure to the labours of the late ingenious Mr. GELLERT, Profeſſor at *Leipſic*, whoſe works have contributed

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buted to introduce a more claſſic and correct manner of writing among his countrymen. This pleaſing writer is no leſs remarkable for his elegant ſimplicity of language, than for the ſoundneſs of his judgment, and the purity of his taſte. His works contain a variety of excellent and uſeful obſervations, drawn from a general knowledge of life and manners, and glowing with the warmeſt ſentiments of humanity and unaffected benevolence. The heart of the writer breathes that ſpirit of virtue which animated all his actions. His compoſitions in verſe, though ſeveral of them are of the lighter kind, are far from being deficient in poetical merit, and in many parts diſcover marks of original genius. His diction is peculiarly correct and expreſſive, totally free from that affected obſcurity and laboured pomp of language, aiming, (to uſe an expreſſion of Lord SHAFTESBURY) *at falſe ſublime, with crouded ſimile and mixed metaphor*, (*the hobby-horſe and rattle of the Muſes*) which diſtinguiſh ſome of his cotemporary poets. The death of this excellent man, which happened a few years ago, hath given riſe to ſeveral

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pieces both in proſe and verſe, publiſhed either by his friends or pupils. In theſe they have endeavoured with equal zeal and affection to perpetuate the memory of his ſuperior abilities and diſtinguiſhed virtues. A taſk, which though meritorious as a ſacrifice to gratitude, reſpect and affection, is much better performed by the works he has left behind him. The Germans yet ſpeak of him with a kind of enthuſiaſm; and the learned Mr. ABBT, in a ſenſible treatiſe on merit, beſtows on his writings an elogium the more flattering, as it cannot be ſuſpected of partiality. "His works, "he ſays, are read, underſtood, and admired "by all his countrymen; they inſtruct the "moſt ignorant, and pleaſe the moſt inge-"nious and enlightened."

SUCH are the men whoſe learning and abilities have been ſlighted by their neighbours, and who have been ſo illiberally treated as to be conſidered only a few years ago, as a *particular ſpecies of Automata calculated to vegetate under electoral Powers.* †

BUT

† Il y a trente ans que la Poëſie Allemande étoit l'objet de nos plaiſanteries & de nos dédains

But in whatever unfavourable light a German might appear to a Cardinal or a Jesuit, and in general to the whole body of the French nation, I flatter myself that we have not adopted their prejudices. I am the more sanguine in this opinion, for two reasons: the one, that a highly celebrated writer among them, who for many years was their sole arbiter in matters of taste, has in several of his pieces treated the English with very little more respect, though in the former part of his life, he had no small obligations to them; the other is, the Germans of the present times seem in a great measure to have formed themselves on English models, and have, therefore, a particular claim to protection and encouragement from us. Most of our approved writers have been translated into their language, been read, admired, and spoken of by their ablest and most esteemed authors with great applause:

dains. Nous regardions les Allemands comme des espéces d'automates, faits pour végéter sous des puissance électorales. D'un Ouvrage lourd & mal fait, on disoit que c'étoit un écrit Germanique, & l'on ne prenoit point la peine d'examiner, si l'on avoit tort ou raison.

Dorat *Recueil de Contes.*

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and though a German SHAKESPEAR, MILTON, POPE, ADDISON or HUME, may poſſibly, ſound ſtrange to an Engliſh ear, yet 'tis well known, that theſe ſeveral writers have been tranſlated by ſome very ingenious men, with a ſurprizing degree of accuracy and elegance. Natural partiality for our own country, cannot but ſtrongly inforce this plea in their favour, as it will reflect ſome degree of merit upon our own writers, who may very reaſonably be ſuppoſed to have contributed to introduce a more chaſte and correct manner of writing among our neighbours. It muſt afford too an agreeable proſpect to an Engliſhman, to ſee the beauties of his moſt favourite writers flouriſhing in a ſoil, which has hitherto been thought ſo improper and unfavourable, for their cultivation and improvement.

THE compoſition of Novels and Romances, that for ſome years paſt has become ſo faſhionable, has been attempted but very lately with any degree of ſucceſs among the Germans. They have contented themſelves with the tranſlations of FIELDING, RICHARDSON, and a few of our beſt authors in this way. There is, indeed, in GELLERT's works, a ſmall

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piece of the novel kind, entitled the *Swediſh Counteſs*, which is written with much elegance, and was greatly admired, when firſt publiſhed in Germany. Some parts of it abound with true pathos and well imagined ſcenes of affecting diſtreſs: but the incidents and characters are not, perhaps, ſufficiently diverſified, the moral reflections are tedious, and he ſeems rather unfortunate in his attempts at humour. RABENER, who is ſtiled the German SWIFT, in his ſatires and ſome parts of his works, may perhaps, be conſidered as another of their novel writers; but the true and lively ſtrokes of wit and pleaſantry, that abound in this entertaining author, being often of a local nature, and alluding to cuſtoms we are little acquainted with, are therefore leſs intereſting to an Engliſh reader, and loſe much of that ſtrong and pointed ſatire for which they are ſo remarkable in the original. His ſatires have indeed appeared in an Engliſh dreſs, but in ſo looſe and negligent a one, that the author, were he now living, and could read and underſtand his tranſlator, would have ſome difficulty to know himſelf under this diſguiſe. Theſe perhaps, are the true rea-

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ſons, why he is ſo little read amongſt us, and has not met with that applauſe which the ſuperiority of his genius ſo deſervedly claim. The Germans, however, conſider him as one of their moſt original writers, and the editor of a volume of his letters collected by himſelf, but publiſhed after his death, gives us the following encomium of him. "In him, "ſaith he, Germany has loſt one of her "beſt writers, his country a true patriot "and a valuable citizen, his prince a moſt "faithful ſervant, and his acquaintance an "honeſt and generous friend."

THE learned and ingenious Mr. WIELAND, author of the following work, has been well known for ſome time paſt in the literary world, as a man of genius and erudition. He has diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a poet, as a ſatyriſt, as a moral, and as a dramatic writer. Though the ſingularity of ſome of his productions has expoſed him to the ſevere cenſure of the German critics; yet his writings in general have been well received by moſt of his countrymen.

THE hiſtory of *Agathon* is conſidered as his maſter-piece; and indeed he diſcovers throughout the whole of this work much original

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original genius, and very extenſive reading of modern as well as antient writers. In the firſt volume we ſhall find a learned and curious account of the Sophiſts of Greece, which ſeems conformable to what we read of them in the dialogues of *Plato* and *Lucian*. There is much good metaphyſical reaſoning in the conferences between *Hippias* and *Agathon*; and though it has been juſtly imputed to the writers of controverſial dialogues, that they are cautious of repreſenting in their full force the arguments they mean to refute, yet Mr. WIELAND has been particularly attentive not to incur this cenſure. The arguments the ſophiſt *Hippias* uſes in ſupport of his ſyſtem, appear to be ſet in their ſtrongeſt light, ſo that it may ſometimes be a matter of doubt, whether the reply is ſufficiently convincing. In general however, *Agathon* has the beſt of the diſpute; and if even there ſhould be room to doubt, it may be owen to the author's accuracy in endeavouring to make the anſwers conſiſtent with his Hero's character, which in his younger days was that of an enthuſiaſt.

THE behaviour of *Agathon* at *Athens* in the ſecond volume is remarkably ſtriking;

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and the deſcription of the manners and diſpoſition of that Republic very juſt and entertaining. The account of the court of *Dionyſius* is extremely pleaſing; and the court-intrigues are diſplayed with a degree of penetration and ſagacity, which indicate a thorough knowledge of the human heart. The extracts from *Agathon*'s ſpeech in favour of a monarchical government, are maſter-pieces of elegance as well as of ſound reaſoning. Theſe parts of the work are ſo excellent that they may be read with pleaſure, perhaps with advantage; by ſtateſmen and politicians.

THE character of *Archytas* in the laſt volume is highly finiſhed; and may be looked upon as one of the moſt amiable and conſiſtent characters ever drawn.

BUT it would be endleſs to particularize all the beauties of this work. Let it ſuffice to ſay, that Mr. WIELAND's ſtile is nervous and ſtrong, his deſcriptions poetical and pictureſque, though on ſome occaſions they may be too wild. His reaſoning upon the whole is juſt, and in many parts we meet with that noble ſimplicity, which is the charac-

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characteristic mark of the antient manner of writing, and the test of true genius.

AMONG such a variety of excellencies, we could wish there were no blemishes of consequence to be found, especially as those which do occur might have been so easily avoided. We must do the author the justice to declare, that these faults seem chiefly to have arisen from hurry and want of attention, evident marks of which manifest themselves in this otherwise superior and capital performance.

A vein of pointed satire runs through the whole work; and though it is often judiciously applied, and with much wit, particularly against modern writers of novels and romances, yet it seems to be so much the author's favourite turn, that three or four different strokes of it are frequently complicated and thrown together in the same sentence. This unavoidably creates confusion and periods of an immoderate length, a defect, which we have taken the liberty to correct as much as possible in the translation.

Although

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Although the ſtory is profeſſedly borrowed from a Greek manuſcript, yet there are many alluſions in it to modern cuſtoms, manners and writings which take off in a great meaſure from the antique caſt that ought to have been uniformly preſerved through the whole. The author indeed apologizes for theſe in the preface; but the neceſſity of ſuch an apology had better been avoided; for we apprehend that he either wiſhed to ſave himſelf the trouble of correcting thoſe paſſages, or that his turn for ſatire induced him rather to leſſen the dignity of his ſubject, than to omit any opportunity of indulging this propenſity.

THERE is alſo a careleſſneſs in ſome of Mr. WIELAND's expreſſions, and an indelicacy in ſome of his alluſions which we ſhould not have expected in ſo elegant a writer. The affectation of low humour is too prevalent, and the various apoſtrophes of *Sir*, *Sirs*, *my charming ladies*, &c. though agreeable in ſo deſultory and miſcellaneous a writer, as the author of *Triſtram Shandy*, ſeem little ſuited to the importance of this work.

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We could also wish that as Mr. Wieland's is upon the whole a moral work, he had in some places checked the sallies of his imagination; which hath led him to give too alluring a picture of the most seducing, though indeed the most excusable of all human foibles; and to represent some respectable virtues in too ludicrous a light.

These are spots which would scarcely be noticed in an inferior writer; but they are the more conspicuous in Mr. Wieland, from their contrast to the extraordinary brilliancy of other parts. In a second edition, it is probable he will correct some things, and improve others.

As to the translation we now offer to the Public, we shall only say, that it has been made as close as possible. Some of the metaphors, though singular and foreign to the idiom of our language, we have rather chosen literally to retain, than to run the risque of weakening the force of the original meaning. It will, we believe, be allowed by those who are acquainted with the German language, that the general difficulty of translating works of fancy with propriety and elegance, has been more considerable in this

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this particular instance. We shall not, however, regret the pains we have taken, if our readers can peruse this translation with pleasure and satisfaction, and if it can but give them some idea of the excellent Original.

THE

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THE AUTHOR's PREFACE.

THE Editor of this History sees so little probability of being able to persuade the public, that it was really taken from an old Greek manuscript, that he thinks it best to be silent on this point, and to leave the reader entirely at liberty to think as he pleases.

FOR admitting that there really was an *Agathon*, as it is well known to those who are conversant with *Plato's* writings, that there certainly was a comic poet of that name, at the æra of this history; admitting also that nothing of more consequence had been transmitted to us of this *Agathon* than the time of his birth and marriage, the number of his children, and when and of what disorder he died; what could induce any one from such anecdotes as these, to read his history, even though it could incontestibly be proved, that it had been found among the records of ancient *Athens*?

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THE truth, indeed, of a work of this kind, which we here offer to the reader, muſt depend entirely upon it's conſiſtency with the general cuſtoms of the world: the characters, therefore, are not to be arbitrarily drawn according to the fancy and peculiar deſign of the author, but derived from the inexhauſtible fund of nature itſelf. In the winding up of the ſeveral parts, the probability of the events in themſelves, and in their relative circumſtances, muſt be carefully preſerved, the diſpoſitions of the human heart laid open, the nature of each particular paſſion delineated, with its ſeveral lights and ſhades, when diſplayed in any particular character, or under the accidental circumſtances in which any perſon happens to be placed. Beſides this, the peculiar characteriſtic of the country, of the ſpot, and of the age in which the ſcene of the hiſtory is laid, ſhould be conſtantly kept in view, and the whole narrative ſo put together, that no ſufficient reaſon may be aſſigned, why the events ſhould not have happened exactly as they are told, or why they might not happen again. Such an appearance of truth as this, can only render a work

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of this kind useful, and this the author takes upon himself to promise to the readers of the *History of Agathon.*

THE author's design was to represent a deserving character in different lights, and under a variety of situations. He might, doubtless, have fixed upon one of more importance; but as he desired not to impose upon the public fiction for truth, he therefore, made choice of one, which he had the best opportunity of being perfectly acquainted with. For this reason, he can confidently affirm, that *Agathon*, as well as most of the other persons introduced in this History, are real characters; such as have appeared in every age, and are not uncommon in our own. Setting aside therefore the circumstances, the conclusions, and peculiar disposition of the collateral incidents, together with every thing that concerns merely the embellishment of the work, which is entirely arbitrary, we declare that all the essential parts are as truly historical, and perhaps more to be depended upon, than any composition of a political writer of the best credit we can meet with.

In

IT is certain that many things happen in human life, far less probable than even the bold fictions of the Chevalier de *Mouhy* himself. We should, therefore, be too precipitate in our judgment, were we to doubt of the truth of our Hero's character, because it may often appear improbable, that any one should have thought or acted as he did. If even it should be impossible to prove that a man, or that any one placed in the same circumstances as *Agathon* was from his childhood, could think or act as he did, or at least not without a miracle, or the influence of invisible beings, or some supernatural inchantment: yet the author thinks he has a right to expect credit, when he positively asserts, that *Agathon* really thought and acted in this manner.

HISTORIANS of the best authority, and *Plutarch's* Lives alone fortunately supply us with a sufficient number of examples, which prove that it is possible to be as noble, as virtuous, and as continent as our Hero; or as *Hippias*, and men of his cast would say, as singular, as obstinate, and as absurd, as he is represented in some parts of his life.

IN

In several places of this work, we have given our reasons why we have not made *Agathon* the model of a perfectly virtuous character. The world is already sufficiently stocked with copious treatises of morality, and every one may freely indulge his fancy, (for nothing is easier) in forming a Hero, who shall from his cradle to his grave, in every circumstance and relation of life always perceive, think and act as a perfect moralist. But as *Agathon* was intended to represent a real character, in which others might discover their own likeness, we maintain that the author could not, consistently with this design, make him more virtuous than he is; but if others are of a contrary opinion (for it is certain that the best character is that which has the greatest qualities with the fewest faults) we only desire that they would among all mankind fix upon any one, who, in a similar situation, would have been more virtuous than *Agathon*.

A young libertine, possibly upon finding that an *Agathon* was overcome by the insinuating allurements of love and of a *Danae*, may be ready to draw the same conclusion that *Chærea* does in *Terence*, upon viewing a

picture

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picture, which represented an amorous intrigue of *Jupiter*. After having read with secret joy that such a man had fallen, he might exclaim in the words of *Chærea* in the poet; *Ego homuncio hoc non facerem? Ego vero illud faciam, ac lubens.* A man too of a vicious turn of mind, or of a profligate character, may, perhaps, upon reading the argument of the Sophist *Hippias*, imagine that they will plead an excuse for his vices, and justify his infidelity; but every honest man must be convinced, that the immorality of the one, and the licentious freedom of the other, would have been just the same, had the history of *Agathon* never appeared.

THIS last instance naturally lead us to an explanation, which we think ourselves obliged to make, to obviate the scruples of certain ignorant though well meaning persons, and to prevent them from taking offence hastily, or forming any rash judgment. We readily confess, that in the consciousness of the integrity of our intentions, we had not thought such a caution necessary, had we not been surprized by the observation which one of our friends, without our knowledge, thought proper to place under the text for this

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this purpoſe at the beginning of the fifth chapter of the ſecond Book. †

THIS relates to the introduction of the Sophiſt *Hippias* in this hiſtory, and to that particular diſcourſe, in which he flatters himſelf he ſhall get the better of *Agathon's* virtuous and amiable enthuſiaſm, and inſpire him with ſuch a turn of thought, as the Sophiſt with good reaſon believed to be more fit for his advancement in the world. People who ſee things in a proper light, will readily perceive, both from the whole plan of this work, and from the manner in which we ſpeak of this Sophiſt and his principles, how little we approve either the man or his ſyſtem. But though it is neither agreeable to our manner of thinking, or conſiſtent with the caſt and deſign of our work, to inveigh againſt him with the furious zeal which tranſports a young divine, when he enters the field of Polemical controverſy againſt a *Tindal* or a *Bolingbroke*, in order the better to recommend himſelf to the favour of his patron, for a good living: yet we hope we have left the ſenſible and well-diſ-

† This note is omitted in the edition from which this tranſlation is made.

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diſpoſed reader no room to doubt, that we look upon *Hippias* as a bad and dangerous man, and conſider his ſyſtem (as far as it oppoſes the eſſential principles of religion and juſtice) as a piece of ſophiſtry, which would deſtroy human ſociety, if it were morally probable that the greater part of mankind ſhould be influenced by it. We flatter ourſelves, that we are entirely free from ſuſpicion upon this head; but among our readers ſome good people may be found, who may at leaſt tax us with imprudence, and think that we either ought not to have introduced ſuch a man as *Hippias*, or, if the plan of our work required it, that we ſhould have fully refuted his principles; we think it but reaſonable to lay before them the motives which induced us to do the one and not the other.

Our plan required that our Hero ſhould be repreſented under a variety of trials, which might make his turn of thought and his virtues conſpicuous, and gradually ſeparate every thing falſe or extravagant from his mind. It was therefore neceſſary to make him undergo theſe trials, as *Hippias* is a well known hiſtorical character, who with the other

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Sophiſts of his time, had greatly contributed to corrupt the manners of the Greeks: the contraſt alſo between theſe two characters is extremely proper to ſet that of *Agathon* with his principles in the moſt advantageous light. Beſides, as it is but too evident that the greater part of thoſe, who form what is called the polite world, have the ſame ſentiments as *Hippias*, or act agreeably to his principles, ſo it was a part of the moral plan of this work, to ſhew the effect of theſe principles, when reduced to a proper ſyſtem. Theſe are the chief reaſons which occaſioned the introduction of this Sophiſt in our Hiſtory, though we have not repreſented him worſe than he really was, or than his followers are at preſent.

A full refutation of what was either falſe or dangerous in his opinions (for he is not always in the wrong) would have been, according to our deſign, entirely miſplaced; and we cannot but think it would have been alſo ſuperfluous to our readers. *Aagthon's* anſwer to him is the beſt that can be given, but the whole work, to any one who conſiders it altogether, will appear to be a complete refutation of it. *Agathon* baffles *Hip-*

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pias nearly in the ſame manner as *Diogenes* did the Sophiſt, who denied that there was any ſuch thing as motion: *Diogenes* permitted him to talk on as long as he would, and when he had done, he contented himſelf only with walking careleſſly about before him. This, undoubtedly, was the only anſwer the Sophiſt deſerved.

THE ſucceſs of the ſecond part † of this work depending ſo much upon the favourable reception of the firſt, we ſhould deprive it of the advantage of novelty, and our readers of the pleaſure they may hereafter receive from it, if we previouſly inform them of its contents. We think it ſufficient to aſſure them, that in the ſecond part of this Hiſtory, our Hero will appear in as many intereſting circumſtances, and intricate ſituations as in the firſt. All we can diſcover of the concluſion of this Hiſtory, is, that *Agathon* in the latter part of his life, which finiſhes our work, becomes a man of as much wiſdom as virtue; and what is of greater conſequence

† The ſecond part of the Original, which this paragraph alludes to, was publiſhed ſome time after the firſt, and is contained in the third and fourth volumes of this tranſlation.

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ſequence to our readers, they will perceive how, and by what means this is effected; why there are, perhaps, many among them, who are neither wiſe nor virtuous, and what means they muſt employ if they deſire to become ſo.

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ERRATA.

Page 24. Line 19. that he might become, *read* to become

— 26. — 10. foon difcover his paſſion, *read* be of little conſequence

— 132. — 21. it, *read* her

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Page 13. Line 16. *dele* with
— 21. — 7. know not, *read* not know
— 23. — 8. *let* and *precede the parentheſis.*
— 24. — 17. *dele* again
— 33. — 10. this, *read* the
— *ibid.* — 14. a diverſion, *read* with a diverſion
— 101. — 21. theſe, *read* thoſe
— 126. — 19. idea, *read* ideas
— 136. — 19. ſouls, *read* ſoul
— 150. — 12. ſhe, *read Diana*
— 163. — 14. might hope, *read* might ſtill hope
— 172. — 3. a, *read* my
— 192. — 7. ſoul, *read* ſouls
— 212. — 8. was would, *read* was, ſhe would
— 225. — 24. youth, *read* youths
— 295. — 9. poſterity, *read* proſperity

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Page 98. Line 2. *dele the full ſtop after* Europe, *and inſert a comma*

— 140. — 11. want, order, *read* want of order

— 198. — 6. eat, *read* ate

— 210. — 8. which, *read* who

— 231. — 16. analogus, *read* analogous

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Page 68. Line 2. they, *read* it
— 75. — 18. part, *read* poſt
— 91. — 22. entirely gave, *read* entirely fruſtrated, gave
— 125. — 8. cloſe, *read* cloſely
— 126. — 8. entirely, *read* totally
— 156. — 1. thing, *read* thinking
— 169. — 14. *dele* to.
— 196. — 10. near, *read* nearly

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AGATHON.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

The Beginning of this History.

THE sun was near setting, when *Agathon*, wandering in an unfrequented wood, and fatigued with searching in vain for an outlet, came to the foot of a hill, the top of which he was desirous of reaching, in hopes of discovering from thence some inhabited place where he might pass the night. With difficulty he ascended through a kind of path, between the bushes, and had scarcely reached the

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middle of the hill when he found himſelf ſo much exhauſted that he almoſt deſpaired of getting to the top, which ſtill appeared to him at a greater diſtance the nearer he came to it: here he threw himſelf down quite breathleſs under a tree which caſt its ſhadow over a little ſpot, where he reſolved to paſs the night.

If any man ever found himſelf in a ſituation, that may be called unhappy, in ſuch an one muſt we allow this youth to be at this inſtant, in which we introduce him to the acquaintance of our readers. A few days before, the favourite of fortune, and the object of envy to his fellow citizens; he, now, by a ſudden reverſe, found himſelf at once deprived of his friends, baniſhed from his native country, and expoſed to all the attacks of adverſe fortune, not even knowing how he ſhould be able to preſerve the only thing yet left him, his mere exiſtence. But notwithſtanding this train of calamities, which conſpired to depreſs his ſpirit, yet hiſtory aſſures

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assures us, that any one who had then seen him, could not have perceived the least signs of despair, impatience or even discontent, either in his appearance, or in his actions. This description may, perhaps, recal to our mind the picture of the wise man drawn by the Stoics, of whom it was said, that he would be as happy in *Phalaris*'s Bull, as an Eastern Bashaw in the arms of a young and fair Circassian. But, it will appear in the course of this history, by various proofs, that there was a very sensible difference between our hero and the wise man of *Seneca*. We think it, therefore, much more probable, that his soul was of such a cast, as to be always susceptible of pleasing impressions, and that one single agreeable sensation was sufficient to make him forget all his past sufferings. An opening in the wood which he perceived between two hills, afforded him a distant view of the setting sun. He wanted nothing more to suspend the thought of his

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preſent melancholy ſituation; he gave himſelf up to that enthuſiaſtic rapture which men of ſenſibility generally experience from ſo grand and noble a proſpect; and for a long time did not attend to the moſt preſſing demands of nature. At length the ſound of a ſpring iſſuing from a neighbouring rock, rouzed him from the pleaſing extaſy in which he had for ſome minutes been loſt: he aroſe and took up ſome of the water in the hollow of his hand, fancying that ſome kind nymph ſupplied the chryſtal ſtream from her marble vaſe to quench his thirſt; and inſtead of regretting the ſparkling cups of Cyprian wine at the Athenian banquets, thought he had never drank with greater pleaſure. He again laid himſelf down, and, lulled to ſleep by the gentle murmuring of the ſtream, dreamt that he had found his beloved *Pſyche*, whoſe loſs alone, at times, coſt him a ſigh.

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CHAP. II.

Something quite unexpected.

IF it is an undeniable truth, that all things in life are moſt intimately connected with each other, it is no leſs certain, that this connection between particular events is often entirely undiſcoverable: and this ſeems to be the reaſon why hiſtory ſometimes relates adventures much more extraordinary than a writer of romance would preſume to invent. What happened to our hero this night, confirms the obſervation. He ſtill enjoyed the ſweet refreſhment of ſleep, which *Homer* thought ſo great a happineſs, as even to attribute it to the immortal Gods; when a loud and violent noiſe ſuddenly awoke him in ſurpriſe: he turned towards the ſide from whence the ſound ſeemed to proceed, and thought he diſtinguiſhed, amidſt the confuſed noiſe, unuſual cries and ſhouts, which re-ecchoed in a dreadful manner from the oppoſite

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rocks. *Agathon*, who, when awake, knew not what it was to be alarmed, reſolved to go to the ſpot from whence the noiſe came, with as much courage as in modern times the invincible knight of *La-Mancha* heroically encountered a windmill in the night. With the utmoſt diligence, therefore, he climbed up to the upper part of the mountain; the moon, in its full ſplendor, diſpelled the evening ſhades, and diffuſing a clear light over the whole country, was extremely favourable to his deſign.

THE nearer he approached to the oppoſite ſide of the hill, the more diſtinct was the ſound: he now diſtinguiſhed the beat of drums and the ſhrill ſound of flutes, and began to conſider what might be the cauſe of this uproar, when, ſuddenly, a ſight preſented itſelf before him ſufficient to make even the wiſe man, we have above deſcribed, forget his fancied divinity. A band of young Thracian women, inſpired with Orphean rage, were aſſembled

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aſſembled here this night to celebrate the frantic feſtival, which heathen antiquity had inſtituted in remembrance of the famous expedition of *Bacchus* into *India*. A man of a warm imagination, or the pencil of a *La-Fage*, would certainly have made a moſt captivating picture from ſuch a ſcene: but the impreſſion which the real ſight made upon our hero, was far from being of this agreeable caſt. The looſe and flowing hair of theſe Thracian votaries, the rolling eyes, the foaming lips, the bloated cheeks, wildneſs of their looks, and the wanton poſtures by which they expreſſed their licentious mirth, ſhaking their thyrſi entwined with ſerpents, and ſtriking together their cymbals, or ſtammering out, in faultering accents, their unconnected dithyrambics; all theſe exertions of a frantic rage, which appeared ſo much the more ſhocking, as they aroſe from ſuperſtition, were ſo far from having any attractive influence, that they excited in

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him a diſguſt for charms, which, in loſing their decency, had loſt their power. He would have fled, but that was impoſſible; as he was diſcovered by theſe Bacchanalian women the very moment he ſaw them. The unexpected appearance of a young man in ſuch a place, and at ſuch a feſtival, which no eye of man had ever dared to profane, immediately ſuſpended their riotous mirth, and their whole attention was fixed upon this object.

We think it here neceſſary to inform our readers of a circumſtance, which is of conſiderable importance thro' this whole hiſtory: *Agathon* was of ſuch exquiſite beauty, that the *Rubens* and *Girardons* of that age, as they deſpaired of finding a more perfect form, or of collecting ſuch an one from the ſcattered beauties of nature, took him for a model, when they wanted to repreſent an *Apollo* or a *Bacchus*. No female eye had ever ſeen him, without paying him the tribute of their ſex; which nature has formed ſo peculiarly

ſenſible

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ſenſible to the charms of beauty, that with moſt women, this ſingle perfection alone, compenſates the want of all other qualifications. In this inſtance, it was ſtill of greater conſequence to *Agathon:* it ſaved him from the fate of *Pentheus.* His beauty aſtoniſhed theſe *Mænades.* A youth of ſuch a figure, in ſuch a place, at ſuch a time! Could they poſſibly have a leſs idea of him than that he was *Bacchus* himſelf? In the intoxication in which their ſenſes were then loſt, what could be more natural? This gave, at once, ſuch a turn to their heated imagination, that as they believed the God was before them, they eaſily ſupplied what was wanting to complete their idea of him. Their enchanted eyes repreſented to them the Sileni and cloven-footed Fauns thronging around him, and the tygers and leopards fondly licking his feet: flowers appeared to them to ſpring up under his foot-ſteps, and ſtreams of wine and honey guſhed out wherever he

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trod, and ran down the rocks in foaming rivulets. At once the whole mountain, the wood, and all the neighbouring rocks reſounded with loud ſhouts of *Evan ! Evan !* This, added to the horrible noiſe of drums and cymbals, ſtruck ſuch ſurprize and aſtoniſhment into *Agathon*, who had never ſeen, heard, imagined, or even dreamed of any thing which exceeded what was then before him, that he remained motionleſs as a ſtatue, while the tranſported Bacchanals danced in an antic manner around him, and teſtified their joy at the ſuppoſed preſence of their God, by a variety of wild and frantic geſtures.

But, the moſt extravagant enthuſiaſm has its boundaries; and at length yields to the ſuperior influence of the ſenſes. Unfortunately for our hero, theſe raging votaries of *Bacchus*, by degrees, recovered from that enthuſiaſtic extaſy on which their imagination had perhaps been totally exhauſted, and ſoon diſcovered nothing more than human in him; who, on account

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count of his extraordinary beauty, had before appeared, to their heated fancy, as a God. Some of them, whose consciousness of their own charms made them simple enough to fancy themselves worthy to become the *Ariadne* to this new *Bacchus*, advanced nearer to him, and the manner in which they endeavoured to express their fondness, served only to make his disgust the greater, the less inclined he was to return their too eager caresses. In all probability a fierce contest would soon have ensued, and *Agathon* would at last have suffered the same melancholy fate as *Orpheus*; who, on a like occasion, had been torn in pieces by the Thracian *Mænades*: But, the immortal powers, who regulate the fate of human events, brought about his deliverance at the very instant, when neither his strength nor his virtue would have been sufficient to preserve him.

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CHAP. III.

An unexpected Interruption of the Feast of Bacchus.

A Band of Cilician pirates, who had landed in the night upon this coast to take in some fresh water, heard, at a distance, the noise of the Bacchanals, and immediately conceived that this might be a fair opportunity of making a considerable booty. They recollected that the principal women of that country were accustomed, at this season, to celebrate the mystic orgies of *Bacchus*; and that they came to this meeting attired in their richest ornaments, which they laid aside before they went up the mountain, and left them to the care of a number of female slaves till their return. The hopes of seizing upon these women, and of selecting the most beautiful among them for the Asiatick Harems, together with the expectation of getting a large plunder

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plunder of rich cloaths and jewels, ſeemed to them an object for which they thought it worth while to be detained ſome time longer: they ſeparated, therefore, into two bands; one of which was to ſeize upon the ſlaves, who had the care of the cloaths, while the other aſcended the mountain, and ruſhing, with a loud clamour among the *Thracian* women, made them priſoners before they had either time or courage to reſiſt. Beſides, the circumſtances of the encounter were ſo critically managed that they had nothing left to employ in their defence but the uſual and moſt becoming arms of their ſex. But theſe *Cilician* pirates were too much accuſtomed to ſcenes of this kind, to pay any attention to their cries and intreaties; or even to be influenced by the charms of thoſe beauties, which as ſoon as they had recovered from their fear and conſternation, appeared ſo attracting, even to the modeſt *Agathon* himſelf, that he thought it beſt to draw off his

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his eyes, though reluctantly, from ſo ſeducing an object, and fix them on the ground. But the pirates had a very different object in view: they were wholly engaged in conſidering how they might moſt readily and ſecurely carry off their booty. Thus *Agathon*, at the price of liberty, and a few illiberal jeſts thrown out againſt him, on account of the company in which he had been found, eſcaped a danger, from which, in his own opinion, he could not have delivered himſelf at too dear a rate. In his preſent circumſtances the loſs of liberty ſeemed to him of little conſequence; for as he was deprived of every thing which could make it deſirable, he had the leſs reaſon to be uneaſy at a loſs which, at leaſt, promiſed a change in his misfortunes.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.

Agathon is conveyed to the Ship.

AFTER the Cilicians had reimbarked with their rich booty, and divided it among them, with greater unanimity than the chiefs of a ſmall republic uſually divide the revenues of the ſtate; they paſſed the reſt of the night in feaſting; at which they did not forget to make amends for that more than ſtoical inſenſibility they had ſhewn in the capture of the Thracian beauties. Whilſt the whole crew was taken up in finiſhing the celebration of the feſtival of *Bacchus*, *Agathon* retired privately into a corner of the ſhip, where overcome with fatigue, he again ſank into a ſlumber, and would willingly have purſued the dream, from which the repeated ſhouts of the *Mænades* had awakened him.

CHAP.

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CHAP. V.

A Diſcovery.

THE riſing ſun, announced by the roſy-fingered morn, gilded the Ionian ſea with its earlieſt beams, and found the whole crew, who during the night, had ſacrifieed to *Bacchus* and his ſiſter Goddeſs, to uſe *Virgil*'s phraſe, buried in wine and ſleep. *Agathon* alone, who uſually roſe by break of day, was firſt rouzed from ſleep by the rays of the ſun gliding horizontally over his forehead. As ſoon as he had opened his eyes he perceived a young man before him in the habit of a ſlave, who viewed him with great attention. Beautiful as *Agathon* was, this amiable young man ſeemed to ſurpaſs him, both in delicacy of ſhape, and bloom of complexion. His countenance, indeed, and his appearance, had ſomething in it which ſo nearly reſembled the beauties of a female

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male form, that had he been in women's cloaths, among a company of young virgins, he would, like *Horace's* favourite, have eaſily impoſed upon the moſt accurate obſerver. *Agathon* ſurveyed the young ſlave with equal attention, till the agreeable ſurpriſe he felt was inſenſibly heightened into extaſy. The ſame emotions diſplayed themſelves in the beautiful features of the young ſlave. Their ſouls acknowledged each other at the ſame inſtant, and ſeemed to intermix through the glances of their eyes, before they could even embrace, or their lips, trembling with rapture, could utter *Pſyche! Agathon!* A long time they continued ſilent, nor is it in the power of language to expreſs what they then felt: And what uſe had they for words? Language becomes unneceſſary, when ſouls immediately communicate, perceive and affect each other, and experience more, in one moment, than the tongue of the muſes themſelves would be able to deſcribe in

ſeveral

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ſeveral years. The ſun would, probably, have paſſed unobſerved over them, and would have ſunk into the ocean, before the raptures they were in would have allowed them to perceive the ſucceſſion of the hours; but *Agathon*, whom it naturally became to be the firſt to put an end to their ſilence, gently diſengaged himſelf by a tender ſtruggle from the arms of his dear *Pſyche*, anxious to learn by what accident ſhe had fallen into the hands of the pirates. The time, ſaid he, my deareſt *Pſyche* is precious, we muſt improve theſe few moments, while theſe barbarians are ſtill at reſt, overcome by the power of their God. Tell me, by what means you were forced from me, without my being able to find out where you was conveyed, and how I now again find you, in this habit of a ſlave, and under the power of theſe pirates.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VI.

The History of Psyche.

YOU may remember, answered *Psyche*, that unhappy hour, when the jealous priestess first discovered our love, notwithstanding our endeavours to conceal it. Nothing could equal her fury, and it was with difficulty my life was preserved from falling a sacrifice to her revenge. For some days she made me suffer every thing which a disappointed love can invent, to torture a more fortunate rival. Though she might have removed me entirely from your sight, yet she did not think herself secure whilst I continued at *Delphos*; she, therefore, soon found out an expedient to get rid of me, without giving cause for suspicion. She made a present of me to one of her relations, who lived at *Syracuse*, and imagining that, in this situation, I should be removed at a sufficient distance from you

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you, ſhe had me conveyed to *Corinth*, and from thence to *Sicily* with the greateſt ſecrecy and diſpatch. Fooliſh woman! Did ſhe then not know the influence of that love which *Agathon* inſpires? Was ſhe not ſenſible that no diſtance, however great, could prevent my ſoul from flying from one zone to the other, and from hovering round thee, like one of the ſhades of departed lovers? Or, did ſhe flatter herſelf with the hopes of appearing more charming in thine eyes, when I was ſeparated from thee? What imperfect ideas had ſhe of our love? No: Jealouſy is as little conſiſtent with true love, as fear is with the conſciouſneſs of one's own ſtrength.—I quitted *Delphos*; my heart racked with anxiety. But, when I took a parting view of that inchanting grove, where thy love gave me a new being, in compariſon of which, my former life was a diſguſtful change of the ſame tedious days and nights, an unanimated vegetable exiſtence — When I at length

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loſt ſight of that dear ſpot—it is impoſſible to expreſs what I felt.—No; *Agathon:* Thou alone canſt conceive it. But as ſoon as I began to recover myſelf, a flood of tears relieved my oppreſſed heart: there was a luxury in theſe tears, to which I gave a free courſe, unconcerned whether they were obſerved or not. The world appeared to me an empty ſpace, and all objects around me viſionary deluſions. I ſaw, I heard you only; I reclined myſelf upon your boſom, I threw my arms about your neck, my eyes diſcovered to you the inmoſt ſentiments of my ſoul; I led you through thoſe ſacred groves, where you firſt taught me to feel the preſence of the immortal Gods: I lay down at your feet, and my ſoul, hanging, as it were, upon your lips, imagined, whenever you ſpoke, that ſhe heard the harmony of the muſes: we walked hand in hand, by moon light through Elyſian fields, and ſat down among the flowers, whilſt our ſouls, in their ſpiritual language

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guage diſcovered themſelves to each other, ſaw nothing around them but light and bliſs, and wiſhed only for immortality, that their love might be eternal. Amidſt theſe recollections, the vivacity of which made me almoſt inſenſible to all external impreſſion, my heart gradually recovered its tranquility. As I conſidered myſelf only as part of yourſelf, I could not imagine, that we ſhould be ſeparated for ever. This hope kept me alive, and ſo wholly engroſſed my thoughts, that I again became calm; for I had no doubt, nay I was confident, that you would never ceaſe to love me. I reſigned you, therefore, without fear to the violent paſſion of a powerful and engaging rival. I knew, that if ſhe even prevailed ſo far as to ſeduce your ſenſes, it was ſtill beyond her power to inſpire you with a love like ours, and that you would ſoon again be longing after her, who alone can make you happy; becauſe ſhe alone can love you, as you would wiſh to be loved.

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Wholly taken up with thoughts like theſe, I at length arrived at *Syracuſe*. The prudent prieſteſs had taken care to prevent me from finding out any method to acquaint you with the place of my retirement. My new miſtreſs was one of thoſe eaſy characters, ſatisfied with themſelves, and pleaſed with every thing about them. I had the honour to attend her perſon and aſſiſt her in ſetting off her head dreſs, and acquitted myſelf in this office ſo much to her ſatisfaction, that I ſoon became almoſt as great a favourite as her lap-dog. In this ſituation I continued, and thought myſelf as happy in it as I could have been in any, which was not enlivened by your preſence, till the ſcene was unhappily changed by the arrival of her ſon.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VII.

Continuation of the Hiſtory of Pſyche.

NARCISSUS, for ſo was the young man called, had been ſent to *Athens* by his mother, in order to attend the leſſons of the philoſophers, and to adopt the refined manners of the Athenian people. But, he found he had no time to do either the one or the other. A ſet of young people, whom he looked upon as his friends, took care to procure him ſome new ſcene of diſſipation every day, which prevented him from frequenting the gloomy walks of the philoſophers: beſides, he had been told by the girls who ſell noſegays at *Athens*, that he was a very amiable young man. He believed them: and, after ſo deciſive an evidence, he thought it entirely unneceſſary to give himſelf any trouble that he might become in reality what he was already in imagination. His principal ſtudy was to

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to consider in what manner he might set off his person to the best advantage; and no man in *Athens* was more ridiculously dressed, or could boast having whiter teeth, or a softer hand than *Narcissus*. He excelled in the art of turning upon his heel twice in a moment; nor was he less remarkable for his dexterity in the management of the fan, and the taste which he displayed in placing flowers to advantage in a lady's hair. Such qualifications, he thought, gave him a natural claim to the favour of the fair sex. The facility with which his merits had triumphed over the tender hearts of these nymphs, encouraged him to try his success on the chambermaids, till at length he ventured to attack the ladies themselves. Little concerned in what manner his addresses were received, he had been used to flatter himself that he was irresistible: and when his attempts were unsuccessful, he made himself amends for the disappointment, by boasting of fa-

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vours he had never received. Do you wonder, *Agathon*, how I came to the knowledge of theſe particulars?—I had them from himſelf.—He informed me of every thing that had eſcaped my own notice: for he himſelf was the inexhauſtible theme of his whole diſcourſe, as well as the only object of his admiration. A lover of this kind would, probably, ſoon diſcover his paſſion. For ſome time his folly ſerved to amuſe me, till he became importunate.—He thought it out of character, that an attendant of his mother ſhould be inſenſible to thoſe perfections, which had excited envy among the free nymphs of *Athens*. I was at laſt obliged to have recourſe to his mother for protection; but the ſame diſpoſition which made her indulgent to herſelf, to her lap-dog, and to all the world, made her equally partial to the follies of her ſon. She ſeemed to take it very ill that I ſhould be ſo inſenſible to the qualifications of ſuch an amiable young man. Impatient of

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of the insults to which I was continually exposed, I frequently resolved privately to make my escape: but I had received no news from you, and had only been accidentally told by a traveller from *Delphos*, that you had lately disappeared from thence, and that no one knew where you was gone. The uncertainty of this intelligence threw me into such uneasiness of mind, that my health began to be gradually impaired, when this same *Narcissus*, whose ridiculous passion had so long tormented me, restored me undesignedly to life again: for he one day related to me how a certain Athenian, whose name was *Agathon*, after having gained a victory over the revolted inhabitants of *Eubœa*, had again reduced the island to the obedience of his republic. The circumstances he added to the account of this *Agathon*, left me no room to doubt that you yourself was the person. A female slave who was devoted to me, favoured my escape.—She had a lover who had

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perſuaded her to go off with him—I aſſiſted her in carrying the deſign into execution, and made one of the party. The young Sicilian in return, procured me this habit of a ſlave, and conveyed me to a ſhip under ſail for *Athens*. I paſſed for a ſlave who was going to meet his maſter at *Athens*, and committed myſelf a ſecond time, to the mercy of the waves, with ideas very different from thoſe I had experienced the firſt time; for now, inſtead of ſeparating, I hoped they would bring us together again.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VIII.

Pſyche concludes her Narrative.

FOR ſome days our voyage was favourable, except that the wind driving us to the weſtward, made our paſſage unuſually long. But, on the evening of the ſixth day, a violent ſtorm aroſe, which, in a few hours, drove us a conſiderable way back; the ſhip, however, with ſome difficulty, had at laſt the good fortune to reach one of the uninhabited iſlands of the Cyclades, which afforded us a ſhelter from the ſeverity of the ſtorm. In the very ſame bay we found another ſhip lying at anchor, in which theſe Cilicians were, to whom we are now ſubject. They hung out a Grecian flag; ſaluted us, and came on board our veſſel; and as they underſtood our language, they had no difficulty in amuſing us with as many ſtories as they thought neceſſary to engage our confidence.

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By degrees our crew became familiar with theirs: they brought them large pitchers of Cyprian wine, with which, in a few hours, our people were intoxicated. They immediately made themſelves maſters of our whole veſſel, and as ſoon as the ſtorm was over, put again to ſea. By the diviſion of the ſpoil, I fell to the captain's ſhare, who was ſtruck with my figure, without ſuſpecting my ſex. This ſecret, however, was of leſs ſervice to me than I expected. The captain, whom I was under a neceſſity of conſidering as my maſter, ſoon began to torment me with profeſſions of a paſſion extremely diſguſting to me. He called me his *Ganymede*, and ſwore by all the *Nereids* and *Tritons* of the deep, that I ſhould be to him, what that Trojan prince had been to *Jupiter*; but as he perceived that his careſſes were ineffectual, I was at laſt obliged to tell him that I looked upon my life of little value, in compariſon to the preſervation of my honour. This declaration

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declaration procured me ſome reſpite, and I began to think upon ſome method for the recovery of my liberty: I accordingly gave him to underſtand that I was not of that low condition, which the mean habit I then wore might lead him to imagine; and preſſed him, with the utmoſt earneſtneſs, to convey me again to *Athens*, where he might have whatever ſum he required for my ranſom. But, he was wholly inexorable upon this head; and that beloved *Athens*, in which I thought you ſtill were, was every day removed at a greater diſtance from me. How little did I imagine, that even this ſeparation, which made me ſo unhappy, ſhould prove the occaſion of bringing us together again! But, alas! under what circumſtances do we meet again! Both of us deprived of freedom; deſtitute of friends; without any means of aſſiſtance, or the hope of recovering our liberty; and condemned to be the ſlaves of theſe barbarians. The furious paſſion of this

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tyrant will soon deprive us of the only satisfaction that can alleviate our present misfortunes. Since the firmness of my resolution has made him despair of success, his passion seems to have given way to a violent jealousy, which is anxious to prevent any person from possessing what it cannot enjoy itself. The savage will not allow me to have any intercourse with you, as he scarce suffers me ever to be seen. Yet the uncertainty of what may happen, shall not, for one moment, break in upon my present joy: I see thee *Agathon*, and am happy; how desirous should I have been, some hours ago, to have purchased such an instant as this, with my life! In saying this, she embraced the happy *Agathon* with such affectionate tenderness, that the transport their hearts mutually experienced, brought on, a second time, a profound silence: how, indeed, shall we be able to describe what they felt, since love itself would not be eloquent enough to express it?

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

How Pſyche and Agathon were again ſeparated.

AS ſoon as our lovers had recovered from their tranſports, *Pſyche*, who had ſatisfied *Agathon*'s curioſity by the recital of her adventures, requeſted the ſame favour from him. As the time would not permit to be very circumſtantial, he only told her in what manner he fled from *Delphos*; that he had become acquainted with an Athenian, whom he diſcovered to be his father; that he had accidentally been engaged in the management of public affairs, and gained the favour of the people by his eloquence. He related the ſervices he had done the republic; by what means his jealous enemies had excited the people againſt him, and in a few days cauſed him to be baniſhed from *Athens* for life; deprived of all right and claim to his paternal

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ternal eſtate. He then informed her of the reſolution he immediately took, of travelling into the eaſt, and of the accident by which he fell into the hands of the Cilicians. They then began to conſult upon ſome method of making their eſcape; but the noiſe made in the ſhip, by the pirates, who were now beginning to awake, obliged *Pſyche* to retire with the utmoſt haſte, that ſhe might prevent the leaſt ſhadow of ſuſpicion, which was ſufficient to prove fatal to her lover. Like lovers in our romances, they bewailed themſelves that they had loſt ſuch favourable moments in unneceſſary narratives; ſenſible, as they were, that they might not have any other opportunity of converſing together. The only thing which could afford them any comfort was, that all their plan and contrivance would have been ineffectual. The captain of the ſhip had this morning received intelligence, that a veſſel, richly laden, was ready to ſail from *Leſbos* to *Corinth*; and the circumſtances

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ſtances of the account gave him to underſtand that ſhe might be intercepted in her paſſage. This advice occaſioned a conſultation among the chiefs of the pirates, the reſult of which was, that *Agathon*, with the Thracian captive ladies, and ſome other young ſlaves, ſhould be put into a boat with a guard, and immediately conveyed to *Smyrna* for ſale whilſt the galley, with the principal force of the pirates, ſhould prepare to attack the veſſel, whoſe rich booty they already poſſeſſed in imagination. At that inſtant *Agathon* loſt all the reſolution which had hitherto ſupported him againſt all the ſtorms of adverſe fortune: the thought of being again ſeparated from his dear *Pſyche*, made him almoſt loſe his ſenſes. He threw himſelf at the feet of the Cilician, and ſwore that the counterfeit *Ganymede* was his brother, and offered to become his ſlave: he entreated—he wept in vain. The pirate's diſpoſition was like the element to which he was ac-

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cuſtomed: the Syrens themſelves could not have perſuaded him to alter his reſolution. *Agathon* was not even allowed to take leave of his dear brother. The emotions he had diſcovered upon this occaſion, had raiſed ſuſpicions in the captain: he was, therefore, carried to the boat totally overcome with agony and deſpair; and it was not till a conſiderable time after he had loſt ſight of his dear *Pſyche*, that he became fully ſenſible of the whole extent of his miſery.

CHAP.

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CHAP. X.

A Soliloquy.

AS we have paid the ſtricteſt attention to truth, in the following hiſtory, and have carefully avoided every circumſtance which might lead us to ſuſpect its authenticity; ſo we had ſome doubt whether we ſhould communicate the ſoliloquy, which, in this place, occurs in our manuſcript. But, the anonymous writer has taken care to inform us, that his hiſtory, in moſt circumſtances, is taken from a kind of journal, which appears by the ſtrongeſt evidence, to have been in *Agathon*'s own hand writing; a copy of which he procured from a friend of his at *Crotona*. This circumſtance makes us eaſily conceive how the author came to the knowledge of what *Agathon* ſaid to himſelf on this, as well as on other occaſions; and anſwers the objection generally made to ſoliloquies, in which the hiſtorian

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hiſtorian ſo readily imitates the example of the poets, without being able, like them, to invoke the inſpiration of the muſes.

The original manuſcript proceeds to inform us, that after the firſt emotions of grief were allayed, which uſually makes us ſtupid and inſenſible; *Agathon* looked about him, and when he ſaw nothing but the ſky and water on every ſide ſurrounding him, he began according to cuſtom to reaſon with himſelf. Is then all that has happened to me only a dream; or have I really ſeen her? Have I really heard the inchanting ſound of her ſweet voice; or have I embraced a meer ſhade? If it was more than a dream, why ſhould I have nothing remaining, but the remembrance of an object which obliterates all other images from my ſoul?—If uniformity and connection are the diſtinguiſhing characters of truth; O! how much do all the events of my life reſemble the accidental ſportings of a viſionary fancy!

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fancy! — Educated from my infancy among the ſacred laurels of the Delphic God, I flattered myſelf, under his protection, to paſs my days in eaſe and tranquility, wholly employed in the contemplation of truth, and in ſecret intercourſe with the immortals. Days of perfect innocence, each like the other, glided on as ſo many moments, uninterrupted with care, and I inſenſibly advanced towards the ſtate of manhood. A prieſteſs, whoſe ſoul ſhould have been the manſion of the Gods, as her tongue proclaims their oracles, regardleſs of her ſacred vow, endeavours to ſeduce my unexperienced youth for the gratification of her deſires. Her paſſion deprived me of the object of my love; and her ſecret machinations, at length, compelled me to fly from that ſacred aſylum, in which it was my only endeavour to reſemble thoſe deities and heroes, whoſe images were continually before me. Driven into an unknown world, I unexpectedly find a father I had never

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never known, and diſcover my native country. By a ſudden change of circumſtances, I am as unexpectedly promoted to the higheſt authority in the city of *Athens*. Compelled by the blind confidence of the people, as laviſh in their favours, as they are violent in their diſpleaſures, to take upon myſelf the command of their army.—An extraordinary ſucceſs attends all my undertakings, crowns all my deſigns, and I return victorious. — What a triumph! — What ſhouts of applauſe! — What divine honours were then paid me! And all this for actions in which I had the leaſt ſhare. My ſtatue was but juſt ſet up between thoſe of *Cecrops* and *Theſeus*, when the very ſame people, who, a few days before, were preparing to erect altars to me, now dragged me with brutal rage, to the tribunal of juſtice. The envy which the exceſs of my good fortune had excited, ſoon occaſioned a general prepoſſeſſion againſt me; and no one would liſten to my

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my defence. Actions, for which I ſecretly applauded myſelf, were, in the mouths of my accuſers, imputed to me as crimes; and ſentence of condemnation was paſſed upon me. Forſaken by all thoſe who pretended to be my warmeſt friends; and who, a ſhort time before, were the moſt forward and zealous in expreſſing their attachment.—I quitted *Athens* with greater ſatisfaction than I experienced a few weeks before, when I was carried through the gates of the city amidſt the joyful acclamations of an innumerable multitude. I took the reſolution to wander through the earth, in ſearch of a place where virtue, ſecure from oppreſſion, might enjoy its proper happineſs, without being entirely baniſhed from ſociety. I direct my courſe into *Aſia*, on the banks of the *Oxus*, in order to viſit the place from whence the ſacred myſteries of the Orphean rites have been derived to us.—Chance brings me among a troop of frantic Bacchanalian women, from

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from whose amorous phrenzy I am only delivered by falling into the hands of savage pirates: at the same moment in which I am deprived of every thing a man can lose, except his life, I recover my *Psyche!* and scarcely have I persuaded myself that it is she whom I am clasping in my arms, when she is again separated from me, and I am put on board this vessel to be conveyed to *Smyrna*, and sold for a slave. — How exactly does all this resemble a dream, when the heated imagination, without order, without probability, and without distinction of time or place, transports the soul from one event to another; from the throne to the cottage, from joy to despair, from the gloom of Tartarus to the brightness of Elysium! — Is then life only a dream; a mere vision? Is it so vain, so trifling, so unsubstantial? Is it the fickle sporting of a blind chance, or of invisible beings, who take a cruel delight in making us alternately happy or miserable? Or, is life

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life the univerſal ſoul of the world, whoſe exiſtence the ſecret Majeſty of Nature proclaims? Is it that all-vivifying ſpirit which regulates human events?—Why then do we not obſerve in the moral world, the ſame invariable order and connection, by which the elements, the ſeaſons, the ſtars, and the orbits of the heavenly bodies are preſerved in ſuch a regular and uniform manner?—Why is innocence oppreſſed and fraud triumphant?—Why does an inexorable fate perſecute the virtuous?—Are our ſouls allied to the immortals?—Are they the offspring of Heaven?—Why then are they not the diſtinguiſhed objects of its care; and, why do the Gods ſeem rather to ſide with their enemies? Or, if they are wholly indifferent about us, Why are we not one moment maſters of our fate? Why does neceſſity or chance fruſtrate our wiſeſt deſigns?

HERE *Agathon* pauſed a while, wholly loſt and bewildered in ſuch perplexing doubts

doubts from which he in vain endeavoured to extricate himſelf, when caſting his eyes again on the majeſty of the ſcene which ſurrounded him, a new train of ideas unfolded itſelf to his imagination.—What then, continued he, are all my doubts, but the ſuggeſtions of ſelf-intereſted paſſion? Who could be happier than I was this morning? Pleaſure and delight ſmiled all around me. Is then nature ſuddenly changed, or is it leſs the ſame viſible ſcene of boundleſs perfection becauſe *Agathon* is a ſlave, and ſeparated from his beloved *Pſyche?* Bluſh, thou deſponding mortal, at thy impious doubts, and unmanly complaints! How canſt thou conſider that as a loſs, the poſſeſſion of which, is not a real good? Is it an evil, to be deprived of thy rank and thy fortune, and baniſhed thy native country? At *Delphos*, though bereft of all theſe, thou ſtill waſt happy and didſt not feel the want of them. Why ſhouldſt thou lay claim

to

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to thoſe things, which do not properly belong to thee, which are wholly dependant upon chance; which it is not in thy power either to acquire or to preſerve? In what eaſe, tranquility, and happineſs did my days paſs on at *Delphos*, before I was acquainted with the buſy ſcenes of life, its cares, its pleaſures, or its changes! Before I was under the neceſſity of contending either with my own paſſions or with thoſe of others, or of ſacrificing myſelf and all the enjoyments of life to an ungrateful people, and making myſelf miſerable by the vain and fruitleſs attempt of contributing to the happineſs of the ſons of vice and folly.

My own experience ſufficiently refutes my impious doubts and diſcontent. There were moments, there were days, even a ſeries of days, in which I was happy. Happy in thoſe delightful hours, when my ſoul inſpired with the contemplation of nature, loſt itſelf in deep ſpeculations and pleaſing conjectures, as if it wandered

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in the inchanted garden of the *Heſperides.* Happy, in the arms of love, when my contented heart forgot every care, every deſire, and ſeemed to taſte the bliſs of the immortal Gods! Happier ſtill in moments, the bare remembrance of which is ſufficient to alleviate the ſevereſt pangs, when my ſoul was abſorbed in the awful conſideration of the eternal and infinite being.—Yes, I perceived, I felt the certainty of thy exiſtence, thou all-animating, all-ruling goodneſs.—I experienced the beauty of virtue, which makes us reſemble thee. I enjoyed that happineſs, which makes whole days glide away with the rapidity of a moment, and ſtamps the value of ages upon the duration of an inſtant. The power of ſentiment diſpels all my doubts, and the remembrance of my paſt happineſs removes my preſent anxiety, and promiſes me happier days to come. Thoſe general ſources of joy which belong to all created beings are now open to me, as before, and my

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ſoul is ſtill invariably the ſame, as nature which ſurrounds me is uniform. Oh! pleaſing tranquility of the life I led at *Delphos*, and thou my dear *Pſyche* whom I may juſtly call my own, ſince thou art the better half of my exiſtence!—If I ſhould loſe thee for ever, my ſoul, incapable of comfort, could then find nothing upon earth which could make life any longer deſireable. But, I have experienced both theſe delights, without having procured them to myſelf; and the ſame beneficent power which beſtowed them on me at firſt, can reſtore them to me again! Pleaſing expectations. Thou art the foretaſte of that happineſs reſerved for me hereafter! How impious then, as well as fooliſh, is it to give way to my affliction, which, at the ſame time that it is offenſive to heaven, deprives me of the power of bearing up againſt adverſity, and of the means of becoming happy again. Come then, thou fond hope of better fortune, and fill my

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my ſoul with thy flattering inchantment. Give me only, O ye Gods! tranquility and *Pſyche*, and I ſhall willingly reſign honours and riches to thoſe on whom ye ſhall be pleaſed to beſtow them.

CHAP. XI.

Agathon arrives at Smyrna and is ſold.

THE weather was ſo favourable, that *Agathon* had full leiſure to indulge his reflections as long as he would, particularly as the voyage was not attended with any of thoſe circumſtances, which afford room for the ornaments of a poetical deſcription: there appeared neither *Tritons* blowing through their ſpiral ſhells, nor *Nereids* riding through the waves upon the backs of dolphins, whom they guided with reins made of garlands of flowers, nor did any Syrens appear half out of the water, and endeavour to captivate the eye by their beauty, and

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and the ear by their melody. The winds, for ſeveral days, were as calm as if they had conſpired to afford us no opportunity of deſcribing either a tempeſt or a ſhipwreck: in ſhort, the voyage was ſo proſperous, that on the evening of the third day the veſſel arrived in the harbour of *Smyrna*. The pirates, being now under no apprehenſion of danger, immediately brought their captives on ſhore, in hopes of making a conſiderable advantage of them by expoſing them to ſale at the ſlave-market. Their firſt care was to convey them to the public baths, where every thing was done which might contribute to heighten their value. *Agathon* was too deeply engaged in the recollection of what was paſt, to pay any attention to the preſent. He was, therefore, bathed and perfumed with ointments and ſweet ſcented waters, dreſſed in a ſlave's habit made of different coloured ſilks; every art was employed to ſet off his perſon to the beſt advantage; and he

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was admired by all who ſaw him: yet none of theſe circumſtances could rouze him from that total inſenſibility, which in certain ſituations, is a natural conſequence of exquiſite feelings. Wholly taken up with his thoughts, or diſguſted with every thing he ſaw or heard, he ſeemed regardleſs of all. Nothing but the view of the ſlave-market was capable of awakening him from his reverie. This ſcene, indeed, did not appear ſo ſhocking to him, as a ſlave-market at *Barbadoes* is apt to do to an European, in whom the prejudices which ariſe from more refined manners have left ſome remains of humanity. But yet it was ſufficient to excite in him the moſt melancholy reflections, accuſtomed as he was, to conſider in men the excellency of their nature, more than the lowneſs of their ſituation, and to view them, rather as they appeared, according to his prejudices, than as they really were. This mortifying ſight, at once brought to his mind a train of perplexing

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plexing and confuſed ideas, and at the ſame time that his heart was melted with tenderneſs and compaſſion, it glowed with generous indignation againſt mankind; an indignation, of which the friends of humanity only are ſuſceptible. Theſe reflections made him inſenſibly forget his own misfortunes, when a man of graceful appearance, and who ſeemed rather advanced in life, ſtopped, as he paſſed along, to obſerve him, and examined him with particular attention. To whom does this young ſlave belong, ſaid the man, addreſſing himſelf to one of the Cilicians who ſtood near him? To any one, who buys him of me, replied the other. In what art is he ſkilled, ſaid he? He will give you the beſt account of that himſelf, anſwered the Cilician. The man then turned towards *Agathon*, and aſked him, if he was not a Greek, whether he had not lived in *Athens*, and if he had been inſtructed in the polite arts? To theſe ſeveral queſtions, *Agathon*

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answered in the affirmative. "Can you read *Homer?*" "I can, and think that I am sensible of his beauties." "Are you acquainted with the writings of the philosophers?" "No, for I do not understand them." You please me, young man. What value do you set upon him my friend? He ought, answered the Cilician, to be cried, as the other slaves, by the herald, but he is your's for two talents. Bring him to my house, replied the old man, thou shalt have the two talents, and the slave is mine. Your money must surely be very troublesome to you, said *Agathon*, for how can you possibly know, that my services will be adequate to such a sum? If they should not, replied the buyer; I am very easy about that, for I am sure there are few ladies in *Smyrna*, who would not willingly return me the two talents, only for the sake of your figure. In saying this, he ordered *Agathon* to follow him to his house.

AGATHON.

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AGATHON.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

Account of the perſon who purchaſed Agathon.

THE man, who for two talents had acquired the right of treating *Agathon* as his ſlave, was one of thoſe remarkable men, who under the name of Sophiſts, travelled over the principal cities of *Greece*, in order to inſinuate themſelves into the favour of the richeſt and nobleſt young men of the country. By their engaging converſation, and pompous promiſes, that they would make perfect orators, complete ſtateſmen, and accompliſhed generals, of their friends, they diſcovered the ſecret which

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the Alchymiſts have hitherto ſought for in vain. They were generally diſtinguiſhed by the honourable appellation of Sophiſts or Sages. But, the philoſophy they profeſſed, was entirely different in its nature and effects, or, to ſpeak with more propriety, it may juſtly be ſaid to have been the very reverſe of that which *Socrates* introduced, and which was held in ſuch high eſtimation by ſome of his followers. The Sophiſts taught the art of moving the paſſions of other men; *Socrates*, that of reſtraining ones own. They pointed out the means to make men ſeem wiſe and virtuous; *Socrates* ſhewed, how they might become ſo: they encouraged the young Athenians to take upon themſelves the government of the ſtate, *Socrates* on the contrary, adviſed them firſt to ſpend half of their life, in learning the art of governing themſelves. The Socratic philoſophy, was to them an object of ridicule, as it always appeared under a ſimple habit,

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and contented itſelf with the plaineſt diet: while theirs ſhone in purple, and indulged itſelf in all the luxuries of the table. The one gloried in poverty, the other in acquiring riches: this was courteous, inſinuating, and excelled in the art of accommodating itſelf to every ſituation; it deified the great, crouched to their ſervants, trifled with the ladies, and beſtowed flattery on all who would reward it. It was never out of its way; it was well received at court, liked at the toilet, cheriſhed at the gaming table, favoured by the nobility, pleaſing to the ſtateſman, in the good graces of the heroines of the threatre, and agreeable even to the prieſthood. The Socratic philoſophy, was far from being ſo amiable, it was dry, unacquainted with life: and it was ſcarcely ſupportable, becauſe it found fault with every thing and was always in the right: by the buſy part of mankind, it was thought abſurd, and by the devout, it was conſidered as having a dangerous tendency.

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There would be no end to the contraſt, if we were to carry it as far as we could. Let it ſuffice that the philoſophy of the Sophiſts had indiſputably one advantage over that of *Socrates*: as it procured to thoſe who profeſſed it, riches, honour and fame, and an abundance of all thoſe conveniencies of life, which the world conſiders as eſſential to happineſs.

Hippias (for ſo was *Agathon's* maſter called) was one of thoſe fortunate men who poſſeſs the art of acquiring riches, by taking advantage of the follies of others: by a ſucceſsful application of this art in one part of life, he was enabled to ſpend the other, in the pleaſures of an eaſy independency, the full enjoyment of which, ſeems better adapted to a riper age, than to the impetuoſity of youth. For this purpoſe, he had fixed upon *Smyrna* for the place of his reſidence. The agreeable temperature of the Ionian climate, the beautiful ſituation of the city itſelf, the great plenty which an extenſive commerce

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merce procured it, together with the mixture of the Grecian elegance and Eaſtern luxury, for which it was remarkable, made him prefer this place, to all others he was acquainted with. *Hippias*, by his ſuperior abilities, had the reputation of excelling all the Sophiſts of his age. Though he was now turned of fifty, yet he ſtill retained ſuch a ſhare of thoſe pleaſing qualifications, which had been ſo advantageous to him in his youth, that his company was ſought after by the politeſt perſons of both ſexes. He had every accompliſhment which could make the philoſophy he profeſſed ſeducing. A noble air, an engaging countenance, a ſweet tone of voice, an eaſy and ready wit, and an eloquence the more pleaſing, as it appeared rather natural, than acquired. Theſe talents for converſation, joined to a ſuperficial acquaintance with all the ſciences, a refined taſte and a perfect knowledge of the world, were more than ſufficient to make him be conſidered by

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all whom he converſed with, (for he kept no company with the followers of *Socrates*) as a man of the firſt genius: he was generally applauded before the company knew what he was going to ſay, and his opinions were always allowed to be deciſive. But, he was principally indebted for his good fortune, to the peculiar talent he poſſeſſed of rendering himſelf agreeable to the ladies. His prudence very ſoon diſcovered to him, of what great conſequence the favour of theſe charming creatures was. He knew that they really had as much influence over the political world, as in tales is attributed to the Fairies. He knew, that with a glance of their eye, or by a partial diſcovery of the beauties the handkerchief conceals, they were better able to gain their point, than even a *Demoſthenes* or a *Lyſias* by their moſt eloquent orations. He knew, that with a ſingle tear they could diſarm the commanders of legions, and by the ſuperiority which their figure only,

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only, and a certain paſſionate inclination of the other ſex for them was capable of giving, they could eaſily obtain an abſolute power over thoſe, upon whom the fate of empires depends. This diſcovery appeared to *Hippias* of ſo much utility, that he had ſpared no pains, to bring the practice of this art to the greateſt perfection poſſible; and the advantages he derived from it in his riper years, ſhewed what he muſt have been in his youth. His vanity in this particular proceeded ſo far that it led him to reduce into a ſyſtem the art of *inchanting the ſorcereſſes*, and to communicate to the world his experience and obſervations upon this ſubject in a learned treatiſe; the loſs of which is much to be regretted, as it can ſcarcely be expected that it can ever be repaired by any of the writers of the preſent age. After what we have already ſaid of this Sophiſt, it would be unneceſſary to give a particular idea of his moral character. His ſyſtem

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of the art of living, will ſoon be circumſtantially laid before us. One virtue, however, he poſſeſſed, which moraliſts are not uſually remarkably for, he lived conſiſtently with his principles.

CHAP. II.

The Deſigns of Hippias.

AMONG the ſeveral inclinations, in the gratification of which, the true uſe of riches is generally ſaid to conſiſt, *Hippias* had a particular taſte for every thing that pleaſed the eye. He had, therefore, taken care, that at leaſt every object which might preſent itſelf in any part of his houſe, ſhould be ſtriking and beautiful. The fineſt pictures, the moſt beautiful ſtatues and ſculptures, the richeſt tapeſtry, the moſt elegant furniture, and the moſt coſtly vaſes were not ſufficient to ſatisfy his taſte unleſs the animated part of his houſe

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houſe correſponded with the magnificence which was every where ſo conſpicuous. His male, therefore, as well as female ſlaves were the moſt exquiſite forms that could be procured in a country remarkable for beauty.

Agathon's figure alone would, therefore, have ſufficiently recommended him to *Hippias's* favour: but there was alſo another circumſtance which had no ſmall influence with the Sophiſt upon this occaſion: he wanted a perſon to read to him, and from the firſt view he had of *Agathon*, and the anſwer he made him, he judged him perfectly well adapted to an employment, for which a pleaſing countenance and a muſical voice are the moſt eſſential qualifications. He had likewiſe another ſecret deſign, which he flattered himſelf this young man would enable him to carry into execution. The love of ſenſual pleaſures ſeemed, indeed, to be his ruling paſſion, but vanity had alſo no inconſiderable ſhare in moſt of the actions of

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of his life. Before he ſettled at *Smyrna*, in order to enjoy the fruit of his labour, he had paſſed the beſt part of his life in forming the education of the young nobility of *Athens*. He had made orators, who by artfully blending truth with falſhood, and by a ſkilful application of certain figurative expreſſions knew how to give to a bad cauſe, all the appearance of a good one. He had made ſtateſmen, who amidſt the applauſes of an infatuated multitude, overturned the conſtitution under the ſpecious pretence of liberty, and ſubverted liberty itſelf, by introducing a corrupt ſyſtem of morals: that thoſe, who refuſed to ſubmit themſelves to the ſalutary reſtraint of the laws, might become wholly ſubject to the arbitrary power of their paſſions. He had made heroes who procured ſtatues to be erected to their honour, for having totally ruined their native country. But his vanity was not yet ſatisfied with all theſe great exploits. He was alſo very

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desirous of leaving a successor capable of perpetuating his art, which appeared to him too excellent and important to be suffered to die with him. He had for a long time, been looking out for a young man, possessed of natural qualifications, in such a degree of perfection as he thought necessary to become the disciple of a *Hippias*. The gift he had of discerning the internal qualities of men, by their outward air and appearance, induced him to believe, that *Agathon* would answer his expectations. At least he thought it worth while to make the trial, and as he had formed the most favourable opinion of his abilities, he entertained not the least doubt of his inclination to second the great designs he had in view for him.

CHAP.

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CHAP. III.

Surprize of Agathon.

THE only circumſtance *Agathon* knew of his preſent ſituation was, that he belonged to a maſter whoſe countenance pleaſed him; but on entering into his houſe he was ſtruck with a degree of aſtoniſhment, unuſual to him, at the elegance of the building, the convenient arrangement of the apartments, the number and good appearance of the ſervants, and at the magnificence and luxury which were diſplayed on every ſide. But his ſurprize was ſtill greater, when he heard that he had the honour to be one of the domeſtic ſervants of the Philoſopher *Hippias*. He was conſidering with himſelf, what ſpecies of philoſophy this could poſſibly be, when *Hippias*, after giving inſtructions for the payment of the Cilician, ordered him to attend him in his cloſet, and communicated to him the nature

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nature of the employment he deſigned for him in the following words: The laws, ſaid he, *Callias*, (for ſo ſhalt thou from this time be called) authorize me, indeed, to conſider thee as my ſlave; but it will depend entirely upon thee, to enjoy the ſame happineſs here as I do. Thy whole employment will conſiſt in reading *Homer* at my table, and ſome eſſays, which I amuſe myſelf in compoſing, to a ſelect number of my friends. Thou mayſt, perhaps, imagine the taſk to be an eaſy one, but thou muſt know that I am very difficult, and that thy audience will conſiſt of connoiſſeurs. An Ionian ear is not ſatisfied with being charmed, it muſt be enraptured. Sweetneſs of voice, clearneſs and delicacy of pronunciation, propriety of accent, ſpirit, eaſe and harmony, are not alone ſufficient: we require beſides, a complete and perfect imitation; an expreſſion, which gives to each part of the work, to each period and to each verſe, the life, the paſſion and the

pathos

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pathos it ought to have: in a word, the manner of reading ſhould be ſuch, as that the ear ſhould ſupply the place of all the other ſenſes. Thou ſhalt try thy ſkill this evening, by reading the feaſt of *Alcinous*. The abilities, which I flatter myſelf thou wilt diſcover, will determine my views, and thou wilt, probably, hereafter have reaſon to look upon the day on which *Hippias* was ſtruck with thee, as the happieſt of thy life. Having ſaid this, he quitted our youth, by which he ſpared himſelf the mortification of perceiving how little the new *Callias* was affected by the expectations this declaration had opened to him. The employment, indeed, of inchanting the ears of an Ionian audience was not, in *Agathon's* opinion, ſo honourable, that he ſhould on that account, eſteem himſelf particularly happy; beſides, there was ſomething in the tone of voice accompanying this diſcourſe, which diſpleaſed him, though he was not able to aſſign a reaſon for it.

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His amazement, however, increaſed, the more he ſurveyed the houſe of the Sage, and he now clearly perceived, that whatever his maſter's principles were, the mortification of ſenſual appetites, of which he had formerly heard *Plato* ſpeak ſo eloquently at *Athens*, was by no means a part of his profeſſion. When he conſidered further the elegance of the table which philoſophy here kept, how magnificently ſhe was here ſerved, what attracting objects captivated her eyes, and what voluptuous harmony charmed her ears, while the ſide-board was covered with the choiceſt wines and the moſt deliciouſly intoxicating liquors of the Aſiatics, which ſeem to ſupply the ſenſes with freſh vigour for ſuch a variety of enjoyments: when he ſaw ſuch multitudes of beautiful young ſlaves, ſuch a number of dancers and players upon the lute, who excited admiration as much by their perſonal graces as by their ſkill in muſic: when he ſaw the dramatic dances, in which, merely

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merely by a variety of attitudes, the ſtory of *Leda* or *Danae* was repreſented with ſuch ſpirit as would have enlivened the age of a *Neſtor:* when he conſidered alſo the voluptuous baths, the delightful gardens; in ſhort, when he ſaw every object which contributed to make the houſe of the ſage *Hippias* a temple of the moſt refined ſenſuality, his ſurprize was beyond deſcription. He was at a loſs to conceive what this Sybarite could have done, to have deſerved the appellation of a Sophiſt; or how he could venture to aſſume a title, which, according to *Callias's* ideas, he had as little pretenſions to as *Alexander* of *Pheræ*, to that of humane, or *Phryne*, to that of chaſte. He was ſo little ſatisfied with his own ſolution of this problem, that he was reſolved to take the firſt opportunity of propoſing it to *Hippias* himſelf.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.

Which may induce ſome perſons to ſuſpect that this Hiſtory is a fiction.

AGATHON's employments left him ſo much leiſure that in a houſe where every thing ſeemed to inſpire mirth, he ſoon found the time hang heavy on his hands But this was entirely his own fault, as he might have partaken of thoſe amuſements which are generally the chief occupation of young men of his age. The female ſlaves of the family were of ſo engaging a figure, as well as of ſo complying a temper, and were beſides ſo much prejudiced in his favour, that it certainly was neither the fear of a repulſe, or the want of perſonal attraction, which made the handſome *Callias* ſo reſerved and inſenſible.

SEVERAL imagined that his behaviour proceeded from his inexperience, they therefore ſpared no pains to remove the difficulties,

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difficulties, which they fancied arose from his bashfulness, and gave him every opportunity which could have made the most timorous youth bold and enterprizing. We must however confess, (whatever idea may be formed of our hero on this account) that he took as much pains to avoid these opportunities as they were anxious of throwing them in his way. If this should seem to indicate that our hero was either too diffident of himself, or too well convinced of the superior attractions of these female seducers, yet his conduct may admit of justification, if we consider that he was not old enough to be a *Xenocrates*, or probably had entertained a prejudice, not without reason, against those innocent freedoms, as they are called, which are admitted between the sexes. However that may be, it is yet certain, that *Agathon's* extraordinary behaviour excited a suspicion which upon every occasion exposed him to the keenest railleries from the other slaves, and from the

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the females alſo; who were much piqued at his indifference, and gave him indirectly to underſtand, that they conſidered him as better fitted to guard the virtue of the ladies, than to put it to the proof. *Agathon*, however, found it moſt prudent not to engage in a diſpute in which he had reaſon to be apprehenſive that the pleaſure of being in the right, which frequently in the heat of contention gets the better of the moſt wary, might lead him to dangerous explanations. On ſuch occaſions, he cut ſo ſimple a figure, that his underſtanding was as likely to be called in queſtion as his perſonal abilities had already been. The contempt, to which, on this account, he was continually expoſed, contributed probably to make his ſituation irkſome in a houſe, where beſides this circumſtance every thing he either ſaw or heard tended to diſguſt him.

He was particularly fond of thoſe arts and ſciences, over which according to the opinions of the Greeks, the muſes preſide.

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preſide. But the pictures which adorned the ſaloon and galleries of this houſe, were generally repreſentations equally looſe and immoral. The more exact imitations they were of nature, and the greater pains genius had taken to heighten the charms of nature itſelf, the leſs could he venture to fix his eyes upon them. The muſic too, which he conſtantly heard at the evening entertainments, was in his opinion, wholly different from that which is alone worthy of the muſes. That ſpecies of muſic was more particularly pleaſing to him, which ſoothed the violence of the paſſions, and at the ſame time excited the moſt agreeable emotions in the ſoul; or, that which ſang the praiſe of the immortals, with the moſt ardent tranſports of enthuſiaſm, and by which the heart is raviſhed into holy extaſy, and filled with awful ſenſe of the preſence of the divinity; and if it meant to expreſs the more delicate paſſions of tenderneſs and joy, he wiſhed

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wiſhed it ſhould be the tenderneſs of innocence, or the captivating joy of ſimple nature. But a taſte wholly different prevailed in this houſe. The ſongs which *Agathon* heard were thoſe of the Syrens; ſongs which added ſuch graces to the voluptuous odes of the Teian poet, as would have been dangerous and ſeducing even had they proceeded from lips leſs attracting. They were ſuch, as by an expreſſive imitation of the different tones of paſſion, when it either flatters, ſighs, languiſhes, triumphs, or loſes itſelf in rapturous extaſies, excited a deſire to experience that, which in imitation only, appeared ſo agreeable. Here he was entertained with Lydian flutes, whoſe plaintive and amorous ſounds ſuited the laſcivious motions of the dancers, and gave ſuch preciſion and clearneſs to their attitudes, as left nothing for the imagination to conjecture. He heard ſymphonies, which plunged the ſoul into an inchanting forgetfulneſs of itſelf, and

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having deprived it of its nobleſt powers, laid it open to ſenſual pleaſures, excited by all the influence of voluptuouſneſs pouring in upon it on every ſide. *Agathon* could not remain as inſenſible to theſe various ſcenes, where art and every means of inchantment conſpired to overcome the reſiſtance of virtue, as thoſe to whom they were familiar. The anxiety he felt on that account, whatever the Stoics may ſay, did him more honour, than *Hippias* and his friends could acquire from their eaſe and tranquility. He therefore found it neceſſary, as ſoon as he had finiſhed his taſk of reading *Homer*, to retire always into ſome ſecret place, where undiſturbed and in ſolitude, he might defeat the influence of thoſe impreſſions, which the noiſe and riotous feſtivity of this houſe, and the view of ſo many different objects had, during the courſe of the day, made upon his ſoul.

CHAP.

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CHAP. V.

Enthuſiaſm of Agathon.

HIPPIAS's houſe was ſurrounded on the ſouthern ſide with large and ſpacious gardens, where every thing which art or riches could ſupply, had been laviſhed to ſpoil the elegant ſimplicity of nature by falſe and unnatural beauties. Fields blooming with flowers collected from all quarters of the earth, ſo that the ſpring ſeaſon of different climates was diſplayed in each month: groves of all kinds of odoriferous ſhrubs, walks of citron, olive-trees and cedars, whoſe length even the ſtrongeſt eye could not reach; thickets of fruit trees of every kind, labyrinths of myrtles and laurels, intwined with roſes of various colours. Here a thouſand marble ſtatues of the Naiades, ſo highly finiſhed, that they ſeemed animated and breathing, poured out ſmall murmuring ſtreams between the

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flowers, or wantonly played off into tranſparent fountains: or ſeemed to repoſe themſelves under the ſpreading ſhades. All theſe beauties made the gardens of *Hippias* reſemble inchanted regions, the produce of a pictureſque and poetic fancy, which one cannot conceive to exiſt except in the imagination. Here it was that *Agathon* paſſed his moſt agreeable hours; here he recovered that tranquility of ſoul, which he infinitely preferred to the moſt delightful infatuation of ſenſual pleaſures; here, he could converſe with himſelf, and was ſurrounded with objects peculiarly adapted to the diſpoſition of his mind. But his ſingular turn of thought, which had ſo much diſappointed the expectation of *Hippias*, did not fail to leſſen the pleaſure he would here have enjoyed, when he conſidered that all theſe objects would have been far more beautiful, if art had not exerted all its powers to deprive nature of its eaſe and engaging ſimplicity.

Here

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Here often by moon light, which he preferred to that of the ſun, he laid himſelf down in the ſhade, and recollected the happy days of his earlieſt youth, and the unſpeakable impreſſion which, every beautiful object, every new ſcene of nature had made upon his tender and as yet uncorrupted ſenſes; and thoſe delightful hours which in the tranſports of a firſt and innocent love, appeared but as ſo many moments. Theſe pleaſing recollections joined to the ſtillneſs of the night, the ſoft murmurings of the waters, the gentle breezes of the ſummer air, ſo effectually lulled his ſenſes, that the internal powers of his ſoul exerted themſelves with ſuperior force and energy. Then the charming proſpect of better days preſented itſelf to him, he ſaw all his wiſhes fulfilled, and felt himſelf happy for ſome moments; when theſe were paſſed, he perſuaded himſelf that theſe hopes would not have ſo ſenſibly affected him, or ſoothed him into ſuch a

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calm and contented state of mind, if they had been merely the sportings of his fancy in the night, and were not rather internal presages, which the soul, when disengaged from the senses, freely enjoys in silence, and by which it penetrates into futurity and into a more extensive sphere of action than that, which is bounded by the weakness of its corporeal connections.

In such a temper of mind was *Agathon*, when *Hippias*, invited by the sweetness of a summer's evening to walk out, unexpectedly surprized him wholly immersed in such contemplations, which he the more freely indulged, imagining he was alone. *Hippias* stood some minutes before him, without being perceived. At length he accosted him, and engaged him in a conversation, which entirely confirmed the suspicion he had before entertained, that our hero was inclined to enthusiasm.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VI.

Dialogue between Hippias and his Slave.

HIPPIAS.

CALLIAS, thou ſeemſt to be loſt in thought.

CALLIAS.

I imagined I was alone.

HIPPIAS.

Any other perſon in thy ſituation would have turned the freedom of my houſe to better advantage. And yet, perhaps, I may not be the leſs pleaſed with thee for this reſerve. But, let me aſk, on what ſubject thy thoughts were engaged?

AGATHON.

On the general ſilence around me; the radiance of the moon; the enchanting beauties of ſtill nature; the air perfumed with odoriferous exhalations of flowers; a thouſand agreeable ſenſations, whoſe pleaſing confuſion ſo totally poſſeſſed my

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ſoul, that I was in a kind of extaſy: an extaſy, in which another ſcene of beauties, unknown before, preſented itſelf to my view. It was, indeed, but a moment, yet it was ſuch a moment as I would not have exchanged for years of the Perſian Monarch's life. (*Hippias* ſmiles.) This led me afterwards to reflect on the happineſs of thoſe ſpiritual beings, who, diſengaged from their groſs animal bodies, paſs thouſands of years in the contemplation of the intrinſic, incorruptible, eternal and divine excellence: years, which appear of no longer duration to them than a moment does to me. In ſuch conſideration was I deeply engaged when you ſurprized me.

HIPPIAS (*ſmiles.*)

Art thou ſtill aſleep, *Callias?* If not, thou haſt more talents than thou haſt occaſion for. I perceive thou haſt the faculty of dreaming while awake.

AGATHON.

There are, indeed, different kinds of dreams,

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dreams, and the whole life of ſome men ſeems to be nothing but one continual dream. But if theſe are dreams, they are ſuch, at leaſt, as are more pleaſing to me than any thing I could have experienced at this time, waking.

HIPPIAS.

Perhaps thou imagineſt too, that thou ſhalt become one of thoſe ſpiritual beings whoſe happineſs thou doſt ſo highly extol.

AGATHON.

This is, indeed, what I hope, and without this hope my exiſtence would be of little value.

HIPPIAS.

Art thou then poſſeſſed of ſome ſecret for transforming corporeal bodies into ſpiritual; of ſome magic potion ſimilar to that, by which the *Medeas* and the *Circes* of the poets wrought ſo many wonderful tranſmutations?

AGATHON.

I do not underſtand thee, *Hippias*.

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HIPPIAS.

I will then expreſs myſelf more clearly: If I do not miſunderſtand thee, doſt thou not fancy that thou alſo art a ſpirit incloſed in an animal body?

AGATHON.

And what other idea ſhould I have of myſelf?

HIPPIAS.

Are then quadrupeds, birds, fiſh and inſects, alſo ſpirits incloſed in an animal body?

AGATHON.

Probably they are.

HIPPIAS.

And plants?

AGATHON.

Probably theſe too.

HIPPIAS.

Thy hopes then are founded on mere probabilities. If it is probable that animals are not ſpirits, thou probably art not one either; for it is very certain, that thou art produced like animals; thou

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thou groweſt up as they do, ſubject to the ſame wants, endued with the ſame ſenſes and paſſions; thou art preſerved in the ſame manner, and doſt propagate thy ſpecies and dieſt juſt as they do, and art turned into water and earth as thou waſt before thou waſt born. If thou haſt any advantages over them, they conſiſt chiefly in a more beautiful form, in the being furniſhed with two hands, which enable thee to execute more than an animal can with his feet: in the ſtructure of certain organs, by which thou enjoyeſt the powers of ſpeech: and in a quicker underſtanding, which proceeds from the ſuperior delicacy of thy fibres, better adapted to receive impreſſions: an underſtanding, by which thou haſt learned from animals thoſe arts, the invention of which we are ſo proud of.

AGATHON.

Thy ideas of human nature are very different from mine.

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HIPPIAS.

Probably. Becauſe I entertain no other ideas of it than thoſe which are derived to me from my ſenſes, and unprejudiced obſervation. I will, however, be ſo indulgent as to admit, that the principle which thinks within us, is eſſentially different from the body.—But, upon what doſt thou ground thy expectation, that this ſame ſpiritual principle will continue to think after thy body is deſtroyed? What proof haſt thou to eſtabliſh an opinion contradicted by ſo many other proofs? I will not aſſert that it is annihilated; but thy body loſes by death that form which conſtitutes it a body: What reaſon haſt thou, therefore, to hope that thy ſpirit will not alſo loſe that particular form which conſtitutes it a ſpirit?

AGATHON.

Becauſe I cannot poſſibly conceive that the firſt and ſupreme ſpirit, whoſe creatures, or whoſe emanations all other ſpi-

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rits are, will deſtroy a being he has made capable of ſo much happineſs, as I have already experienced.

HIPPIAS.

But this is another PROBABLY? And how doſt thou come to the knowledge of this ſupreme ſpirit?

AGATHON.

From whence doſt thou know the *Phidias* who made this ſtatue of *Cupid?*

HIPPIAS.

Becauſe I ſaw him make it; for a ſtatue might, probably, be formed without the intervention of an artiſt.

AGATHON.

How ſo?

HIPPIAS.

An accidental concourſe of its ſmalleſt elementary parts, might in time produce it.

AGATHON.

What! Could an irregular and fortuitous motion produce a work of regularity and art?

HIP-

HIPPIAS.

Why not? In playing at dice 'tis not an uncommon thing to throw doublets. Is it not then equally poſſible that among ſeveral million of throws, one ſhould at laſt happen, by which a certain number of grains of ſand ſhould form themſelves into a circle? The application is eaſily made.

AGATHON.

I underſtand thee. But ſtill, it remains infinitely improbable that the fortuitous concourſe of the elements, ſhould have been able to produce only one of thoſe ſhells, of which there is ſuch an infinite number upon the ſhore: and even Eternity itſelf, ſeems not long enough to have formed our own globe in ſuch a manner, although this is but a ſmall particle, as it were, of the whole univerſe.

HIPPIAS.

It is ſufficient, that among the infinite number of fortuitous motions, which produce nothing either regular or durable

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rable, one may poſſibly happen, by which a world might be formed. This ſets one probability againſt another, and therefore the proof upon which thou groundeſt thy opinion loſes its force.

AGATHON.

Juſt as much as an infinite weight would loſe of its heavineſs, by ſubſtracting from it a ſingle grain of ſand.

HIPPIAS.

Thou ſeemeſt to forget that an endleſs duration muſt be put into the other ſcale. However, I will not urge this objection as far as it might eaſily be carried; but of what advantage is this to thy opinion? Probably, the world has always been in the ſame general diſpoſition as it is now? Probably, it is the only Being which exiſts of itſelf?—Probably, that ſpirit of which thou ſpeakeſt, is forced by the eſſential properties of its nature to animate the univerſal ſyſtem according to the laws of an immutable neceſſity.—Admitting, however, that the world, as thou conceiveſt

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conceiveſt, is the work of a free and intelligent cauſe, it may, probably, owe its origin not to one, but to many creators. In a word, *Callias*, thou muſt get the better of many poſſible chances, before thou canſt eſtabliſh, beyond a doubt, the exiſtence of this ſupreme ſpirit.

AGATHON.

I make uſe of a much more compendious method to ſatisfy myſelf in this particular. I ſee the ſun, therefore I conclude that it exiſts; I feel my own ſelf, therefore I exiſt. I perceive and am ſenſible of the ſupreme ſpirit, therefore it exiſts.

HIPPIAS.

A man in a dream, in a delirium, or in a fit of lunacy, ſees alſo; and yet what he ſees, is merely ideal, and has no real exiſtence.

AGATHON.

Becauſe the ſituation he is in, does not permit him to ſee things as they are.

HIP-

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HIPPIAS.

How canſt thou then prove, that thou art not exactly in the caſe of the ſick man in this particular? The phyſicians will inform thee, that 'tis poſſible to be mad in one point only, and yet be very ſenſible in others, as all the ſtrings of a lute may be well in tune, except one. *Ajax* in his fury ſaw two ſuns and a double *Thebes*. What infallible criterion haſt thou to diſcern truth from the mere appearance of it; or to diſtinguiſh what thou really doſt perceive, from what thou only doſt imagine; or to determine the difference between what thou art ſenſible of, while in health, and what is repreſented to thee, in a diſtempered ſtate of thy body? And how wouldſt thou be able to form a judgment, if every ſenſation thou doſt experience, were only a deception, and if no object exiſted in nature, as thou doſt perceive it?

AGA-

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AGATHON.

I am very little concerned about that point. For ſuppoſing the ſun is not in reality, what I ſee and feel it to be, yet its effects with regard to my ſight and perception are juſt the ſame; and that is ſufficient for me. The influence it has upon my other ſenſations is not, therefore the leſs real though it is not exactly what it appears to my ſenſes, or even though it does not exiſt at all.

HIPPIAS.

I ſhould be glad to hear what application thou wouldſt make of this?

AGATHON.

The ſenſe which I have of the exiſtence of the ſupreme ſpirit, has the ſame influence upon my internal ſyſtem, as that which I have of the exiſtence of the ſun, has upon my corporeal one.

HIPPIAS.

How ſo?

AGA-

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AGATHON.

When my body is indiſpoſed, the abſence of the ſun increaſes my anxiety. The ſun-ſhine returning animates, enlivens, revives my body, and I find myſelf either perfectly recovered, or greatly relieved. The ſenſe of the all-animating ſpirit of the univerſe produces juſt the ſame effect upon my ſoul: it enlightens, comforts and encourages me: it diſſipates my anxiety, it animates my hope, and prevents my being unhappy in any ſituation, which without it would be inſupportable.

HIPPIAS.

I am therefore happier than thou, becauſe all theſe things are unneceſſary for my happineſs. Experience and reflection have freed me from prejudices: I enjoy every thing I wiſh for, and wiſh for nothing, which I have not the power of obtaining. Care and anxiety ſeldom affect me. I have few hopes, becauſe I am content with the enjoy-

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ment of the preſent. My pleaſures are tempered by moderation, that I may enjoy them the longer, and whenever I feel a pain, I bare it with patience, as this is the ſureſt method to ſhorten its duration.

AGATHON.

Upon what principle then doſt thou ground thy virtue? What entertains, what animates it? How doſt thou get the better of the obſtacles which retard its progreſs? How doſt thou reſiſt the temptations which enſnare it, the contagion of example, and the tumult of the paſſions; and how doſt thou overcome that indolence which the ſoul ſo often experiences, whenever it attempts to raiſe itſelf above material objects?

HIPPIAS.

Young man, too long have I heard thine incoherent rhapſodies. In what a train of fancied ideas has the livelineſs of thy imagination involved thee! Thy ſoul is in a perpetual inchantment, alternately

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ternately affected with tormenting and pleasing dreams, and the true nature of things is as much a mystery to thee, as the visible form of the world is, to a man born blind. I pity thee, *Callias*. Thy figure and qualifications entitle thee to aspire to every thing, which can render human life happy, thy peculiar turn of thought alone will make thee miserable. Accustomed to behold ideal beings only all around thee, thou wilt never learn the art of making thy advantage of mankind. Thou wilt wander about, like an inhabitant of the moon, in a world which thou art as little acquainted with, as it is with thee; and thou wilt never be in thy proper situation, but in a desert, or in the tub of *Diogenes*. What is to be done with a man who sees spiritual beings? With one, whose virtue requires him to live in constant opposition to himself and to all the world? With one, who sits down by moon light,

and

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and reflects upon the happineſs of ſpirits diſengaged from their bodies? Believe me, *Callias*, I am acquainted with the world, and yet I ſee no ſpirits; thy philoſophy might, probably, ſerve inſtead of ſome other amuſement, to divert a ſet of indolent men; but it is a folly to attempt to put it in practice. Thou art yet young, and the retirement thou haſt lived in during the earlier part of thy life, added to the Eaſtern enthuſiaſm, which ſome idle Grecian adventurers have introduced amongſt us, from the Egyptians and Chaldeans, have given thy imagination a romantic turn; and the extreme ſenſibility of thy frame has increaſed this agreeable deluſion: to people of this caſt nothing they ſee is beautiful enough; nothing they feel ſufficiently agreeable; their imagination muſt create them other worlds, to ſatisfy the inſatiable deſires of their ſouls. But, this evil can yet be remedied, a natural,

accuracy

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accuracy of judgment, discovers itself, even in the extravagancies of thy imagination, and only requires to be applied to other objects. A little docility and an unprejudiced examination of what I shall say to thee, are the only things necessary to cure thee of that strange kind of phrenzy, which thou considerest as wisdom. Let me lead thee down from those invisible worlds, into a visible and real one; it will appear strange to thee at first, merely because it is new, but when once thou art familiarized with it, thou wilt as little miss thy aerial worlds, as a young man the toys which amused him in his infancy. This enthusiasm is the offspring of leisure and retirement. A man who is extremely desirous of agreeable sensations, and is deprived of the means of procuring himself real ones, is obliged to entertain himself with the conceits of his own imagination, and for want of better company, to converse with

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with the Sylphs. Experience will afford thee the beſt proof of this. I will unfold to thee, the myſteries of a philoſophy, which will lead thee to the enjoyment of every thing good and agreeable, that nature, art, ſociety, and even imagination (for man is not made to be at all times wiſe) can procure thee. If I am not greatly miſtaken in thee, the voice of reaſon, which thou doſt not ſeem to have ever heard, will recall thee from the devious path thou haſt wandered in, for if thou doſt continue thy journey in this ideal land of hope, thou wilt in the end, reap no other advantage than arriving at the certainty of having deceived thyſelf. It is now time to reſt, but the next leiſure morning I have, ſhall be dedicated to thee. I need not tell thee how much I am ſatisfied with the manner in which thou haſt diſcharged thy office, and only wiſh that thy turn of mind would ſo far agree with mine, that I might be enabled to give thee the trueſt

proofs

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proofs of my friendſhip. In ſaying this *Hippias* went away, and left our *Agathon* in a ſituation which the reader will ſee in the following chapter.

CHAP. VII.

In which Agathon reaſons tolerably well for an Enthuſiaſt.

WE doubt not but that ſeveral readers of this hiſtory will imagine, that *Agathon* muſt have been not a little affected with this emphatical apoſtrophe of the ſage *Hippias*; or, at leaſt, that it muſt have given him ſome uneaſineſs. The age of *Hippias*, the reputation he had as a philoſopher, the poſitive manner in which he ſpoke, the appearance of truth diſplayed in his diſcourſe; and, what was of no leſs importance, the authority which his riches gave him,—all theſe circumſtances could not but diſ-

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concert a man, who was ſo much his inferior in ſeveral reſpects, and beſides that, was his ſlave. But, they may be deceived.—*Agathon* had attended to all this emphatical ſpeech with a ſmile, which might have confounded all the Sophiſts in the world; if the vanity, or ſelf-partiality of the ſpeaker had ſuffered him to obſerve it. As ſoon, however, as he found himſelf alone, the ſmile which the Sophiſt's converſation had occaſioned, was immediately ſucceeded by a loud laugh, which he now no longer thought it neceſſary to reſtrain, leſt his diaphragm ſhould ſuffer from it. On the contrary, he renewed it as often as he reflected on the air, the tone, the geſtures, with which the ſage *Hippias* had accompanied ſome of the moſt expreſſive parts of his diſcourſe. At length this mechanical emotion gave way to more ſerious reflections, and he was almoſt ready to be diſpleaſed with himſelf, for being capable of laughing at the wide difference

there

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there was between himſelf and *Hippias*. A man, who lives as *Hippias* does, muſt neceſſarily think as he does; and whoever thinks as *Hippias*, would certainly be miſerable if he did not live like him. And yet, continued he, I cannot help laughing, when I recall to mind the deciſive tone in which he ſpoke;—but I am not ſo much unuſed to this tone as *Hippias* may imagine: I have known tanners and porters, at *Athens*, who thought themſelves of conſequence enough to aſſume the ſame tone in haranguing the people. Thou fancieſt thou didſt ſay ſomething new, when thou didſt give to my way of thinking the name of enthuſiaſm; and didſt denounce to me, with a prophetic certainty, the fate it will bring upon me.—How much art thou deceived, if thou thinkeſt ſuch predictions will alarm me!—O, *Hippias*, what is it thou calleſt happineſs?—Thou wilt never be capable of knowing what happineſs is! That which thou calleſt happineſs, is no

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more ſo, than the paſſions with which thy dancers inſpire thee can be called love. Thou calleſt my ſyſtem of happineſs enthuſiaſm; ſuffer me then ever to remain an enthuſiaſt, and do thou continue to be a Sage. Nature has refuſed thee that ſenſibility of ſoul, thoſe internal feelings, which make ſo great a difference between us. Thou art like a deaf man, who aſcribes to the effects of wine or madneſs, all the motions of joy, which the ſprightly note of *Damon*'s flute produces in thoſe who hear it; he would dance as well as they, if his ears were open. But in fact, the men of the world are not ſo much in the wrong, in conſidering us as in ſome degree lunatic; for who can expect that they ſhould think themſelves deficient in any thing which tends to complete the character of a man? I knew a young Athenian lady, to whom Nature had given a pretty foot to compenſate for the diſagreeableneſs of her perſon.—I ſhould be glad to know, ſaid ſhe,

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ſhe, one day to a friend of her's, what the young fops ſee in the conceited *Timandra*, that they ſcarce pay any attention to any other woman but her—I allow ſhe has a fine complexion; her features are tolerable, her eyes are lively enough, and ſhe takes great pains to make amends to her admirers for the defects of her perſon, by the diſcovery of certain other beauties.—But then, what ſort of a foot has ſhe?—Who has any pretentions to beauty without a pretty foot? You are in the right, anſwered her friend, who was indebted to Nature for nothing beautiful but a ſmall ear,—one muſt have ſuch a foot as yours to be thought handſome: but what think you of her ears, *Hermia?* Gracious *Diana*, they would do honour to a Faun's head! Men are juſt the ſame, and it would be abſurd to find fault with them for it. The nightingale ſings; the raven croaks: and he would be no raven if he did not think he croaked well.—He is ſtill in the right when he finds

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fault with the nightingale's croaking; but it is true, he goes too far when he turns the nightingale into ridicule for not croaking ſo well as he.—The nightingale is alſo equally to blame in finding fault with the raven for not ſinging ſo well as ſhe does.—He does not ſing, it is true; but he croaks very well, and that is ſufficient for him. But, *Hippias* is concerned for me; he pities me, and wiſhes to make me as happy as he is.—That is certainly generous. He has diſcovered that I have an inclination for the *Beautiful*, and am not inſenſible to the allurements of pleaſure. This diſcovery was obvious enough; but he is much deceived in the concluſion he has drawn from it. The prudent *Ulyſſes* preferred the ſmall barren iſland of *Ithaca*, where he was free, and his aged wife, to whom he had been married twenty years, to the inchanted iſland of the beauteous *Calypſo*, where he would have been immortal and a ſlave. Juſt ſo the enthuſiaſt *Agathon*, with all his taſte

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taſte for the *Beautiful*, and his inclination to pleaſure, even without a moment's reflection, would rather live concealed in the tub of *Diogenes*, than be in poſſeſſion of the palace, the gardens, the ſeraglio, and the riches of the ſage *Hippias*, and become *Hippias* himſelf.

For ever ſoliloquies, methinks, I hear the reader ſay! This, at leaſt, is one which could not be avoided. *Agathon* had no one to converſe with but himſelf; for lovers only talk to the trees and nymphs. We muſt, therefore, excuſe this propenſity of our hero; and we may the more readily conſent to it, as *Horace*, who was undoubtedly one of the politeſt men of his age, has not been aſhamed of acknowledging that he frequently converſed with himſelf.

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CHAP. VIII.

Preparation for what follows.

AGATHON had not lived long enough in the world to be as well acquainted with life and manners, as *Theophraſtus* was, at the time he was obliged to leave it. But what he wanted in experience was ſupplied by the natural talent he poſſeſſed, of penetrating into the ſoul; which was greatly improved by the attention with which, whenever he had an opportunity, he always obſerved the actions of men and the different ſcenes of life. For this reaſon, his laſt converſation with *Hippias* inſtead of improving him, only ſerved to confirm the ſuſpicion he had for ſome time entertained of the Sophiſt's character and turn of thought. He could, therefore, eaſily conjecture, what ſpecies of ſecret philoſophy that was, from which he had promiſed him ſuch great advantages. Not-

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Notwithstanding this, he wished for the interview, partly out of curiosity, to see *Hippias's* principles reduced into a system; partly on account of the amusement he expected from his eloquence: an amusement, nearly similar to that, which an artful juggler gives us, when he makes us believe, that we see what we do not, without at the same time, letting an observing man perceive so much of his art, as to give him the least suspicion that he is deceived. In such a disposition of mind, so very different from that docility, which *Hippias* required, did *Agathon* find himself, when a few days after, he was called upon to attend the Sophist in his chamber, where he waited for him reclined upon a couch, and upon *Agathon's* entrance, ordered him to sit down by him, and breakfast with him. This complaisance was in *Hippias's* opinion, a necessary step to what was to follow; and that he might the better accomplish his design, he had made choice of

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one of his handſomeſt female ſlaves to attend at breakfaſt. Indeed, the figure of this nymph, and the pleaſing manner in which ſhe performed her office, made her attendance ſomewhat dangerous for a philoſopher of *Agathon's* age. Unfortunately, the little ſorcereſs, to revenge herſelf of the indifference with which *Agathon* had hitherto treated her eaſy forwardneſs, had upon this occaſion made uſe of every artifice, to make him more ſenſible of the value of the happineſs he had neglected. Her malice prompted her to appear in ſo elegant, ſo modeſt, and at the ſame time, ſo alluring a morning dreſs, that *Agathon* himſelf could not help believing, that if the graces themſelves would have appeared in any dreſs, they could not have fixed upon one, which preſerved ſo becoming a medium, between that which is peculiar to them, and that which they uſually appear in. To ſay the truth, the roſe-coloured garment flowing about her was rather like that,

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that, which *Petronius* calls a *Ventus textilis & nebula Linea*, than a dreſs, which was to conceal any thing from the ſight; the leaſt motion diſcovered charms which were the more ſeducing, as they were partly concealed, and left the imagination more to conceive than the eye to ſee. Notwithſtanding this, our hero would, probably, have got the better of this artifice, even if he had not at firſt ſight ſeen through the deſigns of *Hippias* and the beautiful *Cyane*, for ſo was this young female called. This diſcovery threw him into a kind of perplexity, which grew the more remarkable by the pains he took to conceal it; his confuſion betrayed itſelf by his bluſhes, he threw himſelf into all kinds of affected attitudes, and looked upon every picture in the room one after another, to conceal his emotion. But this was all in vain: the artful *Cyane* always contrived ſome new pretence for attracting his wandering looks to herſelf. Yet the triumph ſhe at that inſtant enjoy-

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ed was very ſhort. However ſuſceptible the eyes of *Agathon* were, yet were they not more ſo than his moral ſenſe; and any object which offended the latter, could not produce ſo agreeable an impreſſion on his ſight, as not to be overcome by the diſagreeable ſenſation it excited in his moral ſenſe. The advances of the beautiful *Cyane*, her artifices, and the wantonneſs ſhe diſplayed in her whole perſon, were ſo diſguſting as to efface all her charms, and made him ſo indifferent, that if ſhe had carried them a little further, they probably, like *Meduſa's* head in the fable, would have been capable of turning him into ſtone. The eaſe and indifference which he then aſſumed, was too viſible to eſcape *Cyane's* notice, and he took care to convince her by a certain look, and a ſmile, the meaning of which was evident, that ſhe had triumphed too ſoon. This behaviour was ſo injurious to her charms, that ſhe could not but look upon it as the effect of conſtraint; the

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the reſiſtance ſhe found, obliged her to exert all her arts to gain the victory. But, the ſtrength of her adverſary made her at laſt deſpair, and ſhe had ſcarce command enough over herſelf, to hide the mortification which her vanity ſuffered upon this occaſion.

Hippias, who for a long time had diverted himſelf in ſilence with this ſcene, judged that it would not be an eaſy taſk, to captivate the reaſon of a man, whoſe heart ſeemed ſo well prepared even on the weakeſt ſide. But this obſervation confirmed his opinion with regard to the method he ſhould make uſe of with his new ſcholar; and as he was more fully convinced of the efficacy of his ſyſtem, than ever a *Bonze* was of the power of thoſe amulets, which he diſtributes to his thankful believers, ſo he doubted not, that *Agathon* would be more eaſily gained over to his opinion, by a frank and open explanation, than by any rhetorical arts, which

which he sometimes employed successfully enough, with men of weak capacities. As soon as breakfast was over, and the abashed *Cyane* had retired, he began to entertain *Agathon* with different discourses, preparatory to that remarkable one, which our readers will thank us for giving them at large, more especially, as we have been assured by connoisseurs, that the mystic sense of that speech far exceeded in its importance, the literal one; and that the true and infallible process of discovering the philosopher's stone was concealed under it.

AGATHON.

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AGATHON.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

Preparation to a very intereſting Diſcourſe.

WHEN we reflect, my dear *Callias*, upon the actions of men, it ſeems indeed, that the only ſcope of all their cares and anxieties is to make themſelves happy; but the ſmall number of thoſe who either enjoy real happineſs, or even think that they do, evidently proves, that they are ignorant of the means of becoming happy, and even if they ſhould be in a ſtate of good fortune, they know not how to uſe it ſo as to attain what is generally called

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called happineſs. How many are there who, even in the higheſt dignities, in the midſt of fortune and pleaſure, are as miſerable as thoſe who are reduced to the greateſt diſtreſſes, and in a ſtate of ſlavery and oppreſſion. Labour and induſtry has freed ſome from this laſt neceſſitous condition, who imagined that the only cauſe of their unhappineſs was the want of riches: but experience has taught them, that if there is an art which can procure to us the means of happineſs, there is ſtill one much more difficult and more rarely to be met with—the art of making a proper uſe of theſe means. For this reaſon it has been the conſtant employment of the wiſeſt men of all ages, by the connection of both theſe arts, to arrive at what may very properly be called the art of living happily; in the practical exerciſe of which, according to my ideas, conſiſts that wiſdom which ſo ſeldom falls to the lot of mortals. I call it an art, becauſe it depends upon the ready application

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application of certain rules, which are only to be attained by conſtant practice; but it preſuppoſes, like all other arts, a certain ſhare of capacity, which is the gift of nature, and imparted only to a few. Some men ſeem, indeed, capable of no greater happineſs than that of an oyſter; and if they have a ſoul, ſeem to make no other uſe of it, than to preſerve their body, for ſome time, from corruption. A more conſiderable, and perhaps the greateſt part of mankind, are not in this condition; but as they are deficient in ſtrength of mind, and in a certain delicacy of ſentiment, their life, for this reaſon, like that of other beaſts, is divided between pleaſures which they know not either how to chuſe, or how to enjoy, and pains which they can neither bear nor avoid. Caprice and paſſions are the chief ſprings of theſe human machines, and expoſe them alike to an endleſs variety of evils, which though they are only the effect of a deluded imagination,

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nation, and on that account, perhaps, leſs ſevere, yet are they for the ſame reaſon more laſting and incurable, than thoſe which nature impoſes upon us. Such men are incapable of any ſettled or durable ſatisfaction, incapable of enjoying any kind of happineſs. Their joys are momentary, and the reſt of their exiſtence is either a ſtate of real ſuffering, or an endleſs ſucceſſion of confuſed wiſhes, a perpetual alternative of fear and hope, of fancies and deſires: In ſhort, a reſtleſs anxiety which knows no bounds, has no fixed object in view, and, therefore, can neither afford the means of obtaining any good, or permit them to enjoy that which they already poſſeſs. It appears, therefore, impoſſible for any man to attain to that calm ſtate of enjoyment and content which conſtitutes happineſs, without a peculiar delicacy of ſentiment, which, with more refined perceptions, enables us, in a more agreeable manner, to paſs through life in an enlarged

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enlarged ſphere of action; or, without that ſtrength of ſoul which puts it in our power to ſhake off the yoke of fancy and opinion, and gives us an abſolute command over our paſſions. In fact, that man can only be deemed happy who knows not only how to free himſelf entirely from thoſe evils, which exiſt merely in imagination; but alſo to avoid or leſſen thoſe to which human life has made him ſubject; to blunt the keenneſs of their edge by making the beſt uſe of every good, nature has made us capable of participating, and to enjoy what he already poſſeſſes in the moſt agreeable manner to himſelf: this happy mortal is, in my opinion, the only wiſe man.

If I am not miſtaken in thee, *Callias*, nature has as richly endowed thee with every capacity of happineſs, as with all thoſe ſuperior qualifications, the prudent uſe of which, generally procures the favours of fortune. Notwithſtanding this thou

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thou art neither happy nor doſt thou ſeem ever likely to become ſo, till thou haſt learned to make a different uſe of thoſe advantages than thou haſt hitherto done. Thou doſt exert all the powers of thy ſoul to render thy heart inſenſible to true pleaſure. Thou doſt employ thy ſenſibility about incorporeal beings, which thou ſeeſt only in imagination, and enjoyeſt only in a dream. The pleaſures which nature has allotted to all men, are real pains to thee; ſince thou art forced to deprive thyſelf of them. Thou, on the contrary, doſt expoſe thyſelf to evils nature has taught us to avoid; while inſtead of paſſing thy life in ſome uſeful occupation, thou doſt dream it away in ſoft illuſions, with which thou doſt endeavour to ſupply the abſence of real pleaſures. Thy misfortune, my dear *Callias*, ariſes from an imagination, which preſents her objects to thee in ſuch tranſcendent brightneſs, that ſhe deceives thy heart and ſpreads a falſe light over every object which really exiſts: a poetical

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tical imagination which employs itſelf in diſcovering more perfect beauties, more enlivening pleaſures than are to be found in nature. An imagination to which we are indebted for a *Homer* an *Alcamenes* and a *Polygnotus*; and which was deſigned to improve and refine our joys and not to be the director of our lives. The only thing neceſſary to make thee wiſe is, to ſubſtitute ſound ſenſe in the place of this fanatical enchantreſs, and cool reflection inſtead of that ſentimental turn, which ſo frequently miſleads us. Imagine for a moment, that thou art now firſt ſetting out in ſearch of happineſs; inquire of nature, attend to her anſwer, and follow the path ſhe ſhall indicate.

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CHAP. II.

Theory of agreeable Senſations.

OF whom then can we inquire with more propriety, if we want to be inſtructed in the art of living well, than of Nature?—of the Gods? But the God, if there is one, muſt either be Nature itſelf, or the author of Nature: in either caſe, the voice of Nature is the voice of God. — She is the common inſtructor of all beings; ſhe teaches every animal, from the elephant to the inſect, what is beneficial or hurtful to its particular conſtitution. Every animal needs only to obey her inſtinct, to be as happy as his condition will allow: it is ſhe who incites him, either by the ſoothing calls of pleaſure, or by the impatient cravings of want, or the ſevere impulſes of pain, to what is proper for him; who leads him to what is neceſſary for the preſervation of his life and ſpecies; or warns him

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him to avoid whatever threatens the deſtruction of his being. Should man alone be deprived of this parental care; or, can he alone be miſtaken in liſtening to that voice, which addreſſes itſelf to all beings?—Or, rather, is not the inattention and diſobedience to her kind admonitions, the only true reaſon why, among the infinite variety of animated beings, man alone is miſerable.

NATURE has impreſſed upon all her works a certain ſimplicity, which conceals their laboured diſpoſitions, and a ſtrict regularity under the appearance of eaſe and unaffected grace. She has alſo ſtamped the ſame characters upon the laws ſhe has preſcribed to lead men to happineſs. They are all ſimple, eaſily obſerved, and tend directly, and with certainty, to the end they have in view. The art of being happy, would have been the moſt common, as it is the eaſieſt of all arts, if men had not accuſtomed themſelves to imagine, that great deſigns

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ſigns can never be executed without great efforts. It appeared to them too ſimple, that any thing which Nature could teach them, even by the mouth of Wiſdom itſelf, could be collected from theſe three maxims: ſatisfy all thy wants, enjoy every ſenſual pleaſure, and avoid, as much as poſſible, every painful ſenſation. And yet, with a little attention, thou wilt be convinced, that the moſt complete happineſs mankind is capable of, is included within theſe three rules.

THERE have been men, fooliſh enough to take great pains to examine, whether pleaſure is a good, and pain an evil. There have been others ſtill more abſurd, who poſitively maintained that pain was no evil, and pleaſure no good. But what is ſtill more ridiculous, the defenders of both theſe ſyſtems have found men weak enough, to look upon them as wiſe men. Pleaſure is no good, ſay they, becauſe ſome inſtances may occur, in which pain is a greater good.—Pain

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alſo is no evil, becauſe it is ſometimes better than pleaſure. Does this playing upon words deſerve an anſwer? What would that condition be which ſhould ſubject us to conſtant, uninterrupted pain in the higheſt poſſible degree? If ſuch a ſituation is the greateſt poſſible evil, then is pain alſo an evil. Let theſe babblers amuſe themſelves by thus ſporting with words, and giving them what ſignification they pleaſe. Nature has decided this queſtion, if it really is one, in ſuch a manner, as to leave no room for doubt. Who had not rather be annihilated, than be perpetually miſerable? Who would not rather look upon a beautiful, than upon a diſguſting object? Who would not rather hear the linnet ſing, than the owl ſhriek? Who does not prefer an agreeable taſte or ſmell, to a diſagreeable one? And would not even the continent *Callias*, rather repoſe on a bed of flowers, incircled in the roſy arms of ſome beautiful nymph than be incloſed in the burning brazen idol,

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to which, it is ſaid, ſome people of *Syria*, from a principle of devotion, ſacrifice their children? There ſeems to be as little doubt, that pain and pleaſure are ſo incompatible, that one ſingle nerve if affected with pain, is ſufficient to make us inſenſible to the allurements of all kinds of pleaſures, even when combined together. An exemption from every kind of painful ſenſation is, therefore, inconteſtably a neceſſary condition of happineſs; but as this is only a negative happineſs, it is not ſo properly itſelf a good, as a ſituation in which we are capable of enjoying that good. It is the continuance of this enjoyment alone which produces what is called happineſs.

It is not to be denied, that all kinds and degrees of pleaſure are not equally good. Nature alone has a right to point out to us the pleaſures ſhe has deſigned for us. However infinite the number of agreeable ſenſations appears to be, yet it is pretty evident, that they either belong

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long to the pleaſures of the ſenſes, or of the imagination; or, to a third claſs, which reſults from the union of the two former. The pleaſures of the imagination are either the recollections of ſenſual pleaſures formerly taſted, or the means of adding to the enjoyment of them; or, they are agreeable fictions and dreams, conſiſting either in a new arbitrary combination of pleaſing ideas, derived from the ſenſes, or in a vain fanciful heightening of every degree of pleaſure before experienced. All pleaſures, therefore, to ſpeak with accuracy, are in reality ſenſual; becauſe they cannot ariſe from any thing, but from ſenſual repreſentations, either immediately, or mediately conveyed by the imagination.

Philoſophers talk of the pleaſures of the ſoul, of the pleaſures of the heart, and of the pleaſures of virtue: all theſe, are either pleaſures of the ſenſes, or of the imagination, or they do not exiſt. Why do we read *Homer* with infinitely

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greater delight than *Heraclitus?* Becauſe, the poetry of the former repreſents to us a groupe of images which inchant our fancy, either by the peculiar beauty of the object, by the livelineſs of the colouring, or by a contraſt, which introducing a few oppoſite ſentiments, heightens the ſatisfaction of the reader, and raiſes the moſt agreeable ſenſations.—On the contrary, the dry treatiſes of that philoſopher preſent us only with a ſeries of phraſes expreſſing abſtracted ideas; of which, the imagination cannot form any conception, without the utmoſt labour, and a conſtant attention to avoid a total confuſion of ſo many indiſtinct images: if thoſe can be called images; which with reſpect to their real object in nature, are ſcarcely ſo much as a ſhadow is to the body which forms it. There are, it is true, abſtracted ideas, with which ſome enthuſiaſtic ſouls are enraptured; But why are they ſo? Merely becauſe their imagination has the art of realizing them. Examine all

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the pleaſing ideas of this kind, and you will find, however immaterial and ſpiritual they may appear, that the pleaſure they give the ſoul, ariſes from the ſenſual repreſentations which accompany them. Whatever pains thou takeſt, thou wilt find it impoſſible to repreſent to thyſelf the Gods without form, without ſplendor, or without ſomething which can affect the ſenſes. Take the *Jupiter* of *Homer* and *Phidias*, the image of a *Hercules*, or a *Theſeus*, as our imagination uſually repreſents theſe heroes to us: the ideas of a celeſtial brightneſs, of a beauty more than human, of an ambroſial perfume, will imperceptibly intrude themſelves upon the idea, which thou doſt in vain endeavour to form of them. Then wilt thou find that thou art ſtill attached to the earth, though thy imagination may have tranſported thee into the empyreal regions. Are the pleaſures of the heart leſs ſenſual? They are highly ſo. When they are carried to a certain

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degree, they communicate a voluptuous glow to our whole ſyſtem, they quicken the motion of the blood, enliven the play of the fibres, and impart to our whole machine a kind of ſatisfaction, which the ſoul more readily partakes of, as her own operations are thereby agreeably facilitated. Admiration, love, deſire, hope, pity and every tender affection, produce this effect in a certain degree, and are the more delightful, the nearer they approach to that pleaſure, which our anceſtors have thought worthy of placing among the Gods under the perſonal form of beauty, from the enjoyment of which it ariſes. The man, whom the ſight of his friend has never thrown into ſuch tranſports, as reſemble the raptures of love, has no right to talk of the pleaſures of friendſhip. What is that compaſſion, which excites us to benevolence? Who are ſuſceptible of this paſſion, but men of the greateſt ſenſibility, who cannot bear the ſight, nor hear the

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the plaintive cries of misery and pain; and who, at the instant they relieve the distresses of the miserable, experience nearly the same pleasure as they would have done, had they themselves been the persons relieved? If compassion is not a voluptuous sensation, why does nothing affect us so sensibly as suffering beauty? Why does the afflicted *Phædra* on the stage, draw tears of compassion from our eyes, whilst distressed deformity in real life, only creates disgust? And are the pleasures of benevolence and philanthrophy less sensual? Attend to what passes in thine own mind upon considering the contrast of figures in the distressed and joyful city, represented by *Homer* on the shield of *Achilles*; and thou wilt find the solution of this question. Those only, in whom the most lively transports are excited by the enjoyment of pleasure, are capable of being affected to such a degree at the smiling picture of a general joy and festivity, as to wish that others also

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might partake of it. The pleaſure too of benevolence will always have ſome correſpondence with that, which the ſight of a chearful countenance, of a lively dance, or of ſome public diverſion produces, and will always be the ſtronger, the more general the ſcene is, which occaſions it. The greater too the number of the perſons is, who are rejoicing, and the more various their pleaſures, the more will the heart of theſe men overflow with joy, who are all ſenſibility, tenderneſs and ſoul. Let, us therefore, *Callias*, confeſs, that all the pleaſures which nature offers to us are ſenſual; and that the moſt elevated, abſtracted and refined imagination cannot ſupply us with any others, than thoſe we can enjoy far more perfectly from cups incircled with roſes, and from the lips of the beautiful *Cyane*.

It is true, there are pleaſures which at firſt ſight ſeem to be an exception to my principles. We may call them artificial,

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artificial, becauſe we are not indebted to nature for them, but to a certain compact of human ſociety, by which, whatever produces this pleaſure, has obtained the appellation of good. But, the leaſt reflection is ſufficient to convince us, that theſe things afford us no other kind of pleaſure, than that we receive from the poſſeſſion of money; which we ſhould be apt to look upon with indifference, if it did not ſupply us with the means of procuring every real pleaſure we can obtain by it. Of this kind, is that which the ambitious man feels from the marks of that ſeeming reſpect and ſubmiſſion paid to him, which are agreeable to him, as they are proofs of the authority and power he has over other men. An Eaſtern tyrant cares little for the eſteem of his ſubjects; a ſlaviſh and abject ſubmiſſion is all he wants. The man, on the contrary, whoſe happineſs depends upon his equals, is under the neceſſity of courting their favour. But, the tyrant is only

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pleaſed with this ſubmiſſion, and the republican with this eſteem, becauſe they are thereby enabled and furniſhed with opportunities of more eaſily ſatisfying their wants and inclinations, which are the immediate ſources of pleaſure. Why is *Alcibiades* ambitious? *Alcibiades* is in purſuit of a reputation, which may ſerve to caſt a veil over his extravagancies, his pride, his train of purple, his entertainments and his gallantries; a reputation, which may make the Athenians bear to ſee upon the ſhield of their General, the image of *Cupid* armed with *Jupiter's* thunder; and ſo far dazzled the eyes of the Spartan Queen, that ſhe conſiders it as an honour to be thought his concubine. Without theſe advantages authority and fame would have been as indifferent to him, as a heap of counters to a Corinthian uſurer. But, if it be true that nature has allowed us no pleaſures but thoſe of the ſenſes; what then, will it be ſaid, is eaſier, or requires leſs art and

deſign than to be happy? "How little does nature aſk to be ſatisfied?" Uncultivated nature, it is true, requires but little. Her ſimplicity is her portion. Exerciſes which enliven the body; food which appeaſes hunger; a woman, handſome or otherwiſe, to ſatisfy the impatience of deſire; a cavern to ſhelter from the weather; a ſhady bank to ſleep on; theſe are the only neceſſary things for a ſavage, who will never imagine, in the courſe of eighty or an hundred years, that it is poſſible to want any thing elſe. The pleaſures of imagination and taſte are not for him; and his enjoyments are not ſuperior to thoſe of other animals. He is happy, becauſe he does not think himſelf miſerable; but yet he is not ſo, if compared with the man, to whom the arts of genius and taſte, have diſcovered the moſt agreeable manner of ſatisfying the ſeveral wants of nature; to whom they have procured an infinite variety of pleaſures of the ſenſes and the imaginati-

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on, of which nature, in the rude and uncultivated ſtate ſhe is repreſented to us in former times, has no idea. This compariſon, it is true, only takes place in a ſtate of ſociety, which, after a long ſeries of ages, has, at laſt, attained a certain degree of perfection. But, in ſuch a civilized ſtate, every thing which the ſavage deſires not, becauſe it is unknown to him, becomes a want; and *Diogenes* could not have been happy at *Corinth*, had he not been a fool. Certain poets have dreamt of a golden age, of an *Arcadia*, and of a pleaſing kind of paſtoral life, which according to their ideas, ſhould preſerve a medium between nature in its rude ſtate, and the manners of a rich, poliſhed and refined people. They have diveſted nature of all thoſe beauties which ſerve to embelliſh it, and to this ideal being of their own creating, they have given the name of adorned nature. But, beſides that this adorned nature has never really exiſted

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in that naked ſimplicity, which they attribute to her; who does not perceive that the golden age of the poets, differs as much from that, which the arts have improved and enriched with every thing genius could poſſibly invent to preſerve us from ſatiety in the midſt of uninterrupted pleaſure, as the life of the moſt ſavage Sogdian differs from the picture of that golden age? If it is more agreeable to live in a convenient cottage, than in a hollow tree; it is ſtill much more ſo, to inhabit a ſpacious manſion furniſhed with the moſt refined and voluptuous conveniencies of life, and ornamented with images of pleaſure which ſtrike the eye on every ſide. If a *Phyllis* decked out with ribbons and flowers, is more attracting, than a dirty rough female ſavage, muſt not one of our own beauties, whoſe native charms are heightened by well diſpoſed and glittering ornaments, be as much more pleaſing than a *Phyllis*.

CHAP.

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CHAP. III.

The Doctrine of a true Materialist, with regard to spiritual Beings.

WE have consulted nature, *Callias*, to know wherein consists the happiness which she has destined for us, and we have heard her answer. A life free from painful sensations; the most agreeable manner of satisfying all our natural wants, and the continual enjoyment of all those pleasures, with which the imagination, invention and art can gratify our sensual appetites.—This is all man can require; and if there is a more refined species of happiness than this, we may, at least be certain, that it does not belong to us, as we are incapable of forming any ideas of it. It is true, the enthusiastic worshippers of the Gods, flatter themselves with a future happiness, which the soul is to obtain after the destruction of the body. The soul, say they, was formerly

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formerly a friend and companion of the Gods; ſhe, like them too, was immortal, and accompanied, as *Plato* in imitation of *Homer* expreſſes it, the winged chariot of *Jupiter*, that, with other immortal beings, ſhe might contemplate the eternal beauties, with which the immenſe ſpaces above the heavenly ſpheres are filled. A war which aroſe amongſt the inhabitants of the inviſible world, made her ſhare the ſame fate with the conquered: ſhe was thruſt out of heaven, impriſoned in an animal body, and being deprived of her former felicity, was condemned to a ſtate of pain and miſery, to expiate her former guilt. The endleſs deſire and inſatiable thirſt after happineſs, which ſhe cannot find in any earthly good, is, for her torment, the only thing which ſhe retains of her former condition. Nor is it poſſible, that ſhe ſhould ever attain to that felicity which alone can ſatisfy her, till ſhe is raiſed again to her original ſtate, the pure

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pure element of ſpirits. She is, therefore, ſuſceptible of no other happineſs, till death, but what ſhe can receive from a voluntary abſtraction from all earthly objects, a mortification of all the paſſions, and a privation of all ſenſual pleaſures. When ſeparated from the body, ſhe will then only be fit for the contemplation of thoſe divine eſſences, in which ſpiritual beings find their only proper nouriſhment, and that perfect felicity of which ſenſual men can have no conception. In this manner only can ſhe, after having paſſed through different degrees of purification, and purged from every thing which is animal or corporeal, be raiſed again to the empyrean regions, live with the Gods, and paſs an eternity in the contemplation of the only intrinſic and eternal Good: an eternity, as boundleſs as the delights the immortals enjoy.

I DOUBT not indeed, *Callias*, that there are men, whoſe melancho'y turn of mind is worked up high enough to perſuade them.

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them of the reality of these ideas. Nothing is easier than for young people, of quick sensibility and heated imaginations, added to a solitary manner of life, and the privation of certain objects and enjoyments, which would contribute to lessen this exuberant fire, to let themselves be carried away by these extravagant chimæras. They, are indeed, well adapted to delude the imagination, eager after every pleasure, by a kind of delight, which is the more lively, as the inchanting phantoms, it represents, are more abstracted and confused. But whether these dreams have any reality or truth, except in the brains of those who first gave them birth, or whose imagination is lively enough to follow them, is a question, which, if examined before the tribunal of reason, would not turn out to their advantage. The less indeed men know, the more inclined are they to presumption and belief. To what then, but to the ignorance and superstition of ancient times, do the Nymphs

Nymphs and Fauns, the Naiades and Tritons, the Furies and the Ghosts of departed bodies, owe their imaginary existence? The more we become acquainted with this material world, so much narrower do we find the bounds of the spiritual one. I will not now inquire, whether it is probable that the priesthood, which has always maintained so distinguished a rank among men, had soon enough discovered what great advantages might be derived from the propensity men have to the marvellous; and from their hopes and fear, which are the strongest of their passions. We will abide by the fact itself. Upon what grounds is the sublime theory we have been speaking of founded? — Who has ever seen those Gods, and those spiritual beings, whose existence it asserts? — What man can remember that he has ever flown into the etherial regions without a body; accompanied the winged chariot of *Jupiter*, and drank nectar with the Gods? — What

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ſixth or ſeventh ſenſe are we poſſeſſed of, to diſtinguiſh the reality of thoſe beings, with which the world of ſpirits is ſuppoſed to be peopled?—Are they our internal ſenſes?—What are theſe, but the power the imagination has of imitating the effects of our external ſenſes?—What object can the internal eye of one who is born blind perceive?—What ſound can the internal ear of one who is born deaf be ſenſible of?—Or, what are thoſe ſcenes, in which the imagination ſo irregularly wanders, but new combinations of ideas, which ſhe connects together, much in the ſame manner as a young virgin forms a garland from the different flowers which compoſe a parterre; or, higher degrees of what the ſenſes have really experienced, but which no one has ever yet been able to repreſent clearly to himſelf?—What do we perceive of that ethereal ſplendor, or that ambroſial fragrance of *Homer*'s Gods?—We ſee, indeed, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, the

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the ſhadow of a certain ſplendor in our fancy?—We imagine that we find a delightful odour, but we are utterly ſtrangers to any ethereal ſplendor or ambroſial fragrance. — In a word, deprive only the authors of theſe ſupernatural ſyſtems, of the uſe of material and ſenſible objects, and all their fancied worlds, to employ an expreſſion of their own, will ſuddenly return again into the womb of night, from whence they were originally taken. We can have no better reaſon for ſuſpecting the truth of this theory, than the method it preſcribes, to obtain that myſterious happineſs; namely, by the ſacrifice of every thing which Nature and our ſenſes offer to us.—We muſt withdraw ourſelves from viſible objects, to ſee inviſible ones — We muſt forfeit our ſenſations, that we may indulge ourſelves in the more lively viſions of fancy. Stop all the avenues to your ſenſes, ſay theſe men, and then you will hear and ſee things, of which, groſs and animal

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animal beings, who, like the brute creation, make uſe of their eyes and ears only to hear and ſee, can form no conception.

A MOST excellent preſcription, indeed! The ſcholars of *Hippocrates* will convince you, that a better could not have been imagined to make men run mad. It ſeems therefore very probable, that all theſe ſpirits, with the worlds they inhabit, and all that felicity we hope to ſhare with them after death, have no more real exiſtence than the Nymphs, *Cupids*, and Graces of the Poets; the gardens of the *Heſperides*, or the iſlands of *Circe* and *Calypſo*; in a word, than all thoſe ſportive ſallies of imagination, which ſerve to amuſe us, though we do not believe their reality. The religion of our anceſtors commands us to believe in a *Jupiter* and a *Venus*; but what idea does it give us of them? *Jupiter* ſhould be a God, and *Venus* a Goddeſs: but the *Jupiter* of *Phidias* is only a hero, and the *Venus* of *Praxiteles* only a beautiful woman.

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man.—No man in *Greece* ever had the leaſt idea of the God or the Goddeſs. We are promiſed an immortal life with the Gods after death; but the idea we form of it, is either collected from ſenſual pleaſures, or from the moſt refined and ſentimental delights we have experienced in this life.—It is, therefore, very evident, that we have no exact or accurate notion of the life of ſpiritual beings, and of their joys. I will not, however, deny but that there may be, or really are Gods, Spirits, or Beings, endowed with greater perfections than ourſelves. All that my concluſion tends to prove, is this, that we cannot have any true idea of them; or, in a word, that we know nothing of them.—And, if we know nothing either of their ſtate, or of their nature, it is juſt the ſame thing, with regard to us, as if they did not exiſt at all. *Anaxagoras* proved to me, one day, with all the enthuſiaſm of an aſtronomer, that the moon was in-

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inhabited—Perhaps he might be right.—But what are theſe inhabitants of the moon to us? Do you imagine, that King *Philip* was under the leaſt apprehenſion, that the Greeks would call them to their aſſiſtance againſt him?—For, ſuppoſing that there are inhabitants in the moon; to us, this planet is nothing more than a mere ſhining orb, which enlightens our earth, and divides our time. But if the caſe is ſo, and it cannot well be otherwiſe, how ridiculous is it, to regulate one's life according to ſuch chimæras, and renounce the happineſs we may really enjoy, and live upon uncertain hopes—How abſurd, to loſe all the advantages of our exiſtence, as long as we live, in expectation that we ſhall be indemnified hereafter, when we ſhall ceaſe to be! For, that we now live, and that our life will have an end, is abſolutely certain: but whether another ſcene of exiſtence will commence after this, is at leaſt uncertain; and, if it were nto ſo, yet

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yet it would be impoſſible to determine the relation between that and our preſent being, as we have no medium to enable us to acquire any juſt conception of it. Let us, therefore, form the plan of our life upon what we know and experience: and, ſince we have diſcovered in what a happy life conſiſts, let us find out the moſt direct and ſafeſt way to obtain it.

CHAP. IV.

In which Hippias draws better Concluſions.

I Have before obſerved, that the happineſs we ſeek, can only be found in a ſociety, which has already attained to a certain degree of perfection: in ſuch a ſociety, all theſe ſeveral means of happineſs unfold themſelves; which, in the ſavage, whoſe wants are ſo few, and manner of life ſo ſolitary, and whoſe paſſions are ſo confined, muſt ever remain

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main inactive talents. The introduction of property, the inequality of riches, and of conditions, the poverty of ſome, the affluence, luxury and indolence of others; theſe are the true Gods of the arts, the *Mercuries* and the Muſes, to whom we are indebted for their invention, or at leaſt, for their improvement and perfection. To the united labours of how many different men is the rich man obliged for his enjoyments? Some cultivate his fields and vineyards, others plant his pleaſure gardens, others prepare and poliſh the marble which is employed for the building of his houſe; thouſands traverſe the ocean to bring him the riches of foreign climates; thouſands are employed in manufacturing the ſilk and purple he is clothed with; and the carpets which adorn his apartments; in making the coſtly veſſels, out of which he eats and drinks; and the ſoft couches on which he enjoys the moſt voluptuous repoſe. Thouſands muſt paſs ſleepleſs nights in

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torturing their invention to diſcover for him new conveniences, new delights, and a ſtill more eaſy and pleaſing manner of doing the moſt eaſy and agreeable actions nature has impoſed upon us. By the magic power of art, which can give the appearance of novelty to the moſt common things in nature, they muſt endeavour to remove his diſguſt, and awaken his ſenſations overcome by the ſatiety of enjoyment. For him the painter, the muſician, the poet and the actor labours and ſurmounts innumerable difficulties to bring thoſe arts, which ſerve to multiply his amuſements, to perfection. But, all theſe men would not take ſo much pains to make one man happy, if they were not deſirous of being happy themſelves. Their induſtry is only exerted for him, who is able to reward their attention to his pleaſures. The king of *Perſia* himſelf is not ſufficiently abſolute to compell *Zeuxis* to paint him a *Leda*. The powerful inchantment of gold alone, to which the

the general consent of all civilized people has given an equal value with every thing that is useful and agreeable in nature, can oblige genius and industry to work for a *Midas;* who without the ample possessions he enjoys, would hardly be qualified to grind the colours for the painter whom he employs. The art, therefore, my dear *Callias,* of procuring to ourselves the means of happiness is already found out, as soon as we have discovered the art of providing ourselves with a sufficient quantity of the philosopher's stone, which can make all nature obedient to us: a secret, which can make millions of our equals the voluntary slaves to our voluptuousness; which can make every ingenious man a ready minister to our wishes, and by the irresistible splendor of a golden shower supply us with a *Danae* in every beautiful female. The art of becoming rich, *Callias,* is nothing more in reality, than the art of securing to ourselves the property

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of others with their own consent. A tyrant, by the force of a prejudice pretty similar to that, which makes the Egyptians deify the crocodile, has an extraordinary advantage in this particular. His prerogative may extend itself as far as his power, and his power being restrained by no laws, as no one can compell him to the performance of any, he may, therefore, appropriate to himself the property of his subjects, without giving himself any concern, whether they consent or not. It gives him little trouble to procure immense riches: and if he wants to squander away millions in one day with the most unbounded profusion, he need only make that part of his people, whom his necessities condemn to incessant labour, fast that day. But besides, that this advantage can fall to the share of very few mortals, it is of such a nature, that a wise man cannot envy it. Pleasure ceases to be so, when it is carried beyond a certain degree. An excess

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of ſenſual delights deſtroys the organs of ſenſation; and an exceſs of the pleaſures of the imagination, corrupts the taſte for real beauty; immoderate deſires can find no charms in the order and regularity of nature. For this reaſon, it is frequently the fate of Eaſtern Princes, who are immured within the walls of their ſeraglio, to periſh in the midſt of ſenſual pleaſures, thro' ſatiety and exceſſive indulgence. In vain for them the ſweeteſt perfumes of *Arabia* diffuſe their fragrant odours, in vain, the moſt generous wines ſparkle in chryſtal vaſes, and a thouſand beauties, each of which would have deſerved an altar at *Paphos*, exert all their charms, and exhauſt every female art to provoke his languid ſenſations: in vain, ten thouſand ſlaves contend with emulation, to find out new and infinite pleaſures, which for ſome moments, at leaſt, might be able to divert the heated fancy of this wretched fortunate being. We have, therefore, more obligations to na-

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ture than we generally imagine, for placing us in such a situation as obliges us to purchase pleasure by labour and industry, and teaches us to moderate our passions, before we attain that happiness, which we can never truly enjoy without moderation.

As then tyrants and public robbers are the only people, who though at their own peril, seize upon the property of others by force; so the man who is desirous to free himself from a state of necessity and dependance, has nothing else to do, but to acquire the art of promoting the advantage, and increasing the pleasures of the favourites of fortune. Among the various arts, by which this can be effected, there are some, peculiar to men of genius, exclusive of others, which according to the different ends they have in view, may be divided into two classes; the first of which, has for its object the conveniencies; the other, the pleasures of men of the highest rank and affluence in a nation. The first, which includes

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includes the civil and military arts, appears generally among free ſtates only; the other, is limited only by the degree of riches and luxury of the people, whatever their political conſtitution may be. In *Athens*, when in its poor and humble ſtate, a good general was infinitely more eſteemed than a painter; but in the rich and voluptuous *Athens*, no one gives himſelf the trouble to inquire, who is the beſt qualified for a general; things of greater importance engage their attention: they debate ſeriouſly which of the female dancers has the prettieſt foot, or dances in the moſt graceful manner? Whether the *Venus* of *Praxiteles*, or that of *Alcamenes*, is the moſt beautiful? The arts of genius, which belong to the firſt claſs, ſeldom of themſelves, procure riches and affluence. The extraordinary talents, merit and virtue they require, are commonly found only in poor republics, ſtriving for ſuperiority and power, which reward the ſervices of their citi-

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zens, only with crowns of laurel. But, in ſtates where riches and luxury have got the aſcendant, all thoſe talents and virtues which the art of government ſeems to require, are conſidered as uſeleſs. There, one may make laws without being a *Solon*, one may lead armies without being either a *Leonidas*, or a *Themiſtocles*. *Pericles* and *Alcibiades* governed the Athenian ſtate, and commanded their armies, though the one, was only an orator, and the other maſter of no other art, but that of engaging the heart and affections of the people. In ſuch republics, the people are in poſſeſſion of thoſe powers, which in deſpotic governments, belong to the only perſon who is not a ſlave; if we can but gain his favour, we are thought capable of every thing. *Pericles* without the external marks of regal dignity, ruled as abſolutely over the free ſtate of *Athens*, as *Artaxerxes* over the enſlaved countries of *Aſia*. His abilities, and the arts he had learnt from

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from the beautiful *Aſpaſia*, had gained him a ſuperiority, which was the more unlimitted, as it was voluntarily obtained. The art of raiſing a high opinion of himſelf in others, the art of perſuaſion, and the art of taking advantage of the vanity of the Athenians, and of ſubduing their paſſions; theſe, were the ſole arts by which he governed. He involved the commonwealth in unjuſt and unſucceſsful wars; he exhauſted the public treaſury; irritated the allies by oppreſſive extortions; and that the people might not have leiſure to look narrowly into this fine ſyſtem of adminiſtration, he built them public theatres, gave them beautiful ſtatues and pictures to behold, and entertained them with dancers and muſicians. At length they were ſo much accuſtomed to theſe various amuſements, that the repreſentation of a new piece, and a contention between two muſicians, became matters of ſtate, which made them forget, what were really ſuch. A hundred

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years before, *Pericles* would have been considered as the curse of the republic; but at that time *Pericles* would have been an *Aristides*. In the times he lived, *Pericles*, as he then appeared, was the greatest man in the state; the man, who had raised the city of *Athens* to the highest pitch of power and glory it was capable of attaining; the man, whose times will hereafter be ever celebrated as the golden age of the muses: but there was still a circumstance, infinitely more interesting to himself; he was the man for whom nature seems to have collected at one period an *Euripides*, an *Aristophanes*, a *Phidias*, a *Zeuxis*, a *Damon* and an *Aspasia*, to render his private life as agreeable, as his public one was illustrious. The art of governing the imaginations of men, of influencing at pleasure the secret self-hidden springs of their actions, and of making them subservient to our designs, whilst we induce them to believe the contrary, is doubtless the most

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uſeful of all arts to thoſe who poſſeſs it; the art which the Sophiſts both teach and put in practice. To this, they are indebted for the reputation, independence and happineſs they enjoy. Thou canſt eaſily conceive, *Callias*, that it cannot be either taught or acquired in a few hours: my intention at preſent is only to give thee a general idea of it. That which is called the wiſdom of the Sophiſts is the ſkill of making ſuch uſe of mankind, as that they may be inclined to promote our pleaſures, or in general to become inſtrumental to our views. An eloquence, which only deſerves to be called ſo, when it enables us to make our hearers whoſoever they are, believe what we pleaſe, when it raiſes any of the paſſions juſt to ſuch a pitch, as will effectually anſwer our purpoſes; ſuch an eloquence as this, is abſolutely neceſſary, and is, indeed, the chief method the Sophiſts employ to gain their end. The grammarians take a great deal of pains to

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teach young people to ſpeak, the Sophiſts do more, they teach them to perſuade. In this alone, conſiſts the ſuperiority of an art, which, perhaps, no man has ever poſſeſſed in ſo eminent a degree as *Alcibiades*, who has been ſo much celebrated as the hero of our times. The wiſe man exerts this talent of perſuaſion, only in matters of the higheſt importance; *Alcibiades* leaves to an *Antipho* the trouble of poliſhing diſcourſes compoſed according to the moſt exact rules of art; while he, perſuades his countrymen, that ſo amiable a man as himſelf, has a right to do any thing he pleaſes. He perſuades the Spartans to forget he had ever been their enemy, and removes the ſuſpicion of his taking the firſt opportunity of doing them a freſh injury. He perſuades their Queen *Timea* to take him to her bed, and makes the Satraps of the Perſian King believe, that he will betray the Athenians to them, at the very ſame time that he is perſuading the Athenians of their injuſtice, in ſuſpecting

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ſuſpecting him to be a traitor. This power of perſuaſion implies the faculty of aſſuming any form, that may be agreeable to the perſon on whom we have any views; it implies a facility of making ourſelves maſters of the moſt ſecret avenues of his heart; it implies the ſkill of exciting or ſoothing his paſſions, of confirming or invalidating one paſſion by another, or totally ſuppreſſing them, as occaſion may require. Beſides this, it implies a certain complaiſance, which the moraliſts call flattery, though it only deſerves this appellation, when it is imitated by thoſe paraſites, who buzz about the tables of the rich. An affability, which ariſes from a deep knowledge of the human heart, and is directly oppoſite to that abſurd reſerve of certain fanciful beings, who are diſpleaſed with mankind, becauſe they are different from what they, who aſſume the authority of legiſlators, think they ought to be. To complete the idea of the complaiſance here

here meant, it is of ſuch a nature, that without it though we may, poſſibly, gain the eſteem, yet we can never engage the love of mankind: for our love can only be beſtowed on ſuch perſons as reſemble us, whoſe taſte is really, or ſeems to be ſimilar to our own; and who are ſo deſirous of promoting our pleaſures, that in this particular, they take example from *Aſpaſia* of *Miletum*, who continued always the favourite of *Pericles*; for when ſhe came to that time of life, when the ſouls of women become the objects of affection, ſhe confined herſelf within the boundaries of platonic love; wiſely reſigning the gratification of his ſenſual appetites to other women. By thy looks, *Callias*, I perceive what thou wouldſt object to thoſe arts which are ſo contrary to the principles thou haſt been uſed to maintain. It is true, the art of living which the Sophiſts teach, is grounded upon ideas of what, in a moral ſenſe, is beautiful

beautiful and good, very different from their's who talk ſo eloquently of ideal beauty, and of a certain virtue, which is its own reward. But if thou art not more tired of hearing me, than I am of talking, I think it will be no difficult matter to convince thee, that this ideal beauty as well as virtue, may be ranked in the ſame claſs, with thoſe fabulous ſtories of ſpirits, we juſt now mentioned.

CHAP. V.

The antiplatonic ſyſtem in abſtract.

WHAT is the beautiful? What is the good? Before we anſwer theſe queſtions, it will be neceſſary, I think, to inquire, what men underſtand by the ideas of goodneſs and of beauty. We will begin our diſquiſitions with the beautiful.

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beautiful. What an infinite variety in the opinions of different nations with regard to beauty? The whole world, however, agrees in this point, that a beautiful woman is the moſt complete of all the productions of nature. But, how muſt ſhe be formed, in order to be conſidered as a perfect beauty of her kind? This is the ſource of perpetual diſpute. Repreſent to thyſelf a collection of as many different lovers, as there are various nations in the ſeveral climates of the globe, nothing is more certain, than that each of them will aſſert his miſtreſs to have the preference over all the reſt. The European will prefer a fair complexion; the Moor, one of the deepeſt jet; the Grecian, will be fond of a ſmall mouth, a breaſt which the hollow of the hand may cover; and the delicate proportion of a fine ſhape; the African will be pleaſed with a flat noſe, and red thick lips; the Perſian will admire in his favourite, large eyes and a free

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and eaſy ſhape; whilſt the Chineſe will be captivated with a ſmall eye, and delicate round feet. Is it not the ſame, with reſpect to what is called beauty or propriety in a moral ſenſe? The Spartan virgins are not aſhamed of appearing in a dreſs, which the moſt abandoned proſtitute in *Athens* would think diſhonourable. A Perſian lady, who ſhould diſcover her face in public, would be conſidered in the ſame light, as a woman of *Smyrna*, who ſhould appear naked. The faſhion of the Eaſtern people, requires a number of bows and attitudes of ſubmiſſion, which they always beſtow upon thoſe they mean to honour: But, theſe marks of civility would be looked upon by the Greeks, as ſcandalous and ſlaviſh; as the Attic politeneſs would ſeem groſs and ruſtic at *Perſepolis*. In *Greece*, a free born virgin would be diſhonoured, if any other perſon, but her huſband, had unlooſed her virgin girdle: but with certain people who inhabit beyond the Ganges,

Ganges, a young lady is esteemed, in proportion to the number of lovers she has had, who can boast of her charms from experience. This difference in the ideas of moral beauty, discovers itself not only in the particular customs and manners of different people, of which there are numberless examples, but also in the very idea, which men generally have of virtue. Among the Romans, virtue and valour are the same thing. Among the Athenians, this word comprehends every useful and agreeable accomplishment. In *Sparta*, virtue consists only in obedience to the law. In despotic governments, it is the most slavish and abject submission to the tyrant and his satraps. Among the inhabitants of the Caspian Sea, he is considered as the most virtuous man, who is the most expert plunderer, and has killed the greatest number of the enemy: and in some of the warmest climates of *India*, he only has attained to the highest pitch of virtue, who is totally inactive,

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a ſtate, which, in the opinion of theſe people, makes him moſt reſemble the Gods. What muſt we conclude from all theſe inſtances? Is there then nothing excellent or juſt in itſelf? Is there not ſome certain model, by which we may judge of what is beautiful or moral? Let us examine this point. If there is really ſuch a model, it muſt exiſt in nature. For it would be abſurd to imagine, that a Pygmalion could form an image, more beautiful than the celebrated *Phryne*, who to make all *Greece* judge of her beauty, had the confidence to appear at the Olympic Games, in the ſame manner as the three Goddeſſes who diſputed the prize of beauty, appeared before *Paris*. The *Venus* of any nation, is nothing more than the image of a woman, who at a general aſſembly of the people, ſhould be declared to unite in her perſon, the characters of their national beauty in the higheſt degree. But among ſuch a variety of models, which of them is to

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be considered as the most perfect in itself? The Greek, will prefer his rosy cheeked Venus; the Moor, his black and swarthy one; the Persian will contend for one of a genteel and delicate shape; and the Chinese, for his little round *Venus*, with a double chin. Let us attempt to decide this question. Suppose a general assembly was convened, to which every nation was to send the handsomest man, and the most beautiful woman, according to the ideas of beauty, peculiar to each people; and among the several candidates for the prize of beauty, let the women decide which is the handsomest man; and the men, which is the most beautiful of the women. In such an assembly, one might easily distinguish those who are born in our milder and more temperate climate, where the works of nature are impressed with finer marks of delicate symmetry and proportion, and with a more agreeable mixture of colours. For the superior beauty of nature, in all tempe-

temperate regions, diſplays itſelf even in the vegetable as well as animal ſyſtem. But, among theſe ſelect models of both ſexes, their choice would, perhaps, remain a long time in ſuſpence: but, at leaſt, probably, that man would be thought the handſomeſt, who belonged to a country, in which the ſeveral Gymnaſtic exerciſes were in the greateſt repute, and comparatively carried to the higheſt perfection: and the men, with one voice, would proclaim that woman, as the moſt perfect of all the beauties, who had been ſent from a country, where the moſt important concern in the education of the daughters, was to unfold their natural beauties with all poſſible care. The Spartan would, therefore, probably be declared the handſomeſt man; and the Perſian, the moſt beautiful woman. The Greek, who prefers grace and elegance to beauty, becauſe the Grecian women are rather pretty than beautiful, would allot the prize to the Perſian woman, though his

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his particular inclination would lead him at the ſame time, to prefer a virgin of *Paphos*, or of *Miletum*; the Chineſe would, probably, form the ſame judgment, though the plumpneſs and double chin of his own country women, would ſtill be more pleaſing to him.—Let us now conſider moral beauty. However various the opinions prevailing in different climates with regard to this point may alſo be, yet it will not be denied, that the manners of that people, who are of the moſt witty, lively, ſocial and pleaſing diſpoſition, muſt obtain the general ſuffrage of preference. The unaffected and eaſy politeneſs of the Athenians, muſt be more pleaſing to a ſtranger, than the ſtudied, ſerious and ceremonial civilities of the people of the Eaſt. The obliging manner, and appearance of affability which accompanies the ſmalleſt actions of the Greek, muſt be as much ſuperior to the ſtiff gravity of the Perſian, or the rough honeſty and ſimplicity of the

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the Scythian, as the dreſs of a lady at *Smyrna*, which neither totally conceals nor yet quite diſcovers her charms, is preferable to that of a veiled Eaſtern beauty, or to the indelicate nakedneſs of a ſavage. The example, then, of the moſt enlightened and ſocial people, ſeems to be the true rule by which we are to judge of moral beauty or propriety; and *Athens* and *Smyrna* are, therefore, the propereſt ſchools to form our taſte and manners.

But ſince we have diſcovered a rule to enable us to judge of what is beautiful, where ſhall we find one, which we may apply to determine what is proper? For the ideas which prevail among men, upon this ſubject, are ſo various and contradictory, that with ſome people, the ſame identical action is rewarded with laurel-crowns and ſtatues; which, with others, is made capital, and puniſhed by the moſt ignominious death; and there is ſcarcely a vice which has not an altar and prieſt conſecrated to its ſervice. It

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is true, the laws of every nation, are to them the ſtandards of right and wrong; but what is commanded by the law, in one nation, is forbidden by it in another. The queſtion, therefore, is, whether there is not a general rule for determining what is right in itſelf? To this I anſwer in the affirmative; and that this general law, is nothing elſe but the voice of Nature, ſaying to every man, Seek thine own advantage; or, in other words, Satisfy thy natural deſires, and enjoy as much pleaſure as thou canſt. This is the only law nature has given to man; and as long as he is in a ſtate of nature, the right he has to every thing which is an object of his deſires, or to what is good, is only limited by the degree of power he poſſeſſes; he dares do every thing he can, and is accountable to no man for his conduct. But, the ſtate of ſociety, which has connected a number of men together for their common advantage, has ſet to this one law of nature,

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ture, which enjoins us to ſeek our own advantage, the following reſtriction, without doing injury to others. As therefore, in a ſtate of nature, man has a right to every thing that is uſeful to him; ſo, in a ſocial ſtate the law declares every thing unjuſt and puniſhable, which is injurious to ſociety; and on the contrary, joins the idea of ſuperiority or meritorious ſervice to all thoſe actions which contribute to its advantage and pleaſure. The ideas too of virtue and vice are founded, partly upon a compact made by the members of every ſociety among themſelves; and ſo far they are arbitrary: partly, upon what is advantageous or prejudicial to any particular people; and this is the reaſon why there are ſuch manifeſt contradictions in the laws of different nations. The climate, the ſituation, the form of government, the religion, the particular diſpoſition and the peculiar character of every nation, as well as its manners, its ſtrength or weakneſs,

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its poverty or riches, determine its ideas of good and bad. Hence ariſes the infinite variety obſervable among the moſt poliſhed and civilized people in their ideas of juſtice and injuſtice; hence, the contraſt between the morals of the inhabitants of the Torrid Zone, and thoſe of colder climates; the morals of a free ſtate, and thoſe of a deſpotic kingdom; the morals of a poor republic, which can only raiſe itſelf by a warlike ſpirit, and thoſe of a rich and flouriſhing empire, which maintains itſelf by a ſpirit of commerce and by the arts of peace. Hence laſtly ariſes the abſurdity of moraliſts who torture their imaginations, to determine what ought to be the ſtandard of right for all nations, before they have diſcovered how it is poſſible, that the ſame thing ſhould be equally advantageous to all nations.

THE Sophiſts, whoſe ſyſtem of morality is not founded upon abſtract ideas, but upon the real nature and qualities of things,

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things, take men just as they find them in different places. They hold a statesman at *Athens*, in no higher personal estimation, than a juggler at *Persepolis*; and a venerable Spartan matron is in their eyes, no more to be admired than a *Lais* at *Corinth*. It is true, that the juggler at *Athens*, and the *Lais* at *Sparta* would be hurtful to society; but an *Aristides* at *Persepolis*, and a Spartan matron at *Corinth*, if they were not equally prejudicial, would, at least, be entirely useless.

The Idealists, for so I usually call those philosophers, who would new mould the world according to their ideas, form their disciples so, that they can never be considered as citizens of any particular state, because their morality presupposes a system of legislation, which has never existed. They continue poor and despised, because no nation confers honours or rewards on any persons, but those who promote its advantage, or at least, appear to

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do ſo. They, on the contrary, are looked upon as the corrupters of youth, and the ſecret enemies of ſociety; and baniſhment or a cup of poiſon is at laſt, the only reward they receive for the thankleſs pains they have taken to ſpiritualize mankind, in order to raiſe them to the claſs of ideal exiſtences, and put them upon a footing with mathematical points, lines and triangles. More prudent than theſe imaginary Sages, who like the muſician of Aſpondus play only for themſelves; the Sophiſts leave the citizens to be informed of what is juſt or unjuſt, by the laws of their reſpective countries. As they themſelves belong to no particular ſtate, they enjoy all the privileges of a citizen of the world; and as they expreſs an external regard for the laws and religion of every nation where they live, they by this means ſecure themſelves from being moleſted by the guardians and diſpenſers of thoſe laws. Indeed, they acknowledge and obey no law, than that general

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one of nature, which prescribes no other rule of right to mankind, than that of their own advantage. Their natural liberty is only confined by attending to a necessary prudence, which teaches them to give such a colouring, such a turn, and such graces to their actions, as will render them most agreeable to the persons with whom they are connected. Moral beauty is nearly the same kind of ornament to our actions, as dress is to our bodies; and it is equally necessary to model our conduct in conformity to the prejudices and taste of those we live with, as it is to dress as they do. A man, whose behaviour is formed after one certain pattern, should like the moving statues of *Dædalus*, be fixed to his native soil, since he is no where in his proper place, but among those who are like him. A Spartan would be as ill qualified to act the part of the first slave of *Artaxerxes*, as a Sarmatian would to be a *Polemarch* at *Athens*. The wise man on the contra-

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ry, adapts himſelf to every appearance, every circumſtance, every diſpoſition and ſituation in life: and this he is able to do, becauſe he has no peculiar partialities or paſſions, becauſe he is nothing but a man. He is every where agreeable, for in whatever place he is, he conforms himſelf to the prejudices and follies he meets with. How is it poſſible he ſhould fail of being beloved, who is always inclined to exert himſelf for the advantage of others, to fall in with their opinions and to flatter their paſſions? He knows that men are but too ſenſible of their errors, that they love nothing ſo well as their faults, and that there is not a more certain way of procuring their hatred, than to tell them a truth they are unwilling to hear. Far therefore from endeavouring to undeceive mankind againſt their inclinations, or from holding up to their view, a mirror which would reproach them with their deformity; he rather confirms the fooliſh in the notion,

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notion, that nothing is ſo inſipid as good ſenſe; he makes the prodigal man believe he is generous; and the miſer, that he is only an œconomiſt: he indulges the deformed man in the ſoothing idea that his underſtanding is the more refined from the deficiencies of his perſon; and the rich man, in the perſuaſion that he is a ſtateſman, a ſcholar, a hero, a patron of the muſes, and a favourite of the ladies. He is inchanted with the ſyſtem of the philoſopher, admires the conceited ignorance of the courtier, and the marvellous exploits of the general; he agrees with the dancing maſter, that *Cimon* would indiſputably have been the greateſt man *Greece* ever produced, if he had known how to dance; and he concurs with the painter in the idea, that it requires more genius to be a *Zeuxis*, than a *Homer*. This method of converſing with mankind, is attended with infinitely greater advantages, than one would at firſt imagine. It gains their affection

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and their confidence, and raiſes the ideas of our merit, in proportion to the opinion they have of their own. This is the moſt certain method of attaining the higheſt pitch of fortune. For doſt thou really imagine, that great talents and ſuperior merit alone, can qualify a man to become an Archon, a General, a Satrap, or the favourite of a Prince? Caſt thine eyes about the republic, and thou wilt find, that one man owes his authority to a ſmiling countenance with which he accoſts the citizens; another, to the conſequential rotundity of his belly; a third, to the beauty of his wife, and a fourth to the ſtrength of his voice. Now turn thyſelf to the court, and there thou wilt find people who owe the ſplendor of their fortune to the recommendation of ſome chambermaid; to the favour of ſome lady who has been anſwerable for their talents, or, perhaps to a certain gift of falling aſleep while the Viſier was amuſing himſelf with their wives. Nothing

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thing is more common in this land of inchantment, than to ſee a beardleſs youth transformed into a general, a player into a miniſter of ſtate, and a pimp into a high prieſt. Here, a man entirely deſtitute of merit, by means of one qualification alone, and that too the qualification of an aſs, ſhall acquire a fortune, which another with the greateſt abilities, would have purſued in vain. Who then can entertain the leaſt doubt that the Sophiſt's art is capable of procuring one way or other the favours of fortune to thoſe who poſſeſs it; ſuppoſing only, they are maſters of thoſe natural accompliſhments, without which, the man of underſtanding muſt, in this world, always give way to the fool who is bleſt with them? But, even in the path of merit, no man is better qualified to advance himſelf than the Sophiſt. What office is there which he will not fill with reputation? Who is fitter to govern men, than he who knows beſt how to converſe with them?

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Who is better qualified to ſucceed in public negotiations? Who is more able to be the counſellor of a prince? And ſo far as fortune favours him, who will command an army with greater glory and applauſe? Who will better underſtand the art of getting himſelf rewarded for the ſkill and merits of his inferior officers? Who will know better than he, how to ſet a value upon that foreſight he never had; upon thoſe prudent meaſures, he never took; and upon thoſe wounds he never received?

But, it is now time to finiſh a diſcourſe which begins to be tedious to us both. I have ſaid enough to diſſolve the charm, with which enthuſiaſm has fettered thy mind; and if this is not ſufficient, any thing elſe I could add, would be ſuperfluous. Think not however, *Callias*, that the ſect of Sophiſts holds an undiſtinguiſhed rank in human ſociety. The number of thoſe who practice this art, is in all ſituations very conſiderable; and thou

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thou wilt ſcarcely find one ſingle perſon among all thoſe who have acquired a large fortune, who is not indebted for it, to a ſkilful application of our principles. Theſe principles conſtitute the turn of thought which is common to courtiers, to perſons who have devoted themſelves to the ſervice of the great, and principally to that claſs of men, who in every ſtate are conſidered as the nobleſt and moſt diſtinguiſhed. Except indeed in ſome few inſtances only, where ſportive fortune accidentally throws a fool into a wiſe man's place, we may obſerve that the acuteſt men, who have known how to make the beſt uſe of theſe maxims, have always been ſuch, as have advanced fartheſt in the paths of honour and proſperity.

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CHAP. VI.

Indocility of Agathon.

HIPPIAS, after having taken so much pains to make his disciple a wise man, thought himself, at least, intitled to his gratitude for it. But, we must confess, he had to do with a man incapable of comprehending the importance of this favour; or perceiving the beauty of a system so contrary to his own feelings. He was, therefore, not a little disappointed in his expectation, when *Agathon*, finding he had finished his discourse, returned him this short answer.

AGATHON.

Thou hast entertained me, *Hippias*, with a very elegant harangue.—Thy observations are very refined; thy conclusions very accurate, and thy maxims easily reduced to practice: and I doubt not, that the way thou hast pointed out to me, certainly leads to that happiness, the

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the ſuperiority of which, above my method of being happy, thou haſt ſet in the ſtrongeſt light. Notwithſtanding this, I feel not the leaſt inclination to purſue thy ſyſtem of happineſs; and if I am not miſtaken, I ſhould have as much difficulty to turn Sophiſt, as thou wouldſt to diſmiſs thy female dancers; to conſecrate thine houſe as a public temple to *Diana*, and retire into *India*, to become a Bramin.

Hippias laughed at this anſwer, though he was not very well pleaſed with it. What haſt thou, ſaid he, to object to my ſyſtem?

AGATHON.

It does not convince me.

HIPPIAS.

Why not?

AGATHON.

Becauſe thy concluſions are contradicted by my experience and feelings.

HIPPIAS.

I ſhould be glad to be informed what

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what thy experience and feelings are, which are ſo contrary to thoſe of all the world ?

AGATHON.

Thou wouldſt, perhaps, prove them to be mere chimeras.

HIPPIAS.

And ſuppoſe I ſhould prove this ?

AGATHON.

Thou wouldſt only prove it to thyſelf, *Hippias* ; or rather thou wouldſt only prove, that thou art not *Callias*.

HIPPIAS.

But the queſtion is, whether *Hippias* or *Callias* is in the right ?

AGATHON.

Who ſhall be judge ?

HIPPIAS.

Mankind in general.

AGATHON.

But what would that prove againſt me ?

HIPPIAS.

Much. For when ten millions of men determine,

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determine, that two or three out of their number are fools, they are indiſputably ſo.

AGATHON.

But, ſuppoſe theſe ten millions, whoſe judgment is ſo deciſive, ſhould be ſo many fools, and only the three ſhould be wiſe men?

HIPPIAS.

How is it poſſible this ſhould happen?

AGATHON.

Is it not poſſible that ten millions ſhould be infected with the plague, and yet *Socrates* alone be free from it?

HIPPIAS.

This inſtance can be of no ſervice to thee. For a nation is not always infected with the plague; but the ten millions I am ſpeaking of, always think as I do. They are, therefore, in their natural ſtate, when they think ſo; and whoever thinks otherwiſe, belongs conſequently to a different order of beings, or to thoſe beings who are generally called fools.

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AGATHON.

Then I reſign myſelf to my fate.

HIPPIAS.

There is another alternative, young man. Thou art either aſhamed to give up thy opinion ſo eaſily, or elſe thou art a hypocrite.

AGATHON.

Neither the one, nor the other, *Hippias.*

HIPPIAS.

Deny, for inſtance, if thou canſt, that the beautiful *Cyane*, who waited on us at breakfaſt, had inſpired thee with deſires, and that thou didſt ſteal ſome ſecret glances at her.

AGATHON.

I deny nothing.

HIPPIAS.

Confeſs then, that the ſight of her well-turned ſnowy arms, and her boſom heaving through the lightly agitated ſilk which covered it, had excited in thee the deſire of poſſeſſing her.

AGA-

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AGATHON.

Is not then the mere ſight of ſuch an object an enjoyment ?

HIPPIAS.

No ſubterfuges, young man.

AGATHON.

Thou doſt deceive thyſelf, *Hippias*, if it is permitted to ſay ſo to a Sage ; I want no ſubterfuges. I diſtinguiſh between a mechanical inſtinct only, which is in ſome meaſure involuntary, and the voluntary purpoſes of my ſoul. I have not had the deſire which thou doſt lay to my charge.

HIPPIAS.

I accuſe thee only of trifling with me : I believe I ought to be well acquainted with nature. Enthuſiaſm, at thy time of life, is not ſo incurable a diſorder, as to be able to hold out againſt the allurements of pleaſure.

AGATHON.

For that reaſon I carefully avoid every opportunity which might ſeduce me.

HIP-

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HIPPIAS.

Thou alloweſt then, that *Cyane* has charms?

AGATHON.

Many.

HIPPIAS.

And that the poſſeſſion of them would be a pleaſure?

AGATHON.

Probably.

HIPPIAS.

Why then doſt thou torment thyſelf, by abſtaining from a pleaſure which it is in thy power to obtain?

AGATHON.

Becauſe I then ſhould deprive myſelf of many other pleaſures which I prefer.

HIPPIAS.

Can a man, at thy age, be ſo great a novice!—What pleaſures has nature reſerved for thee, which are unknown pleaſures to the reſt of mankind? Knoweſt thou any greater than theſe?—I underſtand

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ſtand thee, thou doſt probably again allude to the pleaſures of ſpiritual beings, the nectar and ambroſia of the Gods: but we are not now, my friend, playing a farce. The appearance of a *Cyane*, in one of the groves of my garden, would be ſufficient even to materialize thy ſpiritual beings.

AGATHON.

I ſpeak my real ſentiments, *Hippias*. I know ſome pleaſures, which, in my opinion, are much ſuperior to thoſe we enjoy in common with other animals?

HIPPIAS.

Produce ſome inſtance.

AGATHON.

The pleaſure of doing a good action.

HIPPIAS.

What doſt thou mean by a good action?

AGATHON.

An action, by which I contribute to the good of others, by the exertion of my natural abilities, or the ſacrifice of ſome advantage or pleaſure.

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HIPPIAS.

Art thou then ſimple enough to think that thou ſhouldeſt be more ſollicitous for the goed of others than for thy own?

AGATHON.

No, certainly: but I hold it right to ſacrifice a leſs pleaſure to a greater, if it promotes the good of my fellow creatures?

HIPPIAS.

Thou art very kind: but admitting the truth of what thou haſt advanced, how is it connected with the preſent ſubject of our diſcourſe?

AGATHON.

That is eaſily ſeen. Suppoſe only, I had yielded to the impreſſions, the charms of the beautiful *Cyane* may have made upon me: ſuppoſe ſhe loved me, and indulged me in the moſt raviſhing tranſports of voluptuouſneſs; a connection of this nature could not be of long continuance; and would not the remembrance of paſt delights, awaken in me a deſire to repeat them?

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HIPPIAS.

Another *Cyane* might ſerve thy purpoſe.

AGATHON.

But ſtill ſhe might again become indifferent to me, and I ſhould have the ſame deſires as before.

HIPPIAS.

An endleſs variety, in this particular is, therefore, as thou mayeſt perceive, the law of nature.

AGATHON.

But, in this manner, things might be carried to ſuch a pitch, that I ſhould be unable to get the better of any paſſion.

HIPPIAS.

What neceſſity would there be to reſiſt it, as long as thy deſires were confined within the bounds of nature and moderation?

AGATHON.

But now, ſuppoſe laſtly, that the wife of my friend, or even the perſon whom the honoured name of a mother ſhould ſecure

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ſecure from the baſe thought of ſo unchaſte an attempt, or a young unexperienced daughter, whoſe beauty and innocence were her only dower, ſhould be the object of theſe deſires, which by conſtant indulgence were become ſo impetuous, that I could not poſſibly reſiſt them?

HIPPIAS.

In ſuch caſes, in *Greece* at leaſt, thou muſt guard againſt the penalty of the laws. But, how little ingenuity muſt thou have, if under ſuch circumſtances thou couldſt not diſcover ſome method to gratify thy paſſion without danger of the laws! I ſee thou doſt not know the ladies of *Athens* and *Sparta*.

AGATHON.

Oh! as to that point I am well enough acquainted, even with the prieſteſſes of *Delphos*. But, is it poſſible that thou couldſt be ſerious in what thou haſt now advanced?

HIP-

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HIPPIAS.

I have ſpoken agreeably to my principles. The laws, in particular ſtates (for in ſome a greater latitude is allowed) have found it neceſſary, to limit within certain bounds, the natural right we have to every woman who excites our deſires. But as this was done only to prevent ſome inconveniencies, which might be apprehended in ſuch ſtates, from a licentious uſe of this right, ſo thou mayeſt perceive, that the intent and ſpirit of the law is ſtill preſerved, if one has prudence enough to avoid being detected.

AGATHON.

Oh *Hippias!* I have now brought thee to the point I aimed at. Thou ſeeſt the conſequences of thy principles. If whatever is the object of my deſires is right in itſelf—If the extravagant cravings of appetite, under the ſpecious pretence of advantage, an appellation to which they are not, however, entitled, are the only rules of our actions—If the laws can be artfully

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artfully evaded, and every thing is allowable, where no eye is witneſs—If virtue, and the expectations of virtue are merely chimerical, what will prevent even children from conſpiring againſt their parents? What will prevent the mother from proſtituting both herſelf and her daughter to the higheſt bidder? What prevents me, if it ſhould be conſiſtent with my intereſt, from plunging the dagger into the breaſt of my friend? From plundering the temples of the Gods? From betraying my native country? From putting myſelf at the head of a band of robbers? Or, if I am ſufficiently powerful, from deſtroying whole countries, and laying whole nations in blood? Doſt thou not perceive, that thy principles, which thou haſt the aſſurance to dignify with the name of wiſdom, and endeavoureſt to make them appear ſpecious, by an artificial mixture of truth and falſhood, if once generally admitted, would transform men into more ſavage beaſts,

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beaſts, than hyænas, tygers or crocodiles? Thou laugheſt at virtue and religion, know then, that her image is engraven in the moſt indelible characters upon our ſouls, and by a ſecret, and as is were magic charm, which ſecures obedience to the laws more effectually, than the rewards and puniſhments annexed to them, invites us to truth, regularity and goodneſs. To theſe impreſſions, I ſay, it is to be attributed, that there are ſtill men to be found in the world, who retain ſome ſhadow of morality and virtue. Thou treateſt the ideas of virtue and of moral perfection, as the workings of the fancy. Conſider me, *Hippias*, obſcure as I now am; I defy the ſeductions of all thy *Cyanes*, the ſpecious perſuaſions of thy philoſophy, and all the advantages which thy principles and thy example promiſe me. One of thoſe impreſſions of the fancy, as thou doſt call them, is ſufficient to deſtroy the ideal inchantment

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of all thy deluſions. Admit, that virtue is an enthuſiaſm, yet it is ſuch an enthuſiaſm as renders me happy: An enthuſiaſm, which would make all men happy, and change the whole earth into a paradiſe, if thy principles, and thoſe who practiſe them, did not ſpread miſery and corruption, as far as the infectious poiſon of their influence extends.

Agathon's eyes ſparkled with fire, while he ſpoke this, and a painter deſirous of repreſenting an *Apollo* glowing with anger, would, at this inſtant, have taken his countenance for his model. But, the wiſe *Hippias* replied to this indignant zeal only by a ſmile, which would have done honour to *Momus* himſelf; and then without altering the tone of his voice, now *Callias*, ſaid he, I think I know thee, and thou wilt have nothing more to fear from my temptations. Sound reaſoning ſuits not ſuch heated imaginations as thine. How eaſily, if thou hadſt

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hadſt been capable of underſtanding me, couldſt thou have anſwered thine own objection, that the principles of the Sophiſts if general, would be deſtructive of ſociety? Nature has ſufficiently guarded againſt their becoming general.—But, I ſhould appear ridiculous to myſelf, ſhould I attempt to anſwer thy animated apoſtrophe, or to prove, how much thy paſſionate love of virtue can make thee conſider things in a falſe light. Be virtuous, *Callias*; continue to court the applauſe of ſpiritual beings and the favour of heavenly beauties; prepare thyſelf courageouſly to withſtand the misfortunes thy platoniſm will expoſe thee to in this inferior world: and when thou ſeeſt people low minded enough to be ſatisfied with earthly happineſs, comfort thyſelf with the pious thought, that in another life, when it ſhall come to thy turn to be happy, they will be rolling in the flames of *Phlegethon*.

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Having ſaid this, *Hippias* aroſe, caſt a look of pity and contempt upon *Agathon* and turned his back upon him; giving him to underſtand by this uſual method of politeneſs to people of his condition, that he was at liberty to retire.

AGATHON.

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AGATHON.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER. I.

Secret Deſigns which Hippias forms againſt Agathon's Virtue.

SOME of our readers will doubtleſs imagine, that *Hippias* in his diſcourſe with *Agathon*, ſuppoſed him to be much more deficient in experience and knowledge of the world, than he could poſſibly be, conſidering what had already happened to him. In vindication, therefore, of the philoſopher, we muſt obſerve, that *Agathon*, for reaſons unknown to us, did not think proper to acquaint him either with his name, or with the

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more brilliant part of his hiſtory. The public character he had appeared in at *Athens*, had made his name too generally known all over *Greece* for *Hippias* to be ignorant of it; though ſince his reſidence at *Smyrna*, he gave himſelf little concern about public affairs, which he thought ſufficiently well managed by his friends, or ſcholars. As therefore *Agathon* had carefully concealed every circumſtance which might lead him to ſuſpect that he had never been any thing more than a ſervant in the temple at *Delphos*: ſo *Hippias* had good reaſon to think that he was a perfect novice in the world; ſince neither his turn of thought, nor his behaviour was ſuch, as could induce a man of penetration to entertain a more favourable opinion of him. People of his caſt, indeed, might have lived ten years ſucceſſively in the polite world without getting rid of that ſtiffneſs, which at firſt ſight diſcovers them not to be in their own element there. Much leſs are ſuch men

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men capable of elevating themſelves to that noble freedom from the fetters of reaſon, to that wiſe indifference for every thing, which enthuſiaſtic ſouls call ſentiment, and to that delicate refinement of taſte, which ſo advantageouſly diſtinguiſhes the men of the world. Such perſons as theſe can, indeed, make obſervations, but as they are deſtitute of that peculiar inſtinct and ſympathetic ſentiment, by means of which, the men of the world are ſo readily and certainly known to each other; or to expreſs myſelf more clearly, as every thing affects them in a different manner, ſo can they never with their utmoſt pains reſemble them. Such men, while they live in the polite world, inhabit a country wholly unknown to them; where their knowledge is confined to mere conjectures, and their expectations continually diſappointed by unforeſeen accidents, or unexpected revolutions.

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Agathon, with all his ſuperior accompliſhments, was ſtill one of the claſs of men juſt mentioned. We need not, therefore, be ſurprized, that notwithſtanding the deep reflections he had made to himſelf upon his converſation with *Hippias*, yet he was far from conjecturing the preſent ſchemes of the Sophiſt, whoſe vanity was more hurt by the ill ſucceſs of his attempt, and by the obſtinacy of this ſingular youth, than he choſe to diſcover. *Hippias*, therefore, with good reaſon, thought, that if *Agathon* was in reality, what he appeared to be, he was a living refutation of his ſyſtem. How is this? ſaid he, talking to himſelf, (which was not his uſual cuſtom) I have lived upwards of forty years in the world, and among an infinite variety of men of all ranks and ſituations, I have not met with one, who did not confirm my ideas of human nature; and ſhall this young man pretend to teach me to have faith in virtue? This can never be; he

he muſt either be an enthuſiaſt, or a hypocrite. Whatever he is, I will detect him.—I have juſt thought of an excellent ſcheme.—I will put him to ſuch a trial, as he will yield to if he is an enthuſiaſt; or will oblige him to drop the maſk, if he is a hypocrite. He has reſiſted the allurements of *Cyane*; this has increaſed his pride and his ſecurity. But this proves nothing. I will put his virtue to a ſtronger proof, and if he comes off victorious, he muſt be a prodigy. I will then diſmiſs my female ſlaves, reſign my houſe to the prieſts of *Cybele* for a temple, retire to the borders of the *Ganges*, and get into ſome hollow tree, where with my eyes ſhut and my head between my knees, I will continue fixed in the ſame poſture, 'till in defiance of all my ſenſes, I ſhall imagine, that I exiſt no more. This was, indeed, a hard vow; but *Hippias* was very well convinced, that he ſhould never be obliged to perform it. To loſe no time therefore, he immedi-

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ately set about carrying his design into execution.

CHAP. II.

Hippias pays a Visit to a Lady.

THE ladies of *Smyrna* had then a custom, which was better calculated to give a favourable idea of their beauty, than their modesty. In the warmer months they generally, in the afternoon, went into the temperate bath; and to pass away the time more agreeably, admitted the visit of such persons, as they indulged in the privilege of seeing them familiarly at home. This custom was quite as innocent at *Smyrna*, as that of some modern ladies of a neighbouring nation, who permit men to visit them at their toilet; but this indulgence was granted only to particular friends; lovers were totally excluded from it, except

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cept in particular inſtances, when the almoſt invincible baſhfulneſs of a young unexperienced novice wanted ſome encouragement. Among the great variety of beauties, who favoured *Hippias* with this privilege, there was one in particular, called *Danae*, remarkably diſtinguiſhed among that claſs of women, who were called by the Greeks female friends, or more properly female members of ſociety. This claſs of ladies was held in the ſame eſtimation among women, as the Sophiſts were among men. They were equally honoured, and might boaſt that the *Aſpaſias*, the *Leontiums*, the *Phrynes*, the moſt complete models of every ſuperior perfection in their own ſex, except in one point, that of rigid virtue, would not have ſcrupled to rank with them. As to *Danae*, the men of *Smyrna* publickly declared it as their opinion, that ſhe excelled in beauty and elegance all the other ladies, whether gay or prudes, virtuous, or devotees. Hiſtory, indeed,

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does not inform us whether the ladies were very zealous to confirm this opinion of the men by open consent; but so far, however, is certain, every one of them agreed that excepting one lady, whom they did not chuse to name, the beautiful *Danae* was as much superior to all other women, as this anonymous fair one was to her. Her fame, indeed, in this respect, was so well established, that it gave some appearance of probability to the report, that in her early youth she had served as a model for the most eminent painters; and that on such an occasion as this, she had acquired the name, by which she was so celebrated in *Ionia*. She was now turned of thirty, and yet the beauties of her person were, perhaps, more engaging than before. The dazzling bloom of youth which usually disappears with the spring of life, was in her replaced by a thousand other charms, which in the opinion of connoisseurs gave her a certain power of attraction, which without hyperbole,

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hyperbole, was in ſome circumſtances irreſiſtible. Notwithſtanding this, the wiſe *Hippias*, under the *Ægis* of that indifference with which at that time he uſually beheld the fineſt women, did not ſcruple to expoſe his virtue frequently to this danger. The beautiful *Danae* conſidered him particularly as a friend, and ſecret hiſtory proceeds to acquaint us, that he had formerly been, for a time, thought worthy of being intruſted with a poſt of greater confidence near her perſon; a favour ſhe uſed only to beſtow on the moſt amiable of his ſex. This was the lady, whoſe aſſiſtance *Hippias* wanted, to carry on his deſign againſt *Agathon*, whoſe enthuſiaſtic virtue, was, in his opinion, ſuch an inſult to his principles, as he was leſs able to put up with, than the moſt ingenious and logical refutation. He, therefore, paid her a viſit at the uſual hour, and he had no ſooner entered the ſaloon, where ſhe was attended in the bath, by two young boys who looked like *Cupids*, than ſhe

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ſhe immediately perceived ſomething in his countenance differing from his uſual ſerenity. "What has happened to thee, *Hippias*, ſaid ſhe to him, that thou haſt ſuch a thoughtful look?" I know not, anſwered he, what ſhould make me look grave, when I come to pay a viſit to a lady who is bathing; but this I know, that I never ſaw thee ſo handſome as thou art this moment. "Well, replied ſhe, this proves the truth of my conjectures. I am certain I appear juſt the ſame to-day, as I did the laſt time thou ſaweſt me; but thy fancy is wound up to a higher pitch than uſual, and thou doſt generouſly aſcribe its influence upon thine eyes, to that of the object before thee: I will engage that the moſt ordinary perſon among my attendants, would, at this inſtant, appear to thee as charming as one of the Graces." I do not pretend, replied *Hippias*, to a more lively imagination than that which animated a *Zeuxis* and an *Aglaophon*, when they looked upon *Danae*

as

as the moſt perfect model of her ſex. What a glorious opportunity, if I were a Jupiter for a new metamorphoſis!— "And what ſhape wouldſt thou aſſume to enable thee at once to remove my baſhfulneſs, and deceive thy beloved wife? For I believe there is not a bird, animal or reptile, in the whole creation, which has not been of ſervice to ſome one of the immortals in the ſeduction of ſome virtuous damſel." I ſhould not be long at a loſs, replied *Hippias*; for what form could I poſſibly aſſume more agreeable to thee, or better calculated for my purpoſe, than that of this ſparrow, ſo juſtly an object of jealouſy to thy admirers; when encouraged by the tendereſt expreſſions, he flutters ſo freely upon thy neck, or with his wanton bill pecks at thy beautiful boſom, while the careſſes he receives from thee in return, are always redoubled "It is much eaſier for thee than thou doſt imagine, replied *Danae*, to put the ſparrow in thy place,

place, than to put thyself in the place of the sparrow: thou wouldst soon make the caresses of my little favourite suspicious to me. But enough of the charms thou dost ascribe to my beauty. Let us talk of something else. Knowest thou that I have dismissed my lover? "What, the beautiful *Hyacinthus?*" The same, and what is more, with a firm resolution, not to admit another in his stead. "That, beautiful *Danae*, is a dreadful resolution." Not so much, as thou dost imagine. I assure thee, *Hippias*, my patience was no longer able to bear all the absurdities of those impertinent coxcombs, who pretend to talk sentimentally, and yet have no feelings; whose hearts are scarcely affected, though they talk of torments and flames; who are incapable of loving any thing but themselves, and who only make use of my eyes as a looking glass, to admire the importance of their little affected figures. As soon as they imagine themselves entitled to our favour, they think they

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they do us a great deal of honour in ſuffering our careſſes. Every look of their's convinces me, that they conſider me only as a play-thing, and that half of my charms is loſt upon them; becauſe they have no ſoul of their own, to make them ſenſible of the beauties of a ſoul. Thy indignation is juſt, replied the Sophiſt, it is certainly a pity one cannot make theſe creatures comprehend that the ſoul is the moſt amiable part of a fine woman. But, compoſe thyſelf, all men have not ſuch groſs ideas, and I know one, who could not fail of pleaſing thee, if for the ſake of variety thou ſhouldſt be inclined to try a lover of this ſpiritual caſt? "And may one preſume to aſk who he is?" He is a young man, in compariſon of whom all the *Hyacinthuſſes* are meer monkeys; he is more beautiful than *Adonis*.—Fie *Hippias*, that's quite fulſome. Thou canſt not conceive how much I am diſguſted with theſe pretty fellows. O! that has nothing to do with it, I will anſwer for this one.

He

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He has none of thoſe faults thou doſt diſlike ſo much in the *Narciſſuſſes* of the age. He ſcarcely ſeems to know that he has a body. He is ſuch a man as hardly can be paralleled; beautiful as *Apollo*, and yet ſpiritualized as a Sylph; a man, who is all ſoul; who would conſider thee, even in thy preſent ſituation, as an immaterial being, and who does every thing in a ſpiritual, which others do in a corporeal manner. Doſt thou underſtand me beautiful *Danae*?" "Not entirely, yet I am not the leſs pleaſed with the deſcription. But art thou in earneſt?" Quite ſo: if thou ſhouldſt have a deſire to know what metaphyſical love is, he will exactly ſuit thee. He is more platonic, than *Plato* himſelf.—For if I am not miſtaken thou canſt communicate ſome ſecret intelligence with regard to this famous philoſopher. "Oh! I recollect, anſwered *Danae*, with a ſmile, he once had a little adventure with one of my friends, which however, muſt not give

give thee a bad opinion of him. For where is there a being ſo ſpiritualized whom a handſome young girl of eighteen would not inſpire with ſome corporeal ſenſations? Still thou doſt miſtake the man, replied *Hippias*, the Goddeſs of *Paphos*, or even thyſelf, would not produce ſuch an effect in him. Thou mayſt ſuffer him to ſtay with thee day and night. Thou mayſt expoſe him to any kind of temptation; thou mayſt even permit him —to ſleep by thy ſide, without his giving thee the opportunity, even to make the leaſt exclamation. In a word, thy virtue may repoſe in great ſecurity by him without the leaſt riſque of being alarmed. "Oh! I now underſtand thee; but there was no need of giving thyſelf the trouble to carry the jeſt ſo far. I am not deſirous of any ſuch lover, who confines himſelf to the admiration of my ſoul, merely becauſe my perſon is of no uſe to him." Thou mayſt be perfectly eaſy upon that point; for the one I recommend

commend to thee, is very far from being one of that ſort. What thou doſt imagine to ariſe from a natural cauſe, is only the effect of his virtue, and of that ſublime philoſophy he profeſſes. " My curioſity is greatly excited to ſee him ; but let me tell thee *Hippias*, my vanity would not be ſatisfied with ſuch cool admiration. It is true, I am moſt heartily diſguſted with all theſe mechanical lovers; but I ſhould be equally diſſatisfied with one, who ſhould be perfectly inſenſibly to thoſe attractions, which are the ſole incitements of ſenſibility in the others. A woman always takes a pleaſure in inſpiring deſires, even though ſhe may not be inclined to ſatisfy them. The prude herſelf is not exempt from this foible. What ſignifies it to us, to hear a lover extol our charms ? We want to ſee what effect they have upon him. And the greater his underſtanding, ſo much the more flattering is it for our vanity to diſconcert him. No *Hippias*, thou canſt have

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have no conception of the pleaſure we feel, in viewing the abſurdities we make theſe Lords of the creation ſtoop to; it far exceeds any pleaſure they take in the follies they bring us to. To behold a philoſopher languiſhing at my feet like a turtle dove, and who, in order to pleaſe me, curls his hair, trims his beard, and perfumes himſelf with all the ſweets of *Arabia:* To behold, I ſay, ſuch a one, in order to ingratiate himſelf in my favour, talk to my lap dog, and make verſes upon my ſparrow—Oh! *Hippias*, one muſt indeed be a woman to conceive what a pleaſure this is!—I pity thee, replied the ſly Sophiſt, but thou certainly wilt not enjoy this kind of pleaſure with the lover I am ſpeaking of. He has been already tried. His heart is as tender as that of a young ſighing lover; but as I told thee before, the ſouls of beautiful women are the only objects of his tenderneſs; all their other charms make no more impreſſion upon him, than a ſtatue

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or a picture. That we shall see, replied *Danae*; I insist upon it, that he comes with thee this evening: there will only be a small party, which will not confine us. But, who is this person we have been so long talking about? "He is only a slave, whom I purchased a few weeks ago from a Cilician pirate, but such a slave as was never seen before. He was educated in the temple of *Apollo* at *Delphos*, and, probably, may owe his existence to the anti-platonic passion of this deity for some pretty shepherdess, who had ventured too far in his laurel groves. He has passed a great part of his time at *Athens*, where the eloquent discourses of *Plato* have completed that romantic education, of which he received the first principles in the sacred groves at *Delphos*. He accidentally fell into the hands of some Cilician pirates, and from theirs, into mine. His name is *Pythocles*, which, as I disliked, I changed into that of *Callias*, a name he deserves, as he is the

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the handſomeſt man I ever ſaw. His other qualifications confirm the favourable opinion his firſt appearance promiſes. He is a man of ſenſe, taſte, and learning; a lover and favourite of the muſes: but with all theſe accompliſhments, he is but a ſtrange being, an enthuſiaſt, and a uſeleſs member of ſociety. His ſingularity he calls virtue, under the notion that virtue muſt be the very reverſe of nature; and the extravagancies of his imagination he looks upon as reaſon; becaùſe he has reduced them into a ſyſtem; and flatters himſelf that he is wiſe; becauſe he raves with a kind of methodical regularity. He pleaſed me at firſt ſight, and I reſolved to try if I could make any thing of him; but the pains I have taken have been hitherto unſucceſsful: if there is a poſſibility of reforming him, it can only be accompliſhed by the aſſiſtance of a lady; for I think I have obſerved that the ſureſt way of captivating his underſtanding, is to gain his heart. The attempt, fair

Danae

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Danae, is worthy of thee, as it will ſhew, if it does not ſucceed, that he is incorrigible, and only deſerves to be abandoned to his folly and his fate.

THOU haſt fired my ambition, replied the beautiful *Danae*; bring him here this evening; I will then ſee him, and if he is formed of the ſame materials as other men, I will try whether *Danae* is worthy of the title of having been a diſciple of *Aſpaſia*.

Hippias was overjoyed, that the purpoſe of his viſit was ſo happily anſwered, and as he went away, promiſed at the time appointed to bring this wonderful young man; on whom fair *Danae* was deſirous of trying the power of her charms.

CHAP.

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CHAP. III.

History of the beautiful Danae.

THE lady, whom we have introduced to the acquaintance of our readers in the former chapter, has, probably, not been so disagreeable to many of them, but that they should expect a more circumstantial account of her character and history. This expectation of their's we shall the more readily comply with, as the subsequent part of our history seems to make it necessary, that the reader should be enabled to form a true judgment of the fair *Danae*.

IT was the general opinion at *Smyrna*, that she was the daughter of the celebrated *Aspasia* of *Miletum*, who in her native country had carried the art of gallantry to such a degree of perfection, by connecting it with the study of philosophy and the finer arts, that she might

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juſtly be conſidered as the inventreſs of it. *Aſpaſia* afterwards retired to *Athens*, where ſhe exerted her uncommon qualifications with ſuch peculiar addreſs and prudence, that ſhe at laſt gained an abſolute power over the great *Pericles*, who then ruled over all *Greece*; or, as the comic poets of that age expreſs it, ſhe was raiſed to the dignity of being the *Juno* to this Athenian *Jupiter*. But the conjectures, upon which the general opinion of *Danae*'s birth was founded, are not of ſufficient weight to induce us to ſet aſide the teſtimony of ſeveral hiſtorians, who aſſure us, that ſhe was a native of the iſland of *Scios*; and that after having loſt her parents at the age of fourteen, ſhe came with her brother to *Athens*, in order to procure a ſubſiſtence by her accompliſhments, in a city where all agreeable talents met with ſo favourable a reception. The art, which ſhe here profeſſed, was a kind of pantomine dance, which generally required one or two perſons, who

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who repreſented, by certain geſtures and attitudes accompanied with the muſic of a flute or lyre, ſome piece ſelected either from the Grecian mythology, or from the hiſtory of one of their heroes. But, as this art, on account of the number of thoſe who profeſſed it, was not ſufficient to ſupport her, ſhe found herſelf under a neceſſity of ſerving as a model for the Athenian artiſts. Beſides the profit ſhe derived from hence, ſhe enjoyed the flattering honour of ſeeing herſelf placed upon the altars, either as a *Diana* or a *Venus*, and becoming an object of admiration among the connoiſſeurs, and of adoration among the people. It happened, one day, as ſhe was ſetting for a model of the Acriſian *Danae*, that ſhe was ſurprized by the young *Alcibiades*, and appeared ſo charming to him, that he thought no man inferior to himſelf ſhould be indulged in the ſight of ſo much beauty. On the other hand, the young *Danae* was ſo ſtruck with the

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figure, behaviour, rank and fortune of this lovely ſeducer, that he eaſily perſuaded her to put herſelf under his protection. He conducted her to the houſe of *Aſpaſia*, which was then the rendezvous of all the Athenian wits, and a kind of female academy, in which young ladies of the moſt agreeable accompliſhments, under the inſpection of ſo perfect a miſtreſs, received an education, which qualified them to entertain the great and wiſe men of the ſtate in their hours of leiſure and retirement. *Danae* improved ſo much theſe opportunities, that ſhe ſoon became the favourite, and at length the confidant of *Aſpaſia*, who far ſuperior to the mean jealouſy of common ſouls, ſaw herſelf live again in the perſon of this young beauty, with ſo much ſatisfaction, that the affection ſhe had for her, probably, gave riſe to the report before mentioned. In the mean time *Alcibiades* alone reaped the fruit of this education, by which the natural accompliſh-

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accompliſhments of his lovely friend were brought to ſuch perfection, that ſhe acquired the name of the ſecond *Aſpaſia*; and the beautiful *Danae* impoſed it upon herſelf as a duty, to obſerve the ſtricteſt fidelity towards him, which he did not think it neceſſary to return. As the love of variety was a far ſtronger paſſion in him, than that which any woman could inſpire; ſo *Danae*, after having for a conſiderable time maintained the firſt place in his affections, was at length obliged to yield to ſome other favourite, who had no advantage over her, but novelty. However weak the heart of *Danae* might be in ſome reſpects, it was not leſs noble in others. She loved *Alcibiades*, becauſe ſhe admired his perſon and his qualities, and therefore took little care to ſecure herſelf any advantages from his fortune. The bare remembrance of having been loved by the moſt amiable man of his time, was all ſhe would have retained of her connection with him,

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had he not been as noble and generous, as she, contrary to the usual custom of ladies of her cast, was disinterested. I leave thee, *Danae*, said he to her, but I will not suffer her, who has once been the favourite of *Alcibiades*, ever to be under the necessity of yielding to the richest man, what should only belong to the most amiable. In saying this, he forced her to accept of a sum, which was more than sufficient to free her from any apprehensions of that nature. The death of *Aspasia*, and the changes consequent upon it, induced her to quit *Athens* in a few years; and after some adventures, in which her heart had no small share, she at last fixed upon *Smyrna* for her constant residence. Here she became acquainted with the younger *Cyrus*, whose excellent qualities, the pen of a *Xenophon* have rendered as well known, as the unfortunate event of that enterprize, by which he thought to raise himself to the throne of the first

Cyrus.

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Cyrus. The firſt ſight of her captivated the heart of this prince, who was ſo ſenſible of the force of thoſe charms, by which the ſcholars of *Aſpaſia* were ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed from thoſe living ſtatues, deſtined in eaſtern countries for the pleaſures of the great; and which, conſidering the only uſe that is made of them, ſeem to have little occaſion for a ſoul. But, however flattering this conqueſt was to her, ſhe could not be prevailed upon to accompany him to *Sardis*, and ſacrifice her freedom to the honour of being the firſt of his ſlaves. She continued, therefore, at *Smyrna*; and *Cyrus*, who would not be ſurpaſſed in generoſity by any Athenian, rewarded her ſo liberally, that ſhe had nothing to think of, but how ſhe might ſpend her time moſt agreeably. She made uſe of this fortune ſo as to keep up the character of a ſecond *Aſpaſia*. Her houſe had the appearance of a temple of the Muſes, and Graces; and if love was not baniſhed from ſuch an ami-

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able ſociety, it was ſuch a love, as *Anacreon* deſcribes, bound by the Muſes with garlands of flowers, and ſo well pleaſed with theſe chains, that *Venus* in vain perſuades him to ſet himſelf free from them. Pleaſure, laughter and joy, (to uſe *Homer*'s phraſe, common language being too weak to expreſs it) with the ſmiling hours continually danced around her; and ſorrow, care and diſguſt, with all other enemies of tranquility and pleaſure, were baniſhed from this place of feſtivity.

I imagine, we have ſaid more than is ſufficient to make our readers very anxious for the virtue of our hero. In fact, he was never before in any circumſtances, from which we had leſs reaſon to flatter ourſelves of his being able to extricate himſelf. The danger he had been expoſed to from the voluptuous *Pythia*, from the frantic Bacchanals, and in the houſe of the ſage *Hippias*, which ſo much reſembled *Circe*'s ſty, ſcarce deſerves to be mentioned

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mentioned in compariſon of thoſe temptations we ſhall ſoon ſee him ſurrounded with. We ſhould indeed gladly have made him ſuperior to them, had the duties of an hiſtorian allowed us to be partial to our hero at the expence of truth.

CHAP. IV.

How dangerous it is to have an imagination which embelliſhes every thing.

A Lively imagination ſupplies the perſon who is poſſeſſed of it, with an infinite variety of pleaſures, denied to all other mortals. If its magic power heightens the charms of every beautiful object, and tranſports him into a kind of extaſy, while others have ſcarce any feeling at all; if in proſperity it makes him conſider this world as a paradiſe, and in adverſity, draws off his mind from the conſideration of his miſery, by diſcover-

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ing to him other worlds, which, in the delightful prospect of future felicity, suspend his affliction; it must on the other hand be confessed, that a lively imagination is no less the source of error, of extravagance, and of anxiety, which even by the assistance of wisdom, and with the most ardent love of virtue we cannot get rid of, till we have found some means of enabling us to moderate the too great vivacity of the cause of them. To say the truth, the sage *Hippias* was not much in the wrong, in ascribing to our hero such an imagination; though we cannot fully approve of the means, which he fancied best adapted to keep it in a proper equilibrium with the other faculties of his soul. The artful *Danae* had from *Hippias*'s description conceived such an idea of *Agathon*, as to think herself sure of success, if she could but engage his imagination in her favour. She thought *Hippias* had failed, by endeavouring to work upon his senses only. Upon this supposition she

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ſhe had formed to herſelf a plan, with which ſhe was perfectly ſatisfied; for ſhe was as far from thinking that the execution of it would coſt her her heart, as *Agathon* was from ſuſpecting that any ſnare was laid for his. At length the hour of *Hippias's* appointment arrived, and *Agathon* accompanied his maſter, without knowing where he was going. They entered a palace ſupported by a double row of Ionic pillars, and ornamented with a great variety of ſtatues richly gilt. The inſide of this houſe anſwered to the magnificence of its outward appearance. Every where he met with a buſy croud of male and female ſlaves, all of them of uncommon beauty; among the males there was not one above twelve years of age. Their dreſſes preſented an agreeable mixture of uniformity and variety. Some were clothed in white, ſome in azure, ſome in pink, and ſome in other colours, which all ſeemed to point out the particular offices of the ſlaves who

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wore them. *Agathon*, upon whom every thing made a more lively impreſſion, than it ought conſiſtently with the rule of right of moraliſts, was ſo inchanted with what he ſaw, that he fancied himſelf tranſported into one of his ideal worlds. He had ſcarce time to recover himſelf, when *Hippias* introduced him into a large, illuminated ſaloon, where the company they were to meet was aſſembled. He had hardly caſt his eyes around, when *Danae* with a grace and politeneſs peculiar to herſelf came towards him, and aſſured him that a friend of *Hippias* had a right to conſider himſelf as at home in her houſe, and in this company. A compliment ſo obliging certainly deſerved an anſwer, but *Agathon* at that time was not in a ſituation to return it. A look expreſſive of the higheſt degree of agreeable ſurpriſe was the only reply he could give. The company he found aſſembled there, conſiſted only of ſuch perſons, as were intimate

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mate with each other: and were as much diſtinguiſhed, as *Danae* herſelf, by that attic urbanity, which is ſo very different from the formal, ceremonious complaiſance of our preſent Europeans. Had *Agathon* been introduced in a polite modern circle, on his firſt entrance he would have given occaſion for an infinite number of ill-natured and ſatirical reflections; but here a tranſient look was all he had to ſuſtain. The converſation was continued, no one whiſpered another in the ear, no one ſeemed to obſerve his ſurpriſe, nor to take notice that his eyes were rivetted upon the beautiful *Danae*. In a word, the company allowed him ſufficient time to recover himſelf, if ſuch an expreſſion is proper to convey an idea of his ſituation all that evening. It will, probably, be expected, that we ſhould give a more accurate deſcription of this extraordinary impreſſion, which *Danae* made upon our amiable hero; but we confeſs ourſelves unable to

ſatisfy

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ſatisfy the curioſity of our readers in this particular, of which *Agathon* himſelf has never yet been able to give a proper account. We can, however, aſſure them of this, that *Danae* had never in appearance leſs reaſon to expect ſhe ſhould make ſuch an impreſſion: ſo little pains had ſhe taken to ſet off her charms in the moſt advantageous manner by any artificial ornaments. Her whole dreſs conſiſted of a gown of white ſilk taffety with ſmall purple ſtripes, and in her black hair was placed a half blown roſe. This, indeed, was ſo widely different from the tranſparent dreſs of *Cyane*, which had diſguſted *Agathon*, that one might with greater propriety have found fault with its concealing too much. 'Tis true, ſhe took care that a little delicate foot, whiter than alabaſter, ſhould now and then be diſplayed, and whenever this charming foot appeared, all the exquiſite beauties of her countenance were not capable of drawing *Agathon's* attention from

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from it. But this, and a hand whiter than ſnow, with part of an arm moſt perfectly beautiful, were all that the envious garment did not conceal from the eye of curioſity. The perſon and behaviour of *Danae* would not have led any one to ſuſpect in the leaſt what paſſed in her heart; or to diſcover that ſhe had any particular deſign upon our hero: nor did ſhe once ſeem to perceive, whether from inattention or modeſty, that his eyes were ſolely fixed upon her, and that all his other ſenſes were abſorbed in the contemplation of her perſon.

CHAP. V.

Pantomines.

WHEN ſupper was ended, at which *Agathon* had been little more than a ſpectator, a male and young female dancer entered, who to the accompaniment of two flutes, repreſented

ed the ſtory of *Apollo* and *Daphne* in a dance. The whole company was delighted with the ſkill of the dancers; they were all life and expreſſion, ſo that one would have imagined they ſpoke what they only acted. How do you like this dancing girl, *Callias*, ſaid *Danae* to *Agathon*, who ſeemed to pay but little attention to the entertainment, and the only perſon in company, who had not obſerved that the girl was remarkably handſome, and wore as tranſparent a dreſs as *Cyane*? I am of opinion, replied *Agathon*, who now began to conſider her more attentively, that probably, from too earneſt a deſire of pleaſing, ſhe has miſtaken the character. Why, in her flight, does ſhe look behind her? And with a look too, which ſeems to reproach her purſuer, that he is not ſwifter than ſhe? Well, very well (exclaimed he at that part of the repreſentation, where *Daphne* implores the aſſiſtance of the river God) moſt excellent! How ſhe changes

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changes in the midſt of her ſupplication! How pale ſhe grows! How ſhe trembles! Her feet ſeem to take root with a motion which inſpires one with terror; in vain would ſhe draw back her expanded arms. —But; why that look of tenderneſs ſhe caſts upon her lover? Why thoſe tears which ſeem condenſed in her eye? This queſtion of *Agathon's*, was anſwered by a general ſmile. At laſt one of the company ſaid, thou doſt find fault with the very circumſtance we moſt admire. An ordinary dancer, would never have been able to make herſelf liable to thy cenſure. It is impoſſible to give more ſpirit, more delicacy, and a more ſtriking contraſt to this character, than the little *Pſyche* has done, for ſo was the dancing girl called. *Daphne* herſelf was not more aſtoniſhed, when ſhe began to perceive her metamorphoſis, than *Agathon* was, the inſtant he heard the name of *Pſyche*. He tried to ſpeak, but could not go on; he bluſhed, and his confuſion was ſo viſible, that *Danae* imputing

puting it to his being ashamed of the censure he had passed upon the dance, thought it necessary to endeavour to relieve him. The censure of *Callias*, replied *Danae*, is a proof that he is as sensible as *Phœdrias*, of the spirit with which *Psyche* executed her part, and for that reason his censure is probably not the less founded. *Psyche* should have acted the character of *Daphne*, but she has only represented her own. Is it not so *Psyche*? Thou didst only think, how thou wouldst have acted, hadst thou been in *Daphne's* place? And how could I have done otherwise, Madam, replied the little dancer? Thou shouldst have assumed, said *Danae*, the character which the poets have given her, but thou hast been satisfied with placing thyself in her situation. What then was her character, replied *Psyche*? That of a prude, said the sage *Hippias*, the favourite character of *Callias*. This excited in the good *Agathon* another blush. Thou hast mis-

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misunderstood me, said he to the Sophist. The character of *Daphne*, according to my ideas, should be indifference and innocence, both which she might have without being a prude. *Psyche* is the more entitled to our applause, replied *Phædrias*, (to whom, as history informs us, she was something more than a dancing girl) as she has embellished the character she had to represent. The contest between love and honour requires more genius to imitate, and is more alluring to the spectator than that indifference, which *Callias* would give her. And besides, where is the nymph, who could be indifferent to the love of so beautiful a deity as *Apollo*? I agree with thee, replied *Hippias*, *Daphne* flies from *Apollo*, because she is a young virgin, and for this reason she secretly wishes, he would overtake her. Why does she so often look behind her, unless to reproach him with his want of swiftness? The moment he comes up so close to her, that she cannot

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cannot escape him, she entreats the river God, to transform her! A mere farce! If she was in earnest, why did she not throw herself into the river? She acted with propriety, when she implored the assistance of the river God; this was in character. But then, who could have conceived, that he would have been so ready to hear her? And when could she have been less desirous of it, than at the moment she found herself in the longing arms of her lover? Had she run herself out of breath for any other reason, than that he might the more easily overtake her? What then can be more natural, than the anger, grief and uneasiness she expresses in her whole appearance, when, upon stretching out her arms to embrace him, she finds them hardened into laurel branches? Even the look of tenderness itself is natural, as the dissimulation ceases immediately upon her being transformed. Has not all this been strongly and naturally expressed in *Psyche's* manner?

It

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It is the character of a young nymph, at leaſt of one of thoſe kinds of young nymphs, my dear *Callias*, we generally meet with in this material world. I ſubmit, replied *Agathon*; the dancing girl has done every thing that could be required of her, and I was ridiculous to expect, that ſhe ſhould have executed the idea, my imagination has formed of a *Daphne*. *Agathon* had ſcarcely uttered this, when *Danae*, without ſaying a word, roſe up, and making a ſign to the young dancing girl, went out of the room with her. A ſhort time after, the dancers returned, the muſic began again, and the pantomime of *Apollo* and *Daphne* was repeated. But, how great was *Agathon*'s ſurprize, when he ſaw *Danae* herſelf in the dreſs of the young dancing girl, repreſenting the character of *Daphne*. Poor *Agathon!* too lovely *Danae!* who could have expected it? She very accurately expreſſed through out the whole the peculiar idea of *Agathon*, but with a grace, with a charm, his imagination

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nation had not the leaſt conception of. The ſenſations of his mind were at this inſtant ſo lively, that he in vain endeavoured to turn his eyes from this too inchanting object; an irreſiſtible impulſe brought them back again. How noble, how graceful were all her motions! With what affecting ſimplicity did ſhe expreſs the innocence of the character! His eyes were ſtill fixed with ſilent extaſy, on the ſpot, where ſhe was changed into the laurel, when ſhe inſtantly diſappeared without waiting for the applauſes of the ſpectators, who could not find words to expreſs the pleaſure they had received from this unexpected proof of her talents. In a few minutes ſhe returned to the company in her own dreſs. How greatly is *Callias* obliged to thee, beautiful *Danae*, ſaid *Phædrias* addreſſing himſelf to her, as ſhe came into the room. Thou only couldſt juſtify his criticiſm; thy charms alone were powerful enough to make even prudiſhneſs agreeable. How deplorable

deplorable would have been the fate of an *Apollo*, who ſhould have had thee for a *Daphne*. Fortunately for our hero, he was ſo loſt in the contemplation of the beautiful *Danae*, whilſt this obſervation, accompanied with a ſignificant look, was made, that he did not hear it; or elſe it would certainly have coſt him another bluſh. The praiſe of *Danae*, and a diſſertation on the art of dancing was the ſubject of converſation during the reſt of the evening; a diſſertation which our readers will excuſe us from communicating, in conſideration of our gratifying their curioſity with more intereſting circumſtances. We cannot, however, omit mentioning, that upon this occaſion *Agathon* became as eloquent, as he had before been penſive and ſilent; a chearful ſerenity enlivened his whole countenance, and his wit had never before appeared ſo brilliant and entertaining. He attracted the applauſe of all the company, and the beautiful *Danae* herſelf, could

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could not help now and then viewing him with pleaſure and ſatisfaction; while his eyes, now ſeldom drawn off from her, expreſſed ſomething, we have, in vain, endeavoured to find a name for in human language.

CHAP. VI.

Secret Intelligence.

OUR friend *Plutarch* has obſerved, that trifling occurrences frequently become remarkable by the conſequences that attend them; that the moſt inconſiderable actions often give us opportunities of penetrating deeper into the human heart, than thoſe more important ones, for which, as they are to be ſubmitted to the judgment of the public, we uſually take ſome pains to prepare ourſelves. The ſtability of this obſervation has induced us to be ſo circumſtantial in the deſcription we have given of the pantomine

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pantomine in the preceding chapter: and hope to juſtify ourſelves entirely in this particular by adding to this account ſome particulars relating to the amiable *Pſyche*, who, in the firſt book has already been juſt introduced to the reader's acquaintance. This *Pſyche* was the only one, among all thoſe beings which are the objects of the ſenſes (and a limitation we have reaſon for making, however ſtrange it may ſound to an antiplatonic ear) who had, till now maintained the firſt place in his affections. Since he had been ſeparated from her, he had not ſeen any woman, whoſe charms, at the bare remembrance of his *Pſyche*, did not loſe all their influence on his heart as well as his ſenſes; the emotions of which, whatever ſome romance writers may ſuppoſe, do not always correſpond with each other. To ſay the truth, this was not to be attributed to that heroic fidelity and conſtancy in love, which thoſe writers conſider as a virtue of the firſt claſs: *Pſyche*

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had ſtill maintained herſelf in his heart, becauſe the remembrance of her was more pleaſing to him, than all the impreſſions, which other female beauties had made upon him, or becauſe, he had not yet ſeen any woman, who pleaſed him ſo well. The experience of a few years, had perſuaded him that he ſhould never change, and from hence, probably, aroſe his ſurpriſe, when he ſaw in the beautiful *Danae*, a degree of perfection, beyond what his imagination could poſſibly ſuggeſt to him in this world. He had not been *Agathon*, if this appearance had failed to inſpire him with thoſe tranſports we have before deſcribed. No one, in his opinion, had united in ſo high a degree, and in ſuch an uncommonly agreeable manner all thoſe more refined beauties, with which vulgar ſouls are not capable of being affected. Her figure, her look, her ſmile, her attitudes, her gait, all had that perfection which the poets uſually aſcribe to the Goddeſſes.

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deſſes. We need not be ſurprized, therefore, that for ſome hours he could only behold and admire, and that his enraptured mind was not at liberty to pay any attention to his own ſituation. In fact, all his faculties were ſo much abſorbed, that during this whole interval, contrary to his uſual cuſtom, he remembered no more of *Pſyche*, than if ſhe had never exiſted. But as ſoon as the female dancer who repreſented the part of *Daphne* appeared, he immediately perceived a reſemblance which ſhe bore to *Pſyche*, both in her countenance and figure; and the image of his beloved miſtreſs inſenſibly preſented itſelf to his view. His imagination, by an uſual mechanical effect ſubſtituted *Pſyche* in the place of this *Daphne*, and the reaſon he found ſo much fault with her was, becauſe the compariſon ſoon diſcovered the deception of the firſt view, or becauſe ſhe was not *Pſyche* herſelf. However common theſe ſportings of the imagination are, we ſel-

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dom perceive clearly the influence they have upon our judgment and inclinations. *Agathon* himſelf, who from his earlieſt infancy had made it his buſineſs to ſearch out the ſecret ſprings of his inward feelings, did not upon this occaſion obſerve what paſſed in his imagition. But as ſoon as the name of *Pſyche*, that name, whoſe ſound was muſic to his ears, was pronounced, he ſtarted, and was thrown into a confuſion of ideas, which he himſelf would have had ſome difficulty to deſcribe, if we may preſume to form any judgment from the peculiar obſcurity of the original in this place. Whatever might be the real cauſe of his aſtoniſhment, it is nevertheleſs certain, he was far from ſuſpecting that his heart which had before been wholly occupied by *Pſyche* alone, now, perhaps, began to be alarmed with the apprehenſion of a rival. His ſelf-illuſion, if it was ſuch, was the more excuſable, as that dear name, had really awakened all his tenderneſs

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derneſs in a few moments. He now firſt perceived the reſemblance there was between the two *Pſyches*, and compared them together with a prejudice ſo much in favour of the abſent one, as made the other appear only a ſhadow to her. We are not, indeed, certain, whether this lively recollection of our Hero, might not ultimately have been injurious to *Danae* herſelf, had ſhe not, by a kind of divination, conjectured what was paſſing in his mind, and fortunately hit upon the expedient of putting herſelf in the place of the young dancer, and repreſenting the character *Agathon* had conceived of his ideal *Daphne*, which the pliableneſs of her diſpoſition made her ſo readily and ſo happily enter into. She could not poſſibly have ſerved both the *Pſyches* a worſe trick. Both were eclipſed by her ſtriking luſtre, as the neighbouring ſtars by the full moon. And how could the image of his abſent *Pſyche* any longer employ his thoughts, when all the faculties

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ties of his ſoul, fixed upon this enchanting object alone, ſeemed ſcarce ſufficient to perceive its whole perfection? She appeared to him as the moral *Venus* ſurrounded with all her heavenly Graces, while he had never conſidered *Pſyche* as more than the reſemblance of her.

We know not whether it might be neceſſary to be a *Hippias*, in order to believe that certain beauties not quite ſo immaterial as this *Venus*, though equally perfect in their kind, had not contributed more than *Agathon* was aware of, to the extaſy by which he was tranſported into this ideal world, during the performance of the pantomine. The becoming habit of a nymph, which this dance required, was extremely proper to diſplay thoſe charms in the ſtrongeſt manner, and with the greateſt variety: It muſt be allowed that *Venus* herſelf could not have ſubmitted to the moſt penetrating eye, with greater certainty of applauſe, than the irreproachable *Danae* might have done in that

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that dreſs, even to the eyes of a rival. The character of unaffected innocence received a ſtill more lively expreſſion, from her incomparable imitation of it: An expreſſion ſo ſtriking that any other perſon but *Agathon*, would have been in danger of loſing his own innocence by it. Indeed, the reſt of the ſpectators had difficulty enough to reſtrain themſelves from playing the part of *Apollo* in earneſt, but *Danae* had nothing of this kind to fear from our Hero, and ſhe found that *Hippias* had not ſaid too much of him. The material beauties, which he did not clearly diſtinguiſh, becauſe they were blended in his eyes with the immaterial excellencies, increaſed to the higheſt degree the vivacity of his ſenſations; the nature of which could not however be changed. His ideas were never in all his life, more pure, more refined, and more ſpiritualized. In ſhort, however contradictory it may appear to thoſe groſs and ſenſual beings, who ſee nothing but the

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the woman, in the moſt perfect female form; it is yet certain, that a *Danae* with a figure and in a dreſs, which (to uſe *Hippias*'s expreſſion) might have tempted ſpirits themſelves to aſſume a body, had changed this extraordinary youth into as perfect a ſpiritual being, as has ever been ſeen on this ſide, or perhaps on the other ſide of the moon.

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BOOK V.

CHAPTER. I.

What paſſed in the Minds of ſome of the Perſons in this Hiſtory during the Night-time.

WE have already ſaid enough of our hero's preſent diſpoſition of mind, not to create a ſurprize, when we add, that he paſſed the reſt of the night in an uninterrupted contemplation of the ideal excellence, which his imagination with its uſual art, had ſet in the place of the beautiful *Danae*, without

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without his obſerving the illuſion. This contemplation brought his mind into ſuch a calm and agreeable ſtate of extaſy, that he ſeemed as if all his wiſhes were ſatisfied. He felt not any of that anxiety, of thoſe deſires, of that inward fermentation, that alternate change from cold to heat, which are the ordinary ſigns of that paſſion, one might ſuppoſe him with ſome appearance of probability, to be affected with.

WITH regard to the lady who had the honour of exciting theſe elevated tranſports in him, ſhe herſelf paſſed the reſt of the night in reflections equally agreeable, though not quite ſo ſublime. She was pleaſed with *Agathon*, and was ſatisfied with the impreſſion ſhe had made upon him. The obſervations he had given her reaſon to make during the courſe of this evening, induced her to think, that ſhe might reaſonably expect, by proper gradations to make a ſecond, though probably a more conſtant *Alcibiades* of him.

Nothing

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Nothing was more pleaſing to her on this occaſion, than the ſettling of the plan ſhe had laid, as the readieſt way to make herſelf miſtreſs of his heart. The idea, indeed, of putting herſelf in the place of the dancing girl, had firſt occurred to her at the inſtant ſhe executed it; but ſhe would not have done this, if ſhe had not with a kind of certainty, foreſeen the good effect of it. Had ſhe, when firſt ſhe appeared before him, exhibited in her attitude, or in her dreſs, any thing that could have ſcandalized him; it would have been very difficult for her to remove the unfavourable impreſſion of the firſt glance. It was neceſſary *Agathon* ſhould be ſo diſpoſed, as to deceive himſelf, without being aware of it. If ſenſual allurements were to captivate him, this was only to be accompliſhed through the medium of his imagination; and in ſuch a manner, that the beauties of the ſoul and of the body ſhould be ſo blended together in his ſight, that the latter ſhould

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appear to him nothing more than the reflection of the former. *Danae* knew very well that no paſſions were excited by intellectual beauty. She knew, if virtue herſelf, as *Plato* ſays, ſhould inſpire inexpreſſible love under a viſible form, that the effect would more properly be attributed to the dazzling whiteneſs, and inviting contour of a beautiful boſom, than to the innocence which ſo conſpicuouſly ſhines forth in her. But *Agathon* was yet ignorant of theſe things; it was therefore neceſſary he ſhould be deceived; and in the way *Danae* carried on the deception, it was moſt probable ſhe would ſucceed.

The ſage *Hippias* had too much reaſon to obſerve *Agathon* on this occaſion, to ſuffer any thing to eſcape him, which was likely to inſure the ſucceſs of his ſcheme. But he flattered himſelf too much, if he expected, that the rapturous ſituation *Callias* appeared to be in, would induce the youth to make him a confidant of his feelings.

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feelings. The prejudice he had entertained againſt the ſage, made him ſilent; though he would willingly have given vent to his enthuſiaſm. *Danae* was in his eyes ſo admirable an object; his ſenſations with regard to her, were ſo pure, and ſo far above the ſenſual turn of mind of *Hippias*, that he would have thought his own feelings, as well as the object of them profaned by an improper confidence in that libertine.

CHAP. II.

A little Metaphyſical Digreſſion.

THERE are ſo many different kinds of love, that it is not impoſſible, as I have been aſſured by a connoiſſeur, to love three or four perſons at the ſame time, and that neither of them ſhall have reaſon to complain of infidelity. At the age of ſeventeen, *Agathon* had experienced for the prieſteſs of *Delphos*,

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ſomething ſimilar to that, which, according to *Fielding*'s expreſſion, a well roaſted piece of beef gives to a man who has a good appetite. This inclination, before he himſelf knew what might be the conſequence of it, was forced to give way to the tenderneſs with which *Pſyche* had inſpired him. The affection he had for this charming creature, was a ſympathetic love, a harmony of the heart, a ſecret union, which cannot be deſcribed to thoſe who have not experienced the ſame. It was a love, in which the heart and the ſoul had a greater ſhare than the ſenſes. This is, perhaps, the only kind of union, which if it could poſſibly become general, would be able to give us mortals, ſome ideas of the connection and happineſs of heavenly ſpirits. We foreſee that moſt of our readers will think this paſſage ridiculous, and will doubt whether we underſtand any thing of it ourſelves: but this is a point on which we are perfectly indifferent. When

Sancho,

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Sancho, as it ſometimes happened to him, had ſaid a number of fine things, which neither his maſter nor any one elſe, nor even himſelf could comprehend, he uſed to comfort himſelf with ſaying, God underſtands me. So the writer of *Agathon's* hiſtory can very well bear, that this, and other ſimilar parts of his work ſhould be looked upon as nonſenſe by all his other readers, provided he is only aſſured, that *** underſtands him. *Agathon*, however, could ſpeak by experience of theſe two kinds of love, of which one is the direct oppoſite to the other. But that affection, in which both theſe are blended with each other, that love in which the ſenſes, the mind and the heart are equally tranſported; the moſt violent, the moſt alluring, and the moſt dangerous of all our paſſions, was, with all its ſymptoms and effects yet unknown to our hero. We need not be ſurprized, therefore, that it had already ſubdued his whole frame, before he had even thought of re-

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ſiſting it. It is true, indeed, that what paſſed in his mind, when he had been two or three days either without ſeeing, or without hearing any thing of the beautiful *Danae*, would have made a more accurate obſerver ſuſpect the ſtate of his heart: but, he was far from having the leaſt miſtruſt of the purity of his ſentiments. What is more natural, when we have once beheld the moſt perfect and moſt amiable of all creatures, than the deſire of ſeeing her continually? This is the concluſion which paſſion draws. Now let us inquire what ſays reaſon upon this point? Reaſon has nothing to ſay to it. We muſt not, however, whether it ſerves to excuſe our hero, or not, omit mentioning the circumſtance, that he knew nothing of the charming *Danae*, but juſt what he had ſeen. He was entirely unacquainted with the character ſhe had in the world; indeed he had no reaſon, and to ſay the truth, no deſire to get any information on this ſubject.

CHAP.

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CHAP. III.

In which the Deſigns of Hippias make a conſiderable Progreſs.

EIGHT days were now nearly elapſed, which to the great ſatisfaction of the malicious Sophiſt, ſeemed ſo many centuries to the ſilent and melancholy *Agathon*, when the former came to him one morning, and told him with an air of indifference; "*Danae* is "in want of a perſon to overlook her "gardens and eſtates, what doſt thou "ſay to the intention I have of ſettling "thee in this office? I think the em-"ployment would ſuit thee very well: "Would it not be agreeable to thee to "go into her ſervice?" If we could find a word capable of expreſſing at the ſame time aſtoniſhment and exceſſive joy, diſtruſt and hope, together with the alternate tranſition of the countenance from paleneſs to the crimſon glow, it might

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give us an idea of *Agathon's* confuſion at this propoſal. It was too great to allow him to give an immediate anſwer. But as he partly diſcovered in the look of *Hippias*, the malice which the Sophiſt endeavoured to conceal, he ſoon recovered himſelf. He then replied, with as much ſteadineſs as poſſible; "If thou doſt chuſe to "get rid of me in this way, I have but one "objection."—What is that?"—"That I "know very little of the management of "that buſineſs."—"That is of no conſe-"quence, anſwered the Sophiſt, thou wilt "have people under thee who underſtand "it better, and that is ſufficient. As to "any thing elſe, I believe thou wilt "be ſatisfied with being in her houſe. "Thou art fond of a country life, and "wilt have opportunities of taſting all "the ſweets of it. If thou doſt conſent, "I will go immediately, and ſettle the "matter."—Thou haſt acquired the right of diſpoſing of me as thou wilt, replied *Agathon*.—"To ſay the truth con-

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" tinued *Hippias*, notwithſtanding we " differ a little in our opinions, I ſhall " part with thee with regret: But *Danae* " ſeems to deſire it, and I have obliga- " tions to her. She has conceived, I " don't know how, a high opinion of " thy abilities. The opportunity I ſhall " have of ſeeing thee every day in her " houſe, makes me the more ready to " give thee up to a friend, by whom I " am certain thou wilt be regarded as " thou doſt deſerve."—*Agathon* perſiſted in the indifference he had ſet out with, and *Hippias*, who had trouble enough to reſtrain the raillery, which perpetually hung upon his lips, left him, without taking notice that he knew how to account for this indifference. The behaviour of *Agathon* on this occaſion would probably make him ſuſpect, that he himſelf was ſenſible of ſome fault within him, elſe there could have been no reaſon for endeavouring to conceal his ſenſations. But we muſt recollect the prejudices he

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had entertained againſt the Sophiſt, to underſtand, that he kept up entirely to his character, in attempting to hide ſenſations which would have been quite inconceivable, or perfectly ridiculous to ſuch an incorrigible anti-platoniſt. The joy, to which he gave himſelf up, when he was alone, leaves us no room to ſuſpect that his heart at that time entertained the leaſt diſtruſt. It was a joy beyond expreſſion.

LOVERS of a certain caſt can form to themſelves ſuch a repreſentation of this circumſtance as would deſerve the moſt accurate deſcription; and to other lovers, ſuch a deſcription would be of no more ſervice than a ſea chart to a man who travels by land. To ſee the incomparable *Danae* again, not only to ſee her, but to be in the ſame houſe with her, to live in her ſight, to enjoy her converſation, perhaps to become worthy of her friendſhip—here his tranſported imagination was at a ſtand. The deſires of an ordinary lover would have gone much farther

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farther, but *Agathon* was no ordinary lover. I love the beautiful *Danae*, ſaid *Hyacinthus*, when he panted for the poſſeſſion of her: that is the very reaſon why thou loveſt her not, the *Diotima* of *Socrates*, would have told him. Any man, who at the time that he imprints the firſt kiſs on the hand of his miſtreſs, carries his thoughts forwards to the expectation of greater felicity, muſt not preſume to ſay, that he loves.

CHAP. IV.

In which the Scene changes.

BESIDES the houſe *Danae* lived in at *Smyrna*, the munificence of *Cyrus*, had beſtowed on her with an eſtate, in a moſt agreeable ſpot without the city, where ſhe uſed ſometimes to paſs a few days dedicated to feſtivity. This was the place to which *Agathon* went, to

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to take poſſeſſion of his new employment, and to make all neceſſary preparations for his miſtreſs, who had reſolved to ſpend the reſt of the ſummer in the country. We decline giving the deſcription of this ſeat, that the reader may have the ſatisfaction of repreſenting it to himſelf, as well laid out, as magnificent, and as agreeable as he pleaſes. All we ſhall ſay of it, is, that any one whoſe imagination wants to be helped out, muſt read the 16th Canto of *Taſſo's Jeruſalem delivered*, in order to form an adequate idea of the place, this Grecian Armida had choſen, as the theatre of action, on which ſhe hoped to triumph over our hero. She did not think proper, or could not prevail upon herſelf to make him wait long for her coming; and ſhe was no ſooner arrived, but ſhe ſent for him, and agreeably ſurprized him with the following ſpeech. "The acquaintance we have "lately made with each other, would be "ſufficient, even without the account "which

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" which *Hippias* had given of thee, to
" convince me, that thy birth entitles
" thee to a better ſituation, than that to
" which ſome accidental misfortune has
" reduced thee. The inclination I have
" to do juſtice to merit, made me deſi-
" rous of ſetting thee free from thy de-
" pendance on *Hippias*, whoſe turn of
" thinking is ſo different from thine, that
" it muſt at length have become trou-
" bleſome to thee. He had the complai-
" ſance, to offer thee to me as a proper
" perſon, to take the charge of my houſe.
" I accepted his offer, that I might have
" the ſatisfaction of making ſuch uſe of
" it, as is due to thy merit and my own
" ſentiments. Thou art henceforth free
" *Callias*, and perfectly at liberty to do
" what thou wilt. If the friendſhip I
" offer, can perſuade thee to ſtay with
" me; the name of an office, from the
" duties of which thou art entirely ex-
" empt, will at leaſt ſerve, to give the
" world an oſtenſible reaſon for thy being
in

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" in my houſe. If thou art otherwiſe " inclined, the pleaſure I ſhall take in " promoting any plan thou mayſt think " of purſuing hereafter, will convince " thee of the ſincerity of the motives, " which have induced me to treat thee " in this manner." The noble and unaffected grace with which theſe words were delivered, completed the effect, which ſo generous a declaration muſt have wrought on the ſentimental *Agathon*. What a way of thinking! What a ſoul! Could he do leſs than throw himſelf at her feet, and in expreſſions, eloquent merely from their being confuſed, give vent to the aſtoniſhment and gratitude, the exceſs of which almoſt burſt his heart. " No thanks, *Callias*, ſaid " the generous *Danae* interrupting him; " what I have done, is no more than " what I ſhould think myſelf obliged to " do, for any other perſon of equal " merit with thyſelf." " I cannot find " words to expreſs what I feel, moſt " adorable

" adorable *Danae*, exclaimed the tranſ-
" ported *Agathon*; I accept of the free-
" dom thou giveſt me, that I may en-
" joy the happineſs of being thy volun-
" tary ſlave; an honour, for which I
" would diſdain the crown of the Perſian
" Monarch. Yes, thou moſt beautiful
" fair one, from the firſt time I beheld
" thee, I have known no greater felicity
" than that of being in thy ſight. If all
" I can do in thy ſervice, ſhould prove
" ſufficient to perſuade thee of the inex-
" preſſible ſenſe I have of thy worth;
" if it ſhould make me deſerve to be re-
" warded with one look of complacency
" from thee, O *Danae!* whoſe happineſs
" will be equal to mine?"—" Let us
" put an end, ſaid the modeſt nymph,
" to a diſcourſe, which the immoderate
" gratitude of thy heart, has raiſed to an
" enthuſiaſtic pitch. I have explained to
" thee, upon what footing thou art to be
" in my houſe. I conſider thee as a
" friend, whoſe preſence gives me ſatiſ-
faction,

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"faction, whose worth I highly esteem, "and whose services may be the more "useful to me, as they are voluntary, "and the effect of disinterested friend-"ship."—With these words she left the grateful *Agathon*, in whose declaration some people may perhaps have found too much extravagance and bombast, or at least too much fire and rapture. But they will be pleased to remember that *Agathon* was not quite in so calm a state of mind, as they may be; neither was he acquainted with all those circumstances of the lady's conduct, which our indiscretion has betrayed to them. We indeed know pretty well what to think of her; but in his eyes she was a goddess; and when prostrate at her feet, especially with the obligations he had to her, it is not natural to suppose, that he could have considered her with the same stoical indifference as we do.

Agathon now lived in the service of the beautiful *Danae*, and displayed every day some

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ſome new merit, which proved him worthy of that happineſs; and which the little regard he had for *Hippias*, had prevented him from ſhewing in his houſe. Beſides, the peculiar recreations of a country life; the more refined pleaſures, in which the Muſes and the underſtanding have the greateſt ſhare, were the chief paſtimes of this delightful retreat. *Agathon* had therefore opportunities enough of exhibiting his talents in this way; his magic fancy was ſo ready at inventions, that he had no other trouble than to ſelect thoſe which he thought moſt proper, to entertain his miſtreſs, and the ſmall company of choſen friends, who reſorted to her houſe. So great already was the change in a man who a few weeks before looked upon it as a diſgraceful employment to inchant Ionian ears in the innocent character of a reader.

We can indeed no longer conceal, that this inexpreſſible ſenſation, (as he ſtiled the influence which *Danae* had over him)

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him) this I know not what, which we, however diſinclined he may have been to own it, ſhall call the moſt paſſionate love, had made ſuch rapid progreſs in the courſe of a few days, that any other perſon in his ſituation muſt have been acquainted with the real ſtate of his heart. We know very well, that the minute detail of our narrative in this part of his hiſtory, will appear tedious to the grave part of our readers, if we ſhould have any ſuch. But with all the ſubmiſſion we owe them, we cannot help conſidering, that theſe adventures, if they ſhould come but out of a grocer's ſhop, may perhaps hereafter fall into the hands of ſome young *Agathon* whoſe mind is not yet completely ſettled. To ſuch a one, a minute deſcription of the changes the divine *Danae* gradually wrought in the heart and the way of thinking of our hero, may poſſibly be uſeful in ſupplying him with cautions and obſervations, which may occaſionally be of ſervice to him. We imagine

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imagine therefore, that if in favour of this future *Agathon* we give ourſelves the trouble to trace our heroe's paſſion from its firſt riſe, through the whole of its myſterious progreſs, we ſhall the more readily be excuſed, as the reſt of our readers, who may know not what to make of ſuch anecdotes, are at liberty to paſs over the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

The natural Progreſs of platonic Love.

THE origin of love, as *Zoroaſter* ſays, or as he may have ſaid, is the ſight of an object which charms our imagination. The deſire of beholding that object perpetually, is the firſt degree of it. The more inchanting this aſpect is, and the more this image of perfection preſents ſomething new, or ſurprizing to the ſoul that is fixed on it, ſo much

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much the longer will love continue within the limits of this firſt degree. What we experience at this time, is very nearly analogous to that extraordinary ſenſation, which we call extaſy; all other ſenſes, all the active powers of the ſoul appear to be ſuſpended, and abſorbed in one look, the conſequences of which are unperceived. This ſituation is too violent to laſt long. It gives place ſooner or later to a ſenſation of inexpreſſible content, which is the natural conſequence of every object creating extaſy. Some adepts have aſſured me that nothing can give a better idea of this kind of content and pleaſure, than the difference there is between the impure and duſky light of a torch, and the clearneſs of that incorporeal light, in which, according to the opinion of the oriental ſages, ſpirits live as in their proper element. This internal ſatisfaction ſoon ſhews itſelf outwardly, by the changes it produces in the mechanical part of our being.

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being. It riſes with elaſticity in our veins, it ſparkles in our eyes, it ſpreads a ſmiling ſerenity over all our countenance, it gives a vivacity and grace to all our motions: it unites and elevates all the powers of our ſouls, animates the ſprightlineſs of the fancy and the underſtanding, (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) and clothes all our ideas with the glow and colouring of love. A lover is then more than an ordinary man; he is full, as *Plato* ſays, of a divinity which ſpeaks and acts within him; and there is no accompliſhment, no virtue, no heroiſm, which he is not capable of attaining, while in this ſtate of inſpiration, and in the ſight of his beloved. This enthuſiaſm ſtill continues, even when he is ſeparated from the object; for her image which appears to fill up his whole ſoul, is ſo lively, that it is ſome time before he perceives the abſence of the original. But no ſooner does the ſoul become ſenſible of this abſence, than every idea of pleaſure, with all

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all its inchanting train, inſtantly diſappears. We experience ſtill in a greater proportion, the reverſe of all thoſe effects of inſpiration we have been deſcribing. The ſame perſon who a little while before appeared more than man, now ſeems to be nothing but the ſhadow of himſelf, without life, without ſpirit, fit for nothing but to wander about like a ghoſt, in ſolitary deſarts, to engrave the name of his Goddeſs on every rock, and ſigh forth his pains to the unfeeling trees. This indeed would be a deplorable ſituation, if one ſingle look of the object, from whom all this extraordinary inchantment ſprings, were not ſufficient, to reſtore this ſhadow to itſelf again, to revive the ſoul, and to fill it again with that enthuſiaſm, which by gradations imperceptible to itſelf, brings it from a ſtate of deſpair to one of infinite delight. If *Agathon* was not entirely affected with all theſe ſenſations in ſo high a degree, as others of his diſpoſition would have been, this

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this can only be attributed to the influence, which the lovely *Pſyche* ſtill had over every thing that paſſed in his heart. But we muſt confeſs that this influence began to grow much weaker; the lively colours, in which her image was painted on his mind, were now become much more faint; and inſtead of his heart being conſtantly employed in the remembrance of her alone, it was now only occaſionally or by chance that ſhe occurred to his memory. At length her image diſappeared entirely. *Pſyche* ceaſed to exiſt for him, and he ſcarce had any other recollection of all that had happened to him before his acquaintance with the beautiful *Danae*, than that which a man has of his earlieſt infancy. It is therefore eaſy to conceive, that all his former ſentiments and manner of life, had undergone ſome alteration, and acquired a reſemblance to that of the object, whoſe influence was exerted over him with ſuch abſolute power. The

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ſeriouſneſs of his manners gradually gave way to a vivacity, which induced him to conſider in a favourable light, many things he had before diſapproved; his manners imperceptibly became more free and agreeable, and his old friends, the ethereal ſpirits, could now find no acceſs to him, unleſs they would have condeſcended to introduce themſelves under the reſemblance of the beautiful *Danae*. From the deſire of pleaſing the ſovereign miſtreſs of his heart, he had now no more thought of gaining the approbation of the inviſible ſpectators of his actions; and the ſituation of incorporeal ſouls no longer appeared ſo enviable to him, while in the ſight of this terreſtrial Goddeſs, he enjoyed happineſs, beyond all his conception. The deſire of being continually with her was now ſatisfied; and that of obtaining her friendſhip, which was the immediate conſequence of the former, was greatly facilitated by the generoſity of her behaviour to him at firſt. The engaging and con-

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confidential manner, in which ſhe had converſed with him for ſome time paſt, had now left him nothing to wiſh for on this head. He had ſecured her friendſhip, and now he wiſhed to engage her affection. Her affection! Yes----but ſuch an affection as the mind of an *Agathon* is only capable of conceiving. In ſhort, when he began to diſcover that he loved, he wiſhed to have his love returned. But his love was ſo diſintereſted, ſo ſpiritual, ſo free from paſſions, that he loved her merely as if ſhe had been a Sylph. The ſummit of all his wiſhes, was now, to have the ſame ſympathetic connection of the ſoul with her, as he had before experienced with *Pſyche*. How charming thought he, how tranſporting, how infinitely beyond all that words can expreſs, muſt ſuch a ſympathy be with a *Danae*, which has already been ſo pleaſing with *Pſyche*. Unfortunately for our Platoniſt, this plan was not ſo likely as he could have wiſhed to

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meet with *Danae's* approbation, who was far from being desirous of playing the part of a Sylph upon this occasion. She continued to confine herself to friendship, and to say the truth, she was either not quite spiritual enough, to have a proper idea of this intellectual love of which he told her so many fine things; or she thought it ridiculous at her age, and with her person, to assume a character, which according to her way of thinking could not suit any lady who still received visits while bathing. But, though she was too modest absolutely to declare so much, yet she found opportunities enough, to make her thoughts upon this point sufficiently known to him. A certain carelessness in her dress, a treacherous zephyr, or her sparrow, who while she was sitting on a sopha near *Agathon*, would sometimes with his saucy bill draw aside the robe which hung so loosely on her feet, seemed as it were to laugh at his aerial love, and

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to give him incitements, which would have been unneceſſary to a leſs enthuſiaſtic lover. *Danae* had reaſon to be ſatisfied with the effect of theſe little artifices. *Agathon* who was accuſtomed to conſider the body and ſoul as two different beings, and to whoſe eyes *Danae* had long appeared, according to an expreſſion of *Guidi's*, nothing more than a heavenly beauty inveloped in a terreſtrial veil, confounded theſe two beings more and more with one another in his imagination. This was the more eaſy for him, as all the corporeal beauties of his Goddeſs were in effect ſo animated, and all the excellencies of her mind ſhone with ſo much brightneſs through this charming earthly veil, that it was nearly impoſſible, he ſhould think of one without the other. This circumſtance though it made no eſſential difference in his manner of loving, yet it is certain, it did not a little contribute, to bring him imperceptibly into ſuch a ſituation, as ſeem-

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ed rather to favour, than oppoſe the views of the artful *Danae*. O thou! for whom alone our generous friendſhip has induced us to take the trouble of writing this chapter, devoted entirely to thee, ſtop here, and look into thine own heart. If thou poor youth, haſt found a *Danae*, (and what *Molly Seagrim* would not appear ſuch to thine inchanted eyes) and if thou comprehendeſt the end of this chapter, our warning comes already too late, and thou art undone. Fly the moment thou haſt ſet eyes upon her, fly, and ſuppreſs the wiſh to ſee her again. If thou canſt not do it; if when thou haſt read this warning, thou wilt not; thou art no more an *Agathon*, thou art no better than the reſt of us; do what thou wilt thou canſt not be made worſe.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VI.

In which the Writer of this History is guilty of an indiscretion.

THE beautiful *Danae* was very far from considering the merit of *Callias* with eyes of indifference. How resolute soever she might be, yet still it cost her some pains to conceal how much she was affected by his love, and how desirous she was of turning it to some advantage. But of an *Agathon*, to make an *Alcibiades*, was a change that could not be effected in a few days. This was the more difficult from the necessity she was under, without seeming to have any concern in it herself of bringing about this remarkable change in him, by imperceptible degrees, in order to make it the more durable. The chief art was, under the mask of friendship, to raise his desires at the same time, that she appeared to discourage them by an affected reserve.

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But, even this was not ſufficient, it was neceſſary he ſhould loſe all power of reſiſtance, before the inſtant came, in which ſhe was determined to try the united force of all her charms. A ſoft languor muſt firſt take poſſeſſion of his whole ſoul; his ſenſes intoxicated with pleaſure muſt firſt be overcome with tender agitation and voluptuous ardor, before ſhe would venture to make an experiment, which if made too ſoon, might very poſſibly, overſet all her plan. Unfortunately for our hero, his magic imagination ſaved her one half of the trouble, which from an exceſs of friendſhip, ſhe intended to take, in order to conceal the change ſhe meant to bring about in him. One ſmile from his goddeſs was enough to diſſolve him in pleaſure; her looks ſeemed to caſt a heavenly light on every object; and her breath to inſpire all nature with the ſpirit of love. What muſt then become of him, when to complete her victory over him, ſhe exerted ſuch efforts, as muſt have

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have made the moſt inſenſible of mankind fall at her feet? *Agathon* knew not as yet, that ſhe played on the lute, and was as great a proficient in muſic, as in dancing. His imagination was never exhauſted in inventing amuſements and diverſions to make her reſidence in the country more agreeable; and this gave her an opportunity of ſurprizing him with a diſplay of this ſkill ſhe had in muſic. "It is reaſonable, ſaid "ſhe to him, that I ſhould make ſome "return for all the pains thou doſt "take to amuſe me, a diverſion of "my own invention. This evening "thou ſhalt be entertained with the con-"teſt between the Syrens and the Muſes, "a piece compoſed by the famous "*Damon*, which has remained with "me ſince *Aſpaſia*'s time; and is "reckoned a maſter-piece of muſic by "the connoiſſeurs. The neceſſary pre-"parations are already made for it, and "thou alone ſhall be the hearer and

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" judge of this muſical diſpute." *Agathon* never found any time ſo long as the few hours he paſſed, in expectation of this promiſed diverſion. *Danae* had left him, in order to take the opportunity of giving a new luſtre to her beauty by a refreſhing bath; and in the mean while he was employed in counting the fleeting minutes one after another, as the ſun was ſetting.—At length the appointed hour came. A moſt agreeable night had ſucceeded one of the fineſt days, and a ſoft twilight had already caſt a veil over ſlumbering nature; when all of a ſudden a new magic day, lighted up by an infinite number of lamps artificially diſpoſed, brought the charming theatre to view, which the Fairy of this place had prepared for this amuſement. An eminence ſhaded with laurel trees aroſe from out a chryſtal lake, which was paved with marble, and encircled with myrtles and roſe-buſhes. Small ſtreams deſcended in a ſerpentine courſe from the laurel

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laurel grove, and ran dimpling along with ſoft murmurs, or agreeable gurglings into the lake, on the borders of which, ſeveral ſmall grottos appeared moſt beautifully ornamented with corals and other productions of the ſea. The grottos ſeemed to be the habitation of the Nymphs of theſe waters. A ſmall bark, in form of a Nautilus ſhell and ſupported by a marble Triton, ſtood on the border oppoſite to the eminence; and this was to be *Agathon*'s ſeat, from whence he was to hear and determine the muſical conteſt.

CHAP. VII.

The magic Power of Muſic.

NO ſooner had *Agathon* taken his ſeat, than a ruſtling motion was heard in the water, accompanied with a ſoft affecting harmony, proceeding

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from a distance. It was impossible to discover from whence the sound proceeded. Our lover who was thrown into a silent rapture by this prelude, notwithstanding he was apprized of this diversion, was tempted to imagine, he heard the harmony of the spheres, of the reality of which, the Pythagorean sages had persuaded him. But while the symphony approached and became more distinct, he saw at once the Muses coming forth from the laurel grove, and the Syrens from their grottos. *Danae* had chosen the youngest and most beautiful of her attendants, to represent these sea Nymphs. A loose piece of byssus of a sky blue colour played around them, and with harps and flutes in their hands, they raised themselves above the waves, displaying in the pride of youth unblemished beauties to the eyes of their jealous companions. Small Tritons swam about them, blowing through serpentine horns, and throwing water at them in wanton

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wanton ſport. In the mean time, *Danae*, in the midſt of the Muſes, deſcended on the borders of the ſmall peninſula, and as *Venus* among the Graces, or *Diana* among the Nymphs, ſhone with ſuch tranſcendent luſtre, that the eye was no longer at liberty to fix on any other object. A long ſnow white robe, faſtened with a golden girdle under her boſom half expoſed, fell down to her feet in ſmall waving folds. A garland of roſes was entwined around her hair, part of which flowed with artleſs grace about her neck. Her right arm, the whiteneſs of which even *Homer's Juno* might have envied, ſupported a lute of ivory. The other Muſes, ſupplied with various kinds of ſtringed inſtruments, placed themſelves at her feet; ſhe alone ſtood up in an attitude inimitably graceful, ſmiling at the challenge, which the proud Syrens were ſinging forth on the oppoſite ſide. It muſt undoubtedly be allowed, that the picture which at this inſtant preſented itſelf

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ſelf to our hero, could ſcarce fail of raiſing agitations in his heart, and in his ſenſes. But *Danae*'s intention was only through the medium of his ſight to prepare him for the delights of another ſenſe. Her vanity had no leſs a triumph in view, than by the inchanting power of her voice and her lute, to efface this charming picture from his mind; and ſhe was not deceived in her expectations. The Syrens ended their ſong, and the Muſes anſwered the challenge by a ſymphony, which ſeemed to expreſs how ſecure they were of the victory. The life and ſpirit which reigned in this ſymphony gave way by degrees to more ſolemn notes; the ſound became more and more uniform, till it gradually dropped into an almoſt imperceptible murmur, which at laſt died away in a perfect ſtillneſs. The attention of every one was engaged in expectation of what ſhould follow this ſtillneſs; when it was at once interrupted by a delightful harmony, which the rapid

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pid and animated fingers of the beautiful *Danae* drew from her lute. A voice, which ſeemed capable of tranſporting the ſoul from the body, and of reviving the dead, if we may borrow an expreſſion of *Petrach*'s, ſo inchanting a voice, animated this delightful muſic. The deſign of the contending ſong was to ſhew the ſuperiority of ſentimental love, over that which is founded merely on deſire. Nothing could be more affecting than the deſcription which *Danae* gave of ſentimental love! In ſuch tones, certainly in no other, ſaid *Agathon* to himſelf, do the immortals expreſs their feelings; ſuch language only can be worthy of the Gods. The whole time that this ſong laſted, ſeemed only an inſtant to him, and he was much chagrined, when *Danae* ſuddenly ceaſed, and one of the Syrens, accompanied by the flutes of her companions, was bold enough to diſpute the prize with his Goddeſs. But, when he heard her, he was ſoon obliged to change his

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his opinion, all his prejudices for the Muſe could not hinder him from acknowledging, that the ſound was irreſiſtibly attracting. Her voice, whoſe ſoftneſs and flexibility could not be excelled, ſeemed to expreſs the ſeveral gradations of tranſport, of which ſenſual love is ſuſceptible. The amorous tone of the flutes raiſed the vivacity of the expreſſion to ſuch a pitch, that there remained ſcarce any difference between the imitation and the reality. If the Syrens, thought *Agathon*, by whom the wiſe *Ulyſſes* was obliged to paſs, ſang thus, it was with reaſon that he had himſelf bound hand and foot to the maſt of his veſſel. No ſooner had the Syrens finiſhed their ſong, than joyful ſounds of applauſe, aroſe from out of the water, and the little Tritons ſounded their horns, to proclaim the victory, they thought to have obtained over the Muſes. But the Muſes had not loſt their courage: They ſoon encouraged themſelves again, and began a ſymphony, the opening

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opening of which seemed to be a burlesque of the Syrens song. Soon after they changed the harmony and the rhythm, and performed an andante, which entirely effaced all traces of the impression, the song of the Syrens could have left on the mind. A pleasing melancholy took possession of *Agathon*; he sank into an agreeable surprize, involuntary sighs broke from him, and tears of pleasure ran down his cheeks. In the midst of this affecting harmony, the beautiful *Danaë* began to raise her song. Incited by the emulous efforts of her rival, she exerted the full perfection of her voice, and all the inchanting powers of her art, in order to obtain a complete victory for the Muses. Her ode described the affecting pangs of true love, which even in those pangs finds a melancholy satisfaction; it's constancy, and the reward it finally meets with in the most tender return. The manner in which she conducted this, or rather the impression she made by it on her lover,

was

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was beyond conception. He was all ear, and his whole ſoul was melted in the ſenſibility of her ſong. He was not at ſo great a diſtance, but that *Danae* could perceive how much he was tranſported beyond himſelf. She ſaw how much difficulty he had to contain himſelf in his ſeat; and how ſtrongly he was tempted to plunge into the water, and ſwim over to her, in order to breathe out his ſoul diſſolved in rapture and love at her feet. She was herſelf ſo much agitated at this ſight, that ſhe was under a neceſſity of turning her eyes away from him, to go through the reſt of her ſong. But, ſhe determined within herſelf, no longer to defer the reward which ſhe thought due to ſuch ſuperlative love. At laſt ſhe finiſhed her ode, the accompaniment ceaſed, the Syrens fled abaſhed into their grottos, the Muſes vaniſhed; and the aſtoniſhed *Agathon* was left alone to indulge his melancholy tranſports.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VIII.

A Digreſſion, which prepares the Reader for what is to follow.

WE cannot conceal the embarraſſment we are thrown into, by the ſituation in which we left our hero at the end of the preceding chapter. It endangers the ſublime character he has hitherto ſupported with ſo much laudable firmneſs, and which without doubt has inſured him an uncommon degree of eſteem among our readers. Thoſe who require perfect virtue in a hero, will certainly be ſcandalized at an apoſtacy of this kind, though after what has happened to him, they could not reaſonably have expected any thing better.

How great are the advantages of a romance writer in this inſtance over the hiſtorian; who engages himſelf without prejudice or partiality, ſtrictly to pay a conſcientious regard to nature and

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and truth, in contempt of that fame, which he might perhaps have acquired by embellishing his characters, and by elevating the natural into the miraculous! The romance writer sees the whole boundless world of possibilities displayed before him for his free use; he is certain that his compositions will succeed by engaging our imagination, and flattering our vanity, with the powerful seduction of the marvellous and the sublime. The least appearance of conformity to nature, is sufficient to convince the lovers of the miraculous, which always make up the greater part of his readers, of the probability of his fictions. He is at full liberty to decompose nature itself, and like another *Prometheus*, to mould as he pleases the yielding earth, from which he creates his demi Gods and Goddesses, or to form them in such a manner as will best answer his purposes. The poor historian, on the contrary, is obliged to tread in one narrow path, following step by

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by ſtep the veſtiges of truth that lay before him. He muſt paint objects juſt as he finds them, let them be ever ſo great, or ever ſo ſmall, ever ſo beautiful, or ever ſo deformed. He muſt repreſent effects as they flow from their cauſes, in conformity to the immutable laws of nature; and when he has done his duty completely, he muſt expect that his hero will at laſt appear but very little, if at all more eſtimable, than the moſt contemptible of his readers uſually thinks himſelf to be.

PERHAPS, there is not a more certain way of becoming a celebrated writer, without the leaſt expence of genius, learning or experience, than in a few volumes of wonderful adventures, moſt uniformly ſimilar to each other, to make a parade of men, provided they are but men, free from paſſions, from foibles, from wants and imperfections of any kind. Before one expects it, the work is finiſhed, which by the edifying tone of

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of rigid morality, by brilliant ſentences, by characters and actions, which are ſo many models, obtains the ſuffrage of all well meaning people, who find every book excellent, that ſpeaks in praiſe of virtue. How much more will ſuch a work be eſteemed, if the author has the art or the natural turn, of writing in the enthuſiaſtic ſtile; and enraptured himſelf with the beautiful productions of his heated imagination, is happy enough to create an opinion that he himſelf is fond of virtue. In vain, ſhall the captious critic exclaim, that ſuch a work, neither diſcovers talents in the writer, nor can be uſeful to the public, in vain ſhall he repreſent how eaſy it is from a ſyſtem of morality to form perſonal characters, and reduce the maxims of *Epictetus* into actions: in vain, ſhall he remonſtrate that the fruitleſs admiration of a chimerical perfection, which no man has the leaſt intention or power of imitating, is the utmoſt advantage theſe good people can

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can expect from the prodigious pains they have taken to reform an indocile world. The wiſe critic is called a *Zoilus*, and may think himſelf happy, if the opinion he has given of ſo moral and ſenſible a work, does not reflect on his own moral character; and if the ſoundneſs of his underſtanding, is not conſidered as an indication of the badneſs of his heart. How indeed can it be otherwiſe? Our vanity is too much intereſted not to approve of thoſe things, by which our nature is ſo elevated and dignified. It flatters our pride, which finds itſelf ſo inferior to others, in ſo many advantageous points of rank, authority, power and outward ſplendor, to have the means in our power, at leaſt as long as the agreeable illuſion laſts, of raiſing itſelf above the objects of its envy, and being able to leave them in the duſt beneath it. And as the apparent weakneſs of our nature on the one hand, to the great advantage of our indolence, diſpenſes

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penſes us from the performance of heroic exploits; ſo our ſelf love on the other, amuſes us with the agreeable perſuaſion, that we ſhould ourſelves have been as renowned and as wonderful heroes, if fortune had placed us in the ſame ſituation.

However natural and true theſe bold aſſertions may appear to us, we muſt ſubmit to whatever reception the different claſſes of our readers may think proper to give them. And though we ſhould even run the riſk of giving riſe to unfavourable prejudices; yet can we not avoid purſuing this reflection, eſpecially as it has a very great connection with all the parts of this hiſtory.

AMONG all the unnatural characters which the moſt celebrated of theſe moral romance writers have brought into any degree of eſtimation; they have ſucceeded better in their heroic deſcriptions of magnanimity, courage, and faithful love, than in any others. Hence have appeared

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peared ſo many love ſtories, books of knight errantry and romance, from the age of the good biſhop *Heliodorus* to the preſent time; of friends, ſacrificing every thing to each other, even their ſtrongeſt paſſions, and the deareſt intereſts of their hearts; of knights, ever ready to fight with all the giants and monſters of the world, in favour of the firſt Princeſs they meet with; and of lovers who (till *Crebillon* introduced a more faſhionable mode of loving among our neighbours on the other ſide the Rhine) had nothing better to do, than to wander about the world, carving the names of their miſtreſſes on trees, while the moſt ſeducing temptations to which they were from time to time expoſed, were incapable of affecting their conſtancy, even for a moment. A man muſt be very much blinded by prejudice, who could not conceive the reaſon why theſe imaginary heroic virtues have acquired ſo much credit. Beautiful women have at all times thought they had a

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right to expect a love which ſhould ſacrifice every thing to them, and a fidelity which ſhould be proof againſt all temptations. In this inſtance they reſemble the great, who ſuppoſe that our zeal will make every thing they expect from us poſſible, and who care very little whether what they require of us is convenient, or even whether it is honeſt and equitable. So the advantages which our female ſovereigns derive to their vanity and other paſſions from theſe imaginary virtues, are ſufficient, to make an *Artabanes*, or a *Count de Comminge*, a greater man in their eyes, than all *Plutarch's* heroes put together. Is then the ignoble ſelf-intereſt or the baſe puſillanimity, with which (eſpecially in nations, where from moral cauſes, a more than common fear of death prevails) the greateſt part of the common people are infected; are not theſe mean paſſions equally intereſted in deifying a magnanimity regardleſs of itſelf, and a courage ſuperior to all ſenſe of

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of danger? The more perfect others are, the less necessary it is for us to be so; and the higher their virtue is, the less have we to fear from our vices.

HEAVEN forefend, that I should ever have the intention of discouraging in worthy souls that desirable enthusiasm for virtue, which is so natural to them, and is often the source of the most commendable actions. The only design of these observations, is to shew, that the romantic heroes of whom we have been speaking, are no more to be found in the circle of nature, than winged dragons or mermaids; that they are ridiculous moral characters, the offsprings of an idle imagination, and which a corrupted moral sense, in imitation of some Indians, the more readily deifies, the farther their monstrous form is distant from human nature; though it must be allowed that man, with all his imperfections, is still the best, most amiable and most perfect being we really know. The hero of

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this hiſtory likewiſe we confeſs, from the changes and foibles we have ſeen him ſubject to, is leſs a hero than a man; and is therefore fitter to warn us by his own experience, and better able to profit by his own errors.

We muſt however own, that ſeveral reaſons have ſtrongly tempted us for this once to violate hiſtoric truth. We have been deſirous of bringing our *Agathon* uncorrupted out of the danger he is now in, though this ſhould require the aſſiſtance of ſome divine machinery. For the honour of Platoniſm, indeed, which he has hitherto ſo well ſupported, it is certainly to be wiſhed that this could have been done. But we conſidered that this ſingle poetical licence would occaſion ſo many alterations in the reſt of his adventures, that *Agathon*'s life would really no longer have been a hiſtory, but a legend of a moral *Don Eſplandians*. We have therefore reſolved to get over all the nice ſcruples which at firſt ſtartled us. We have perſuaded

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perſuaded ourſelves that the utility our prudent readers might derive from the foibles of our hero, would be incomparably greater, than the equivocal advantage virtue might have gained; if, by more improbable fictions than we find throughout the whole of our friend *Arioſto's Orlando*, we had put the beautiful *Danae* under the neceſſity of ſilently thinking of *Agathon*, what the celebrated *Phryne*, on a certain occaſion, ſaid publicly of the ſage *Xenocrates*.

KNOW then, fair readers, but beware of taking pride to yourſelves from this triumph of your inchanting powers; that *Agathon*, after having remained ſome time alone in a ſtate of mind, which would require the expreſſion of a *Thomſon* or a *Geſner* to deſcribe, walked on towards a pavillion ſupported by Ionic pillars of jaſper, and ſituated on the eaſtern ſide of the garden in a ſmall grove of orange, pomegranate and myrtle trees. We are ignorant whether he took this courſe of his own accord, or actuated by the ſecret

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impulſe of ſome Antiplatonic genius. Finding the pavillion illuminated, he went in. When he had haſtily paſſed through a ſaloon, the magnificent ornaments of which could not detain him an inſtant, and afterwards ran through two or three ſmaller apartments, he came to a cabinet which ſeemed as if deſigned for the repoſe of the Goddeſs of love: Here he found the beauteous *Danae* aſleep on a pink ſattin ſofa. Having viewed her a long time in motionleſs rapture, and with a tenderneſs, the internal ſenſe of which, was far more exquiſite than all ſenſual delights; at laſt——

——Overcome by the power of almighty love——

——and being no longer able to contain himſelf, he knelt down at her feet. He ſeized one of her beautiful hands careleſſly ſtretched out, and with an ardour, few lovers have ever been paſſionately fond enough to conceive, kiſſed it without awaking her. This made him leſs capable than

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than he was before, of resolving to retire unperceived as he came. The little *Psyche*, the dancer, who ever since the pantomine, we know not why, had been no friend to him, declared it was some time after day break, when with her own eyes she saw him come out of the pavillion, stealing away behind the myrtle hedges, alone, and with a very suspicious countenance

CHAP. IX.

Instructions to avoid a Misunderstanding which might be apprehended.

VIRTUE, as we are used to say after *Horace*, is the mid-way between two devious paths, which are both with equal care to be avoided. It is certainly right, for an author, who has some more important point in view than merely to amuse his readers; on certain occasions, rather to imitate the discretion of the modest *Virgil*, than the unrestrained

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licentiouſneſs of ſeveral of the modern French writers. For on a circumſtance where the *Angolas* and *Verſorands* would have exhauſted all their powers of deſcription; and would ſtill have been afraid not to have been lively and clear enough; this chaſte poet contents himſelf with telling us that:

" *Dido and Æneas entered into a cave.*"

But, if this diſcretion is carried ſo far, that the obſcurity thrown upon a delicate point may give riſe to miſunderſtanding and error, it then appears to me to degenerate into falſe modeſty. In ſuch circumſtances it ſeems more adviſeable, to draw the curtain a little aſide, than by exceſs of nicety to run the riſque, perhaps, of expoſing innocence itſelf to groundleſs ſuſpicions. However offended ſome of our female readers, whoſe rigid virtue fires at the very name of love, may reaſonably be, at the ſight of a handſome youth, at the feet of a *Danae* breathing, even in her ſlumber, nothing but

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but love and pleaſure; yet can we not forbear ſtopping a few moments longer on this ſcandalizing object. Men are ſo much inclined in ſuch ſituations to give a looſe to their imaginations, that we ſhould make ourſelves ridiculous, if we were to aſſert, that, during all the time which (as the little dancer ſays) our hero paſt in the pavillion, he had remained in the ſame reſpectful attitude, as we left him at the end of the foregoing chapter. We have much more to fear from perſons who cannot help their not being *Agathons* themſelves, and who may poſſibly go ſo far as to ſuſpect, that he might have taken advantage of the ſleep, in which *Danae* lay, in a manner ſuitable only to a Faun. This is what our friend *J. J. Rouſſeau*, himſelf, would not entirely have approved of, however ingeniouſly he may have defended, in his letter to Mr. *D'Alembert*, what he calls, *forcing a ſilent conſent*. To ſecure our *Agathon* againſt all ſuch unmerited ſuſpicions, we muſt in

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juſtice to truth declare, that the alluring attitude of the beautiful ſleeper, and the favourable lightneſs of her dreſs, which ſeemed to invite him to a compleat indulgence of his eyes, would with difficulty have overcome his modeſty, if it had been poſſible for him to reſiſt the magic force of that ſenſation, in which all the powers of his exiſtence ſeemed to be diſſolved. We make no ſcruple of aſſerting that ſuch a reſiſtance, in ſuch circumſtances, is an impoſſible thing, ſince it was impoſſible to *Agathon*. He at length gave up his ſoul to the moſt perfect delight of its moſt noble ſenſation, the contemplation of beauty, far ſuperior even to every thing his ideal imagination could repreſent. This contemplation filled his heart with ſuch pure, complete, inexpreſſible ſatisfaction, that all his deſires and expectations of a ſtill greater felicity ſeemed to be loſt in it. This is a circumſtance only to be comprehended by thoſe who know what true love is. It is probable,

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probable, though we can ſay nothing certain on this point, that the beauty of the object alone, however tranſcendent it might be, could not have wrought this ſingular effect. But the object was that of his love, and this circumſtance heightened the admiration, which the moſt inſenſible perſon would have been in at the contemplation of beauty, with a ſenſation, no poets have yet been able to deſcribe; how much ſoever, it may be ſuppoſed, that the greater part of them were acquainted with it from experience. It is this nameleſs ſenſation alone that diſtinguiſhes the true lover from the Satyr, and even ſpreads a kind of moral grace upon that paſſion, which in the others is merely the effect of inſtinct, or of a brutal appetite. What Satyr, at ſuch an inſtant, would have acted as *Agathon* did? Carefully, and with the light hand of a Sylph, he drew the ſilken garment, which love had treacherouſly thrown aſide, over the ſleeping fair again. He threw himſelf

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ſelf again at her feet, and contented himſelf with preſſing her negligently extended hand to his lips; but with ſuch tenderneſs, ſuch rapture, and ſuch ardour, that a ſtatue muſt have been awaked by it. She muſt indeed at length awake. How was it poſſible ſhe could avoid it any longer, ſince her ſlumber had been really feigned all the while? She had had the curioſity, which ſeems natural enough to her diſpoſition, to ſee how an *Agathon* would behave in ſuch a delicate ſituation; and this laſt teſtimony of perfect love, which, notwithſtanding her experience, had all the charms of novelty for her, affected her ſo much, that, overcome with an unuſual and irreſiſtible ſenſation, at this inſtant, when ſhe was firſt convinced of her loving and being beloved, ſhe became no more miſtreſs of herſelf. She raiſed up her beauteous eyes,—eyes ſwimming in the voluptuous tears of love, and diſcovered to the enraptured *Agathon* all his happineſs in an infinitely more perfect manner,

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manner, than the moſt eloquent declaration of love could have done. Oh! *Callias!* ſhe cried at length with a tone of voice which made all his heart-ſtrings vibrate, while with her ſnowy arms entwined about him, ſhe preſſed the happieſt of all lovers to her boſom, *Callias!* what a new exiſtence doſt thou give me? Receive, O thou! of all mankind moſt worthy to be beloved; receive the whole unbounded tenderneſs with which thou inſpireſt me! And here, without detaining the reader unneceſſarily, with a farther account of what ſhe ſaid and what he anſwered, we reſign the pencil to a *Correggio*, and ſteal away.

But we begin to obſerve, though rather too late, that we have juſtified our friend *Agathon*, at the expence of his charming miſtreſs. It is eaſy to foreſee how little favour ſhe will find among that reſpectable and fortunate part of our female readers, who perſuade themſelves, and who probably have reaſon to do ſo, that in ſimilar circumſtances, they would have

have behaved in a different manner from what *Danae* did. We indeed, are far from defending the exceſſive tenderneſs of the lady, however ſpeciouſly love may palliate her failings. In the mean while, however, with permiſſion of the foremen-tioned *Lucretias*, we deſire to conclude this chapter, with an obſervation which, perhaps, they do not expect. Theſe ladies, be it ſaid with all the reſpect that is due to them, deceive themſelves much, if they imagine, that we have expoſed the foibles of ſo amiable a creature as the beautiful *Danae*, meerly to give them an opportunity of flattering their own vanity. We are not ſuch novices in the world, as to ſuffer ourſelves to be perſuaded, that every one who cenſures the conduct of our *Danae*, would have behaved more prudently in her ſituation. We know very well, that all which bears the mark of virtue, is not really pure accompliſhed virtue. The age of threeſcore, and a perſon which might diſguſt a Syl-

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a Sylvan or a Satyr, gives little or no right to pride ourſelves in a virtue, which no one, perhaps, has ever put to the trial. We have good reaſon however to doubt, whether thoſe who judge moſt ſeverely of a *Danae*, would in her place have been offended with a much leſs dangerous ſeducer than *Agathon* was: and even ſuppoſe they had been, perhaps we might ſcruple to aſcribe to their virtue, what might equally have been owing to the mechanical effect of inſenſibility, and want of tenderneſs. Our views are entirely directed to you, ye charming creatures, on whom nature has beſtowed the beſt of her gifts, the gift of pleaſing—You, whom ſhe intended to promote our happineſs; but who can ſo eaſily become unhappy yourſelves by a ſingle trifling imprudence in the completion of this excellent deſign? A change the more to be apprehended, as it is effected by the moſt valuable of your qualities, by your inclination to every thing that is virtuous, and

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even by the amiable tenderneſs of your hearts. 'Tis your alone whom I would wiſh to perſuade, how dangerous it is to imagine, which the conſciouſneſs of your own innocence prompts you to do, that it is always in your power to limit the progreſs of love. May the immortals, if as we hope, there are heavenly guardians for innocence and goodneſs of heart, be watchful over yours! May they warn you in good time, not to truſt too much to a tenderneſs, which when tranſported by the generous ſatisfaction, of making the object of your love happy, can ſo eaſily forget itſelf! And laſtly in thoſe moments, when the contemplation of the raptures you are capable of inſpiring, might poſſibly ſteal upon your prudence; may they whiſper in your ears, that even an *Agathon* himſelf, can neither have love or merit enough, to deſerve, that the ſatisfaction of his deſires ſhould be obtained by the forfeiture of your peace of mind.

CHAP.

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CHAP. X.

Which all our married Readers, unleſs they are very happy, or perfect Stoics, may paſs over.

THE charming *Danae*, was none of thoſe perſons who do things by halves. When ſhe had once determined to make her friend happy, ſhe executed her deſign in ſuch a manner, as made all his former ideas of felicity and pleaſure appear deluſive. It may, probably, be remembered, that a kind of curioſity, or rather a capricious fancy of trying the force of her charms, had been at firſt the only motive of the deſign ſhe had formed of engaging his heart. The friendſhip ſhe entertained for him on a perſonal acquaintance forwarded this deſign. The daily intercourſe between them, the merit of *Agathon*, and the contagious influence of amorous enthuſiaſm, which in moſt inſtances, though it may not be the ſole cauſe

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cauſe yet is certainly the great promoter of the defeat of female virtue; that ſympathy, to which the divine *Plato* juſtly aſcribes the moſt miraculous effects; all theſe circumſtances combined, changed at laſt this friendſhip into love; the trueſt, tendereſt, and moſt ardent love that ever was. To our hero was reſerved the honour, if ſo it might be called, of inſpiring her with a kind of love, to which notwithſtanding all the particulars we know of her hiſtory, ſhe was as much a ſtranger, as a veſtal is ſuppoſed to be to any ſort of paſſion. In ſhort, it was *Agathon* alone, who was deſtined to overcome the diſguſt ſhe began to entertain againſt every thing that had the appearance of love. A diſguſt, which had been excited by thoſe ordinary lovers the pretty fellows; thoſe impertinent coxcombs, on whom, (to make uſe of her own expreſſion) one half of her charms was thrown away.

Moſt

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Moſt of thoſe natural philoſophers, who agree with Mr. *de Buffon*, in preferring the ſenſual delights of love, will not ſcruple to affirm, that the poſſeſſion, or, (to accommodate our expreſſions to their ideas) the enjoyment of ſo beautiful a woman as *Danae*, included in itſelf, the higheſt poſſible pleaſure, of which our ſenſes are ſuſceptible. This is a truth, which notwithſtanding a kind of tacit conſent that ſeems to have prevailed of not confeſſing it openly; has been ſo univerſally acknowledged by all nations, and in all ages, that *Carneades*, *Sextus*, *Cornelius Agrippa*, and even *Bayle* himſelf, have not ventured to call it in queſtion. We have not courage enough, publicly to maintain, againſt ſo reſpectable a teſtimony as the unanimous conſent of all mankind, that the pleaſures of love which are proper to the ſoul, are preferable to all others. Yet many people will agree with me, that a lover, who has himſelf a ſoul, would very imperfectly

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fectly experience in the poſſeſſion of the fineſt ſtatue of fleſh and blood, that voluptuouſneſs ſo highly prized by our modern Epicureans: and that the magic allurements of ſenſual delight are kept up merely by the ſenſations of the heart. Senſations, which were always reckoned above deſcription, till *Rouſſeau* the Stoic, in the forty fifth letter of the new *Eloiſa*, condeſcended to deſcribe them in ſo perfect a manner, as clearly ſhews, what an inſpiring influence even the faint recollection of the experience of his happy youth muſt have had on the ſoul of this Helvetian *Epictetus*. They muſt certainly be lovers of this kind, *St. Preuxs* and *Agathons*, who have a right to decide this point; who from the delicacy and quickneſs of their feelings are as capable of giving their opinions of the ſenſual pleaſures of love; as, from the tenderneſs of their hearts, or from their internal ſenſations for the beauties of the mind, they are calculated to judge of its moral delights.

To

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To lovers of this claſs, how true, how natural will not that paſſage in *Rouſſeau* appear, which, to the advocates for ſenſual love is juſt as unintelligible, as an Etruſcan inſcription is to our *literati*. "O! forbear thoſe intoxicating rap-"tures, for which I would give a thou-"ſand lives! Reſtore to me what indeed "is not them, but what is infinitely "more delightful than they are."

THE beautiful *Danae* was ingenious, and her imagination was inexhauſtible in the art (if we may ſo call what was merely the effect of nature and love) of multiplying her favours, and of enhancing their intrinſic worth by the grace with which ſhe adorned them. She always contrived to give them the appearance of novelty. She took care to remove every thing that by its uniformity might create diſguſt; every thing that might diſſolve the inchantment. By ſuch arts as theſe, *Danae*, or any other lady of the ſame turn might have induced Mr. *Buffon* himſelf to alter his

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his opinion of love; an effect which, perhaps, all the Pariſian counteſſes together would not have been able to produce. This happy pair, according to their own feelings, enjoyed in mutual love a felicity equal to that of the Gods. They now looked with contempt on all thoſe diverſions they had before taken ſo much delight in; love was now their only buſineſs, their only pleaſure. It engroſſed all their ſenſations, all their thoughts, and all their converſation. Every meeting, every embrace, every declaration of reciprocal affection ſeemed to be the firſt; and though this ſcene of mutual tenderneſs had continued from the dawn of one morning to the other, yet did they ſtill complain of the niggardlineſs of time; for, days were moments, in a life, which for the advantage of their love they would have wiſhed to be eternal. What a ſituation if it could but laſt!—exclaims here the Greek author.

CHAP

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CHAP. XI.

Remarkable Effects of Love, or of the union of Souls.

AN ancient author whom no perſon will certainly accuſe of having treated love too metaphyſically, and whoſe name need only be mentioned, to remove all ſuſpicions of his having entertained any of thoſe ideas, which material ſouls conſider as Platonic dreams; *Petronius* in ſhort, makes uſe of an expreſſion ſomewhere, which ſhews very clearly, that he not only admitted an amorous union of ſouls as a poſſible thing, but even held it to be a circumſtance, naturally attendant on the myſteries of the goddeſs of love. *Jam alligata mutuo ambitu corpora, animarum quoque mixturam fecerant*, ſays this inſpector of the Emperor *Nero*'s pleaſures; in which paſſage he meant, perhaps, to explain, what he has expreſſed elſewhere

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elſewhere in an incomparably more elegant manner.—

Et transfudimus hinc et hinc labellis
Errantes animas.——

Whether he himſelf comprehended the whole force of this expreſſion, or whether he attributed as much meaning as we do to it, is a queſtion, which, (according to the cuſtom of moſt commentators,) we do not much trouble ourſelves about. It is ſufficient that we find theſe paſſages favourable to an hypotheſis, without which, in our opinion, ſeveral phænomena of love cannot be explained. Agreeably to this hypotheſis we aſſert, that true lovers, in certain ſituations do not experience merely a *transfuſion*, (as one of our moſt virtuous poets calls it) but a real mixture of ſouls. To diſcover how this is poſſible, we readily leave to thoſe wiſe and obſtruſe inquirers who perfectly free, and happily abſtracted from the hurry of this ſublunary world, employ themſelves in the uſeful ſpeculation of endeavouring to

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to find out, without prejudice to their own ſyſtems and opinions, the poſſibility of what really exiſts. It is ſufficient for us, that experience, confirmed by numberleſs examples, eſtabliſhes beyond a doubt, that the ſpecies of love, (which *Shafteſbury* very properly calls a kind of enthuſiaſm, and againſt which, *Lucretius* for that very reaſon ſo warmly exclaims) produces effects, which cannot be better deſcribed than by thoſe expreſſions of *Petronius*.

Agathon and *Danae*, who have given occaſion to this remark, had ſcarce paſſed fourteen days together (which indeed were only ſo many moments in the calendar of love) in that happy ſtate, we left them in at the laſt chapter, when this union of ſouls manifeſted itſelf in them to ſuch a degree, that they now appeared to be animated and inſpired with one common ſoul. The alteration was ſo conſiderable, and the contraſt ſo

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ſtriking between their preſent and former mode of exiſtence, that *Alcibiades* would no more have diſtinguiſhed his *Danaë* again, than the Delphic prieſteſs would have recognized the coy and immaterial *Agathon*. That he, from a ſpeculative Platoniſt ſhould have become an *Ariſtippus* in practice; that he ſhould have given up one philoſophy, which eſtabliſhes the pureſt felicity in the contemplation of inviſible beauties, for another, which fixes it in agreeable ſenſations; ſeeking for them in their neareſt ſources, in nature, in our ſenſes, and in our heart: that, inſtead of the Gods and Demi-gods, he before converſed with, he ſhould now ſubſtitute the Graces, and the Deities of Love; that this *Agathon*, who before could give a proper account to Wiſdom herſelf of all his minutes, of all his moments; ſhould now be capable, (we are aſhamed of ſaying it) of loitering away whole hours, whole days, diſſolved in tender intoxication.

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intoxication.—All theſe circumſtances, however great the falling off may be, will ſtill be eaſily conceived by moſt people. But, that *Danae*, who had ſeen the handſomeſt and nobleſt men of *Aſia*, Princes and Satrapes, fighing at her feet; who was accuſtomed to ſhine foremoſt in all the moſt brilliant aſſemblies, and to have a court about her compoſed of all perſons moſt eminently diſtinguiſhed by advantages of rank, wit, riches and talents, aſpiring to pleaſe her: That this *Danae* ſhould now caſt a look of contempt on the whole world, and ſhould find nothing more pleaſing than rural ſimplicity, nothing more delightful than to wander about in the groves, weaving garlands of flowers for her ſhepherd, to ſlumber on his arm by the ſide of a murmuring ſtream, forgetting and forgotten of the world:—That ſhe, for whom ſentimental love, had been a conſtant ſubject of jeſt and ridicule, ſhould now be moved

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even to tears, by the tender complaints of the nightingale in a ſtill calm night—or, when finding her lover ſleeping in the ſhade, would watch whole hours motionleſs by him, abſorbed in tender tranſport and in the enjoyment of her own ſenſations, fearing even to awake him by the deſired kiſs:—that this ſcholar of *Hippias*, who was uſed to find nothing more ridiculous, than the hope of immortality, and thoſe delightful dreams of better worlds, in which ſouls of ſenſibility are ſo apt to indulge,—that ſhe, when reclined on flowers at *Agathon*'s ſide, by the glimmering light of the moon, ſhould now think herſelf already ſpiritualized, already tranſported into the happy Elyſian vales:—In the midſt of the intoxicating joys of love, that ſhe ſhould let her thoughts wander on graves and urns, while preſſing her lover with the greater tenderneſs to her breaſt, ſhe turned her eyes up to the ſtarry heavens, thinking

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ing for whole hours on the delights of the immortals, on unperiſhable beauties, and celeſtial worlds—That ſhe—deluded by the wiſhes of her unbounded love, ſhould now find ſo little extravagance in the expectation of its laſting perpetually; that no thought appeared more natural, no hope more certain to her:—— Theſe were really miracles of love; miracles, which only the love of an *Agathon* could have wrought, and could only have been produced by that union of ſouls, through which the turn of thinking, the ideas, the taſte, and the inclinations of the one were communicated to the other. Which of the two had loſt or gained moſt by this union, we ſhall leave to the deciſion of our readers; the female part of whom, may poſſibly give the advantage to the beautiful *Danae*. But, we believe no perſon will be ſo unpoliſhed or ſtoical as to deny that they were happy—

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felices errore ſuo—happy in that ſoft illuſion, which wants nothing but perpetual duration, (as the Greek author here again exclaims with regret) to become that very happineſs which philoſophers have ſo long ſought after in vain.

AGATHON.

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AGATHON.

BOOK VI.

CHAPTER. I.

A Visit from Hippias.

CHANCE had so ordered it, that *Hippias* had been obliged to pass a few weeks at some distance from *Smyrna*, and that the time of his departure coincided exactly with that, at which the mutual passion of our hero and the fair *Danae* had attained its greatest height. This circumstance had left them entire masters of an opportunity, which they so well knew how to em-

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ploy for the purpoſes of love and enjoyment. Not one of *Danae's* former admirers had preſumed to break in upon her retirement; and thoſe female friends, whoſe company ſhe uſually frequented, were, fortunately, all of them ſo deeply engaged in their own affairs, that they had no time to concern themſelves about any others. Add to this, that ſhe commonly made ſome ſtay in the country, and the general taſte, which prevailed at *Smyrna*, indulged ſuch a freedom in the choice of amuſements, that a *Danae* (from whom no one could expect the rigour of a veſtal) had no reaſon to apprehend any very ſevere cenſure upon her's, even if they were known.

But no ſooner was *Hippias* returned from his journey, than he made it his firſt buſineſs, to inform himſelf in perſon of the progreſs of the plan he had concerted with *Danae*, for the converſion of the too Platonic *Callias*. The particular intimacy, in which he had lived with her for

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for more than ten years, gave him the privilege of intruding when she was not visible to any one else. He therefore repaired immediately to her country house; and here a single glance upon our lovers was sufficient to convince him, what an improvement they had made in his absence. A certain constraint, a reserve, a kind of bashful timidity, which appeared highly ridiculous to him, especially in a pupil of *Aspasia*, was the first circumstance he remarked in them both. True love (as it has been observed) is as solicitous to conceal its happiness, as that which is false (whether it be the offspring of coquetry or want of amusement) is fond of proclaiming its conquests. But this was neither the only nor the principal motive of that reserve, which our lovers, notwithstanding all their endeavours could not conceal from so sharpsighted an observer. A consciousness of the change they had undergone, an apprehension of the ridiculous appearance it might give

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them in the eyes of the Sophiſt; a dread of that ſarcaſtic raillery, the petulance of which, they expected to break out in every glance, in every ſmile; theſe were the cauſes of that confuſion which gave to two of the pleaſanteſt faces in all *Ionia* an air of chagrin, that muſt have been taken by any one but *Hippias* for a ſign, that his company was not agreeable. But he was not miſled by appearances, and as no man knew the world better than himſelf, he ſeemed to pay ſo little attention to what was paſſing in their minds, aſſumed ſo naturally a negligence, and careleſſneſs in his addreſs, found ſo much to ſay of his journey, and a thouſand other indifferent things, and contrived to give the converſation ſo free and lively a turn, that they had full ſufficient time to recover from their embarraſſment, and reſume an air of compoſure. If *Agathon* found himſelf by this means ſo much relieved, that he really wiſhed he might have been deceived in his firſt apprehenſions,

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sions; the more penetrating *Danae* was however far from suffering herself to be deluded by the artifices of the Sophist. She knew him too well, not to read his inmost thoughts, saw clearly the necessity of coming to an explanation with him, and was only at a loss how she might justify herself for having well nigh changed her own character, in taking pains to form that of *Agathon*. With these thoughts was she engaged during the hour usually destined to repose in the middle of the day, and was not yet come to a determination with herself, how far she should make a confidant of the Sophist, when he entered her chamber, and with the frankness and familiarity of an old friend, acquainted her, that what had brought him thither so soon after his return, was the desire he had to inform himself of the success of their plot. "But I need not, "added he, seek to heighten the beauteous glow of these lovely cheeks by superfluous questions; the happiness of

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" *Callias*, fair *Danae*, ſparkles with too
" much vivacity in his eyes, and diſplays
" itſelf in his whole behaviour. Without
" doubt it coſt thee much trouble to
" convert him. Is it poſſible that he
" ſhould deſerve it? Trouble? replied
" *Danae* ſmiling, none I aſſure thee was
" ever more eaſy to me, than that of ſuffer-
" ing myſelf to be beloved by the moſt
" amiable man I ever knew; and this
" indeed was all the trouble!—Not en-
" tirely ſo, interrupted *Hippias*, wouldſt
" thou be as ingenuous as our friendſhip
" requires. While he continued with
" me, it is certain he was a ſtranger to
" diſſimulation; and the change I now
" find in him, is ſo entire and uniform
" throughout his whole perſon, and ren-
" ders him ſo totally different from him-
" ſelf, that even *Danae* upon whoſe lips
" perſuaſion dwells, cannot induce me to
" believe that ſuch a metamorphoſis could
" be effected imperceptibly. Reſerve, fair
" *Danae*, is uſeleſs here, effects betray
" their

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" their cauſes: great operations are proofs
" of great preparatives; when a *Callias* is
" brought to ſuch a paſs, that he is as
" curious and nice in the ornaments of
" his perſon, as if he were the reigning
" favourite of *Venus*, that he decides
" with the taſte of a Sybarite upon the
" excellence of meats, and the flavour of
" wines, that he demands with rapturous
" applauſe a repetition of the moſt vo-
" luptuous ſtrains of a melting love-ſong,
" and receives the cup from the hands
" of a young half-naked *Circaſſian*, with
" as much indifference, as he extends
" himſelf upon the downy cuſhions of a
" Perſian ſopha—this fair *Danae*, I call
" a change, which I ſhould never have
" believed any of the immortal Goddeſſes
" could have brought about in ſo ſhort a
" time." " I do not know, returned
" *Danae*, with an affected inattention,
" what thou mean'ſt by all this: no-
" thing can be more natural than the
" change thou doſt profeſs thyſelf ſo
much

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" much amazed at; and ſuppoſing that
" thou haſt been miſtaken in the opinion
" thou haſt formed of *Callias*, is that to
" be imputed to him? If I am to ſpeak
" to thee without reſerve, no two things
" can differ more widely than the deſcrip-
" tion thou haſt given me of him, and
" what I have found him to be. Thou
" didſt teach me to expect a pedantic
" fool, an object of ridicule, and I re-
" peat to thee, laugh at me for it as long
" as thou wilt, *Alcibiades* in the bloom of
" youth and beauty was not more capti-
" vating than this *Callias*, whom thou
" didſt introduce to me as a farcical
" compoſition of folly and ſtupidity. If
" there is any difference between him
" and the moſt accompliſhed of thoſe,
" for whom through gratitude, inclina-
" tion or caprice, I have formerly felt a
" tenderneſs, it is entirely to his advan-
" tage; it is, that he is more noble,
" more ſincere, more delicate; that he
" is truly a lover: whereas they loved in

" me

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" me nothing but themſelves; that my
" pleaſure makes him more happy than
" his own; that he unites the moſt ele-
" vated generoſity and ſenſibility of
" heart to a ſuperior brilliancy of wit,
" to whatever can give charms to con-
" verſation."

" WHAT a torrent of eloquence! cried
" *Hippias*, ſmiling like one of the Fauns;
" thou playeſt the orator as if thou didſt
" think he ſtood in need of an advocate
" with me. But when have I repreſent-
" ed him in any other light? Did not I
" deſcribe him as worthy of thy love?
" Did not I tell thee that he would make
" thy *Hyacinthus*, and all thoſe gawdy
" butterflies inſipid and inſupportable to
" thee? But a truce to diſputes, fair
" *Danae*. Love, I ſee, has been more
" induſtrious here than was expect-
" ed of him; he ſhould only have
" aſſiſted thee in ſubduing *Callias*, but
" the ambitious little Deity has piqued
" himſelf upon a nobler triumph, that

" of

" of subduing thee, the nymph, who,
" till now only sported with his darts.
" Confess *Danae*,—Yes, interrupted she
" earnestly, I do confess, that I love now,
" as I have never yet loved; all I for-
" merly called happiness, scarcely deser-
" ved the name of existence; I confess
" it, *Hippias*, and am proud to confess,
" that I could quit all my possessions, all
" the delights of *Smyrna*, the pretensions
" to please, the soothings of vanity; nay,
" could throw away a whole world of
" admirers with the same indifference, as
" I would a nut shell, might I but live
" with *Callias* in a thatched cottage, and
" with these hands, which would neither
" be too white, nor too delicate for the
" office, prepare for him at his return
" from the field some milk which, pre-
" sented by me, would taste more delici-
" ously, than nectar from the hands of
" *Venus*."

" Oh! that is another case," cried *Hippias* breaking out into a loud laugh; which

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which he could no longer contain, "When *Danae* can talk in this ſtrain, "*Hippias* has no more to ſay, but," continued he, aſſuming a more ſedate countenance "indeed, my fair friend, I "laugh unſeaſonably; the affair is more "ſerious than I apprehended on the firſt "view; and in good truth, I fear, leſt "*Callias*, as much as he ſeems to adore "thee, ſhould not have love enough to "equal thine." "I will take upon me "to eaſe *Hippias* of that fear," returned *Danae* with a ſneering ſmile, which became her exceedingly; "that ſhall be "my care, and I ſhould think, that "*Hippias* who is ſo great a maſter in the "art of reaſoning from effects to cauſes, "might be fully ſatisfied, that *Danae* "would not ſuffer herſelf to be enſna-"red, like an innocent girl of fourteen." "Forbid it, Gods of love and pleaſure," anſwered *Hippias*, "that my words ſhould "admit an unfavourable interpretation. "Thou loveſt, fair *Danae*, thou art belov-

"ed,

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" ed. *Cupid* hath never joined a pair
" more worthy to be happy, nor better
" adapted to give happineſs to each
" other. Spare not then the pleaſures
" that love hath in ſtore for you! For
" ever quaff freſh draughts of extaſy
" from his nectareous cup! and may the
" envied inchantment never ceaſe but
" with your lives!"

CHAP. II.

A Proof of the Talents of a Lover.

IN this friendly and enthuſiaſtic ſtrain was the courteous Sophiſt purſuing his harangue, when *Agathon* entered, and propoſed a walk in the garden; where he deſigned to have the pleaſure of ſurpriſing them with an entertainment he had privately ordered. The propoſal was agreed to, and after *Hippias* had viewed a row of new pictures, which had been added to the gallery, they proceeded to the

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the garden. It was laid out in the Perſian taſte; large parterres of flowers, walks ſet with high trees, ſmall fiſh ponds, artificial groves, arbours, and grottos were intermixed in pleaſing irregularity. The converſation ſtill turned on indifferent topicks, which *Hippias* managed ſo artfully, that *Agathon* without perceiving it, was led in a hundred inſtances, to betray the new bent his imagination had taken. In the mean time the ſun was near ſetting, when, at the entrance of a little grove of myrtles, and citrons, in the forming of which art ſeemed to have had no hand, their ears were ſaluted with the ſounds of a concealed concert, in which the notes of every ſpecies of ſinging birds were imitated to perfection. From every bough, from every leaf ſeemed to proceed a different ſtrain; ſo full was the band, in which the imitation of ſimple nature in the apparent irregularity of fanciful warblings, produced the moſt delightful harmony. The twilight of a moſt

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moſt ſerene evening, joined to the beauties of the ſpot contributed to give an air of inchantment to the ſcene. *Danae*, who within a few weeks had acquired a taſte for the charms of nature, and the pleaſures of imagination, unknown to her before, beheld her favourite, who affected himſelf to be ſurpriſed, with eyes, which told him, that nothing but the preſence of *Hippias* hindered her from throwing her beauteous arms around his neck. At this inſtant a troop of little Loves and Fauns ſallied unexpectedly from the grove; the former lightly clad, in a floting robe of ſilver gauze, interſperſed with artificial roſes, the latter naked, except that a girdle of ivy, interwoven with yellow roſes, was thrown round their milk-white bodies, and faſtened to the little gilt horns, which roſe above their jetty curling locks. This infant band of Genii advancing towards *Danae*, ſtrewed at her feet the moſt beautiful flowers, out of curious baſkets of filigrain, and conducted

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ducted her, dancing, to the middle of the grove, where beds of jeſſamin, roſes, and acacia formed a kind of theatre, within which was erected an elegant throne for the fair *Danae*, compoſed of foliage, and garlands of flowers. As ſoon as ſhe was ſeated, the Loves ſpread before her a Perſian carpet, while ſome of the Fauns were employed in placing upon the ground cups of gold and chryſtal, of various forms, and exquiſite workmanſhip, and others with countenances full of grimace, crept along, under the weight of ſkins filled with wine, and ſported about the ſage *Hippias* as they paſſed, with a hundred wanton tricks. The Graces, three young ſiſters, whoſe budding charms the ſlight veil of gauze which covered them, ſeemed rather to expoſe, than to conceal, ſprung ſuddenly forward from behind a myrtle hedge. They ſurrounded their miſtreſs, and while the firſt was weaving a wreath of freſh flowers, to adorn her beauteous forehead, the two others on their knees preſented

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preſented to her in golden diſhes the choiceſt fruits, and refreſhments. In the mean time the Fauns were crowning *Hippias* with ivy, and pouring odoriferous eſſences on his bald pate, and half grey beard. *Danae* joined with him in applauding this little entertainment, which exhibited the moſt amuſing ſcene in the world; when on a ſudden, a ſoft ſymphony of flutes, which ſounded as if it came from the ſky, attracted their eyes to a new object. The Loves, Fauns and Graces in the mean time vaniſhed, and that part of the grove which was oppoſite to *Danae*, opened, and diſcovered *Cupid* ſitting on a golden cloud, ſupported by Zephyrs, over a bed of roſes. An arch ſmile which gave a ſly deſigning air to his lovely features, ſeemed to warn all hearts, not to reſt ſecure and unſuſpecting, of the playful innocence of this little charming God. He ſang with a bewitching voice, a ſtrain expreſſive of his joy, for having at laſt found a fit opportunity to revenge himſelf

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ſelf on the fair *Danae*. " Rival of the
" Goddeſs my mother, ſang he, ſhe
" reigns with abſolute ſway over all
" hearts; ſhe inſpires univerſal love
" around; animated by her eyes, nature
" looks up to her, as to her Goddeſs;
" blooms when ſhe ſmiles, droops and
" decays, when ſhe withdraws her coun-
" tenance: the altars of *Paphos* are ne-
" glected, the ſighs of lovers are addreſt
" to her alone: and while her victorious
" eyes wound and captivate every heart
" around her, ſhe laughs, the haughty
" fair one laughs at my darts, and with
" a courage yet unſubdued, defies that
" power, at which the immortals trem-
" ble; but no longer ſhall ſhe laugh:
" this is the arrow, the ſharpeſt of my
" quiver, whoſe point might pierce a
" boſom of marble, and make the coldeſt
" heart melt in the flames of love.
" Tremble inconſiderate fair one! this
" inſtant ſhall avenge Love and *Ve-*
" *nus!* Deep ſighing ſhalt thou riſe, like

" a

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" a young doe, that ſleeping among the " roſes, feels the winged arrow of the " huntſman; full of anguiſh, and de- " ſpair, ſhalt thou ſtray in ſolitary groves, " and ſitting forlorn upon the barren " rock ſwell the tardy rivulet with thy " tears."

So ſinging with a malicious ſmile he bent his bow. The arrow was already fixt; already was it pointed againſt her defenceleſs boſom: when ſuddenly ſtarting back with a loud cry, he broke his arrow, threw away his bow, and with a tender anxious countenance flew to the beauteous *Danae*: " Oh, pardon, God- " deſs," (ſang he, embracing her knees in an imploring attitude) " pardon, par- " don, beauteous mother, the error of " my eyes! How eaſy was my miſtake! " I took thee for *Danae*."

No ſooner had he finiſhed theſe words, than the Graces, the Loves and the little Fauns returned, and cloſed the ſcene with dances and ſongs in praiſe of the incom-

parable

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parable fair, who had been in ſo flatter-ing a manner compared to the goddeſs of beauty, and of love. This compli-ment, which at that time had all the ad-vantage of novelty to enhance it, never having been retailed, as it hath ſince been, by ſo many modern poets to *Daphnes* and *Cloes*, ſeemed to give her entire ſatisfac-tion; and *Hippias* with unuſual pleaſure declared, that his young friend had learn-ed to make an excellent uſe of his ima-gination. "I did not think, *Callias*," ſaid he to him ſoftly, clapping him at the ſame time on the ſhoulder, "that one "month paſſed under the eyes of the "charming *Danae*, would have cured thee "of all prejudices, thou hadſt imbibed "againſt a ſyſtem, in which thou art al-"ready become ſo great a maſter."

THE reſt of the evening was paſt in the ſame ſtile of amuſement, till at laſt *Hippias*, who was obliged to return the next morning to *Smyrna*, was conducted to bed by the little Fauns in a ſtate, which

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gave him more the reſemblance of old *Silenus* than of a Sage.

Agathon was now extremely impatient to learn of *Danae*, what had been the ſubject of her private converſation with *Hippias*. One may eaſily conceive that in her account ſhe did not carry her veracity ſo far, as to confeſs to him the combination ſhe had at firſt ſuffered herſelf to be drawn into by the Sophiſt; the event of which had proved ſo widely different from the intention of the original plan. The ſincereſt and moſt delicate affection doth not preclude a reſerve of trifling ſecrets, in the diſcovery of which our ſelf love would not find its account. She contented herſelf, therefore, with ſaying, that *Hippias* had ſpoken much in his praiſe, and had aſſured her, that he found him much more ſprightly, and accompliſhed than he was before. She perceived indeed, that he meant to inſinuate more than his words expreſſed; but ſhe was as little diſpoſed to make him

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him the confidant of their mutual paſſion, as ſhe was to conceal a ſentiment, which no one could refuſe to the perſonal merits of *Callias:* as to the reſt ſhe had imputed his vivacity to the effects of time, which had weakened the ſenſe of his misfortunes, and to the entire freedom he enjoyed at her houſe. *Agathon* was not only made eaſy by this account, but as his imagination always led him farther than he intended, he found himſelf after they had diſcourſed together for ſome time upon this ſubject, ſo reſolute, that he determined in caſe *Hippias* ſhould happen at any time to rally him on his friendſhip for *Danae*, to anſwer in the ſame tone; a reſolution, which (though he might not be aware of it) required more effrontery, than even a longer continuance in thoſe paths, in which he was wandering, could poſſibly have given to an *Agathon*.

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CHAP. III.

Convulſive Struggles of reviving Virtue.

NOT many days had paſſed after the viſit of *Hippias*, when an entertainment which it was his cuſtom to give every year to his friends, afforded him an opportunity of ſending an invitation to the beautiful *Danae*, and her lover. As they had no good reaſon to aſſign in excuſe of their abſence, they went on the day appointed, and *Agathon* carried with him a vivacity, which encouraged him to think himſelf ſufficiently prepared againſt any attacks he might expect from the raillery of the Sophiſt. *Hippias* had not omitted any thing, that could add to the magnificence of his entertainment; and after the account which hath been given in the ſecond book, of his principles, his manner of living, and his wealth, our readers may form to themſelves ſuch ideas of it as they pleaſe; nor

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nor need they be under any apprehenſion that we ſhould detain them by any ſuperfluous deſcriptions, from thoſe more important objects we have before us.

Agathon had played the part of a *Bel eſprit* ſo well at table, had diſplayed his raillery in ſo keen and lively a manner, and had occaſionally diſcovered the ideas, which were then ſo evidently predominant in his mind, that *Hippias* could not refrain from expreſſing the raptures he felt at ſuch a change, the firſt inſtant they happened to be alone. "I am overjoyed, "*Callias*, ſaid he to him, to ſee that "thou art become one of us. Thou doſt "juſtify entirely the good opinion I con- "ceived of thee at firſt ſight.; I always "ſaid that ſo refined a ſoul as thine, re- "quired only an acquaintance with real "objects, to wean thee with eaſe from "theſe chimeras, to which ſome weeks "ago thou didſt appear ſo zealouſly at- "tached."—It happened fortunately for the ingenuous *Agathon*, that the ſudden

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entrance of some of the company relieved him from the necessity of going on with a reply he had begun to stammer out; but it could not relieve him from that uneasiness which these few words of the Sophist had excited in his bosom.

Whatever pains he took, whatever pastimes he beheld around him, were all too weak to remove an embarrassment which was increased even by the sight of the fair *Danae*. He had no other resource than to feign a sudden indisposition, that he might withdraw for some time from the company, and in a distant apartment abandon himself to reflections which now rushed upon his mind in such multitudes, that he was at first deprived of the power of distinguishing one from another. At last he recovered so far, as to be capable of giving vent to his oppressed heart by the broken effusions of the following soliloquy: "*How—I am overjoyed, that thou art become one of us?*—Is it possible?—One of them?—Like *Hippias?*

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pias?—Him, whoſe principles, whoſe life, whoſe boaſted wiſdom but lately inſpired me with ſo much horror?—And is the change ſo groſs, as to leave no doubt remaining? Gracious gods! what is become of your *Agathon?*—Alas! it is too true, that I am no longer myſelf!—How? Are not all the objects I meet with in this houſe, from which my ſoul uſed formerly to ſhrink back with diſguſt and deteſtation, become now indifferent, or rather agreeable to me? Theſe laſcivious pictures,—theſe wanton nymphs,—theſe converſations, in which every thing that ſhould be great and honourable in the eſtimation of man, is placed in a ridiculous view—this diſſipation of time—theſe amuſements, which coſt ſo much trouble in the invention, and are purſued ſo far beyond the limits preſcribed by nature.—Heavens! where am I? What a precipice do I find myſelf on the brink of—what a dreadful abyſs beneath me—Oh! *Danae, Danae!*—Here he ſtopt to

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give way to the conciliating influence that name, and the inchanting ideas it brought with it, ſhed upon his ſelf-tortured ſoul; which, with an immediate tranſition from grief to joy, ran over all thoſe ſcenes of love and happineſs, that had lately made days appear like moments. Tranſported to the utmoſt with ſecret delight from this recollection, it could not, or would not longer endure the thoughts, that in the enjoyment of ſo enviable a ſtate it had degraded itſelf. "Divine *Danae*," cryed out the poor lunatic, his frenzy returning upon him with redoubled violence, "how can it "be a crime to love the moſt perfect of "all creatures? Is it a crime to be "happy?"

LOVE who is very properly ſtiled by *Plato* the Prince of Sophiſts, led him the more eaſily to deſcant in this ſtile, as vanity came to its aſſiſtance, and made a common cauſe of it. For what is more unpleaſant than to be under a neceſſity of

of condemning one's ſelf? And how readily do we liſten to the voice of a paſſion which pleads in its own defence? How well founded do we think every illuſion, with which ſhe ſeeks to miſlead the judgment into a wrong deciſion? *Agathon* liſtened ſo readily to this deceitful apologiſt, that ſhe ſucceeded in reſtoring tranquility to his heart. He flattered himſelf, that notwithſtanding any change in his manner of thinking, which he endeavoured to perſuade himſelf was a real improvement, the difference between himſelf and *Hippias* was ſtill as great as ever. He concealed his foibles, under the virtues he thought himſelf poſſeſſed of; and at laſt comforted himſelf with an ideal project of leading a life conformable to his own principles, imagining that his beloved *Danae* was already ſufficiently prepared, to receive an immediate propoſal of this kind from him. Having paſſed near an hour alone in theſe meditations, he returned to the

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company, which was assembled in a saloon in the gardens, with so placid a countenance, that *Danae*, and even *Hippias* were induced by it to ascribe his former symptoms to a transitory indisposition; here amusements followed amusements so close upon each other, and these so various, that the overburthened mind had not time to attend to its own feelings; and the whole night, agreeable to the custom of the country, was past in revelling even to the dawn of day. The presence of the lovely *Danae* wrought upon our hero with all it's magic influence, yet could not prevent him from falling at times into reveries, from which she strove to recover him, the instant she perceived them. The objects, which had formerly offended his moral sense, were too often occurring here not to excite, even in the midst of fleeting pleasures, with which they glided, as it were, over the surface of the soul, a secret feeling of his own abasement, which spread his cheeks,

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cheeks with bluſhes, the forerunners of returning virtue.

THIS happened in particular at a pantomine dance, which *Hippias* introduced ſome hours after midnight, in order to prevent his gueſts, who were moſt of them inflamed with wine, from falling aſleep. The female dancer, a beautiful girl, who notwithſtanding her youth had been long dedicated to the myſteries of *Venus*, repreſented the ſtory of *Leda*; that infamous maſter-piece of the ſkill of the ancients in dancing, as remarkable for its obſcenity as its elegance, the effects of which *Juvenal* gives ſo looſe a picture of in one of his ſatires. *Hippias*, and moſt of his gueſts teſtified an immoderate approbation of the manner in which the female dancer, accompanied with the voluptuous modulation of two flutes, had contrived to exhibit the progreſs of this laſcivious hiſtory, from ſcene to ſcene even to the concluſion, meerly in the ſilent language of action.

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" Nor the colouring of *Zeuxis* nor " even the language of *Homer*, cried " they, could present more perfect or " more striking images than the attitudes " of this dancing girl." The ladies thought it sufficient that they seemed to pay no regard to this exhibition; but *Agathon* could scarcely avoid betraying the disgustful impression it made upon him, and the inward horror with which it filled his breast. He was even going to say something, which would have been very unseasonable in that company; had not a conscious glance upon himself, and it may be, the fear of being laughed at, and of provoking the malicious *Hippias* to a too galling return, checked his tongue in the utterance, and before the first words had well escaped, he changed the intended censure into a constrained applause. He could not however rest, till he had persuaded the beautiful *Danae* to withdraw with one of her female friends, from a company, in which the Graces

Graces were now aſhamed to continue: and his choler diſcharged itſelf, while they were returning home, in a ſharp invective againſt the corrupt taſte of the Sophiſt. This laſted till they arrived at *Danae's* country houſe about day break; where they gave up the time uſually deſtined to the occupations of life, to recover nature, wearied out with pleaſure, by quiet and repoſe.

CHAP. IV.

Dreams are not always deluſive.

THE Stoics, that rigid ſect of Moraliſts, whoſe extinction the celebrated *Monteſquieu* conſiders as a loſs to humanity, among other ſingularities, had a very high opinion of the nature and intent of dreams. They carried it ſo far, that they gave themſelves the trouble of compoſing upon this ſubject, works as volu-

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voluminous as the learned world has been preſented with in our days, by ſome wiſe monks, upon the noble art of trying and exorciſing ſpirits. They divided dreams into ſeveral kinds, explained their ſecret meaning, laid down rules for the diſcovery of it, and did not ſcruple poſitively to aſcribe ſome of them, to the influence of thoſe ſpirits, with which they had ſo abundantly peopled every part of nature. In fact, they ſeem only to have been guided in this point, by the general opinion which has hitherto prevailed among all people, and in all ages, and to have reduced into the form of a regular ſyſtem, what with their anceſtors, was a very confuſed mixture of tradition, imagination, and weakneſs of the human mind. Let this be as it will, yet it is certain, that our dreams ſometimes have ſo much connection, and ſo much relation to our paſt and preſent circumſtances, though always with a ſmall addition of ſomething marvellous and inexplicable, that we are

in-

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inclined from thoſe marks of truth they have, to diſcover in them ſomething myſterious and prophetic. Whether dreams of this kind, proceed from the influence of ſuperior ſpirits, or are to be attributed, as the Pythagoreans maintain, to a certain power of divination in our ſoul, which is at greater liberty to unfold itſelf, when the ſenſes are under the dominion of ſleep, we pretend not to determine: ingenious ſolutions we leave to thoſe who have made a greater progreſs than we have, towards the attainment of that happineſs, ſo enthuſiaſtically commended by *Lucretius*, which conſiſts in diſcovering the cauſes of things. In the mean while, we have laid it down as a rule, not to deſpiſe the good advice of our nurſes, who, at the time we enjoyed the advantage of their prudent inſtruction uſed earneſtly to caution us, by a long detail of family inſtances, not to look with indifference upon the warnings and preſages communicated to us by dreams.

Agathon

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Agathon, having at laſt fallen aſleep in a confuſion of perplexed ideas, and in an agitation of mind, had, this morning a dream, which with ſome propriety we might reckon among thoſe trifling cauſes that are productive of great events. This we will relate as we find it in the original, and leave our readers to judge of it as they pleaſe. He imagined, that he was amuſing himſelf in company with nymphs and *Cupids* in the midſt of an agreeable plain: *Danae* was one of the number. With an inchanting ſmile ſhe preſented him, as *Ariadne* did to her *Bacchus*, a cup full of nectar, which he quaffed with the utmoſt delight, fixing his eyes amorouſly upon hers. All now began immediately to dance about him, and he likewiſe danced; a cloud of agreeable vapours around him, ſeemed to conceal the real appearances of things, and a thouſand lovely forms played before him, which, like bubbles of air vaniſhed as ſoon as they aroſe. In this intoxication he continued

tinued dancing for a conſiderable time; till of a ſudden the cloud and all the joyous band diſappeared: it ſeemed as if he was juſt awakened from a deep ſleep; and as he opened his eyes he ſaw himſelf on the edge of a ſteep rock, under which a rapid ſtream rolled its foaming waves. On the oppoſite border of the river ſtood *Pſyche* dreſſed in a robe, white as ſnow, flowing down to her feet. All alone and melancholy ſhe ſtood, caſting a look upon him, which pierced him to the heart. Without a moment's heſitation he plunged into the river, laboured to reach the oppoſite ſhore, and haſtened to throw himſelf at her feet. But ſhe vaniſhed from him, like a ſhadow, though ſhe ſtill continued viſible. A melancholy gloom overſpread her countenance, and ſhe pointed with her right hand to a diſtant ſpot, where he ſeemed clearly to diſtinguiſh the golden turrets and ſacred groves of the temple of *Delphos*. At this ſight, tears trickled down his cheeks; agitated with unſpeakable ſenſations, and in a

ſup-

ſupplicating poſture, he ſtretched out his arms towards his beloved *Pſyche*, but ſhe fled haſtily away from him, to a ſtatue of virtue, which ſtood in majeſtic ſecurity on a fixed pedeſtal, alone, and uninjured by time amidſt the ruins of a decayed temple. *Pſyche* embraced this ſtatue, caſt another piercing look at him, and diſappeared. Racked with deſpair he attempted to follow her, when he ſuddenly ſank into a deep marſhy ground; and the efforts he made to extricate himſelf, were ſo violent, that he awoke.

A flood of tears, in which his burſting heart broke forth, was the firſt effect of the deep impreſſion which this ſingular dream had made; for though he was now awake, yet was his ſoul ſtill totally abſorbed in it. He wept violently and for a conſiderable time. O! *Pſyche! Pſyche!* exclaimed he, from time to time, while he rung his hands, and ſtretched his arms out as it were towards her image;—and then another flood of tears ſtreamed from his ſwoln eyes. Where am I? exclaimed

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claimed he again, and looking around him, as if he were aſtoniſhed at finding himſelf reclined on ſo ſoft a bed, in a chamber hung round with Perſian tapeſtry, and glittering with a thouſand precious ornaments; O *Pſyche*,—What is become of thy *Agathon?* — Unfortunate day, when I was torn from thy arms by cruel Pirates! — Amidſt ſuch thoughts and exclamations he aroſe, walked to and fro in violent emotions, threw himſelf again on the couch, and remained a long while ſtupefied, with his eyes immoveably fixed on the ground, as if loſt in thought. At laſt he came to himſelf, aroſe and went down into the garden; where in the moſt ſolitary part of the grove, he hoped to find that quiet which was neceſſary for him to reflect upon his dream, his preſent ſituation, and the reſolution he had to take. Among the various images, which the dream had left upon his mind, none affected him ſo ſtrongly, as that where *Pſyche*, with a ſerious countenance, pointed to the temple and groves of

Delphos

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Delphos—that ſacred ſpot, where they had firſt ſeen each other, where they had ſo often ſworn eternal conſtancy, where they had loved each other with as pure and virtuous an affection,——

As in Olympus high th' immortal ſpirits love.

THESE objects had ſomething ſo affecting in them, and the anguiſh with which they penetrated him was ſo much relieved by the lively remembrance of his former happineſs, that he felt a kind of pleaſure in giving way to that ſoft melancholy that had taken poſſeſſion of his ſoul. He compared his preſent ſituation with that happy peace of mind, with that agreeable ſerenity of ſoul, with that temperate and innocent joy, which, according to his opinion had engaged the approbation of the immortals. Inſtead of purſuing this compariſon with impartiality, he gave himſelf up inſenſibly to the incitements of his heated imagination; ſo that it only appeared to him, as if his ſoul was again languiſhing for that Elyſian tranquillity, as for its native

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tive element. If this were nothing more than enthuſiaſm, he exclaimed with a ſigh, if theſe were only mere dreams, in which my ſoul, almoſt freed from terreſtrial incumbrances, indulged itſelf.—What a delightful enthuſiaſm! and how much more happy did theſe dreams make me, than thoſe riotous joys, which hurry away the ſenſes in a torrent of pleaſure, and when they are paſt, leave nothing behind, but ſhame and remorſe; and a melancholy void in the unſatisfied mind!

Our readers may, perhaps, conſider what paſſed in our hero's mind at that time, as a good omen of his return to virtue. But, we muſt confeſs with regret, that another ſoul manifeſted itſelf within him, which, whether it were the voice of nature, or that of paſſion, or the effect of both theſe united, ſoon deſtroyed the influence of theſe virtuous ſentiments; and without offence to his ſelf-love, reconciled him again to himſelf, and to his preſent ſituation.

From the vivacity, indeed, which marked

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ed all the ideas and paſſions of this ſingular man, it is ſcarce poſſible, that the extraordinary tranſport we left him in ſhould have continued for any length of time. The force of his ſenſibility recoiled upon itſelf; his imagination, in ſuch inſtances, uſed to advance directly forwards, till unable to proceed farther, it was obliged to return. He began now to perſuade himſelf that his uneaſineſs aroſe more from enthuſiaſm, than reality and ſound reaſon; on a cloſer examination, he imagined, that his affection for *Danae* was entirely juſtified by the perfection of the object; and as much as the happineſs of his life at *Delphos*, and the innocent joys of his firſt yet inexperienced love had juſt before appeared preferable to him; ſo he now found them as inſipid in compariſon with thoſe he had experienced in the arms of the beautiful *Danae*. The bare recollection of this happineſs ſet him all on fire, and filled his ſoul with rapture; and his imagination, ſtretched to the utmoſt, ſank under

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under the efforts it made to find out a more perfect happineſs.

However lovely *Pſyche* might be, ſhe ſeemed now to have been deſtined for nothing, but to awaken the ſenſibility of his heart, in order to make him capable of diſtinguiſhing the ſuperior merit of the incomparable *Danae*. He conſidered it as a relapſe into his former enthuſiaſm, that he had ſuffered himſelf to be thrown into ſuch violent agitations by a dream, which, notwithſtanding the ſingular circumſtances that attended it, could not be looked upon as any thing more than the ſportive working of the fancy. The only thought that ſtill troubled him, was the conſciouſneſs of his infidelity to *Pſyche*, whom he had once ſo fondly loved, and who had returned his affection with ſo much tenderneſs. But the impoſſibility of not being overcome by the irreſiſtible *Danae*, a point, which he thought himſelf as fully convinced of, as of his own exiſtence; his deſpair of ever ſeeing *Pſyche* again, which without farther conſideration

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tion he took for granted; both theſe circumſtances ſeemed to carry great weight with them in clearing him from that reproach; and in order to get entirely rid of his remorſe, he at laſt concluded with ſuppoſing, that his connection with *Pſyche* was the love of a brother and ſiſter, a mere affection of their ſouls, rather than that, which in his particular opinion was properly to be called love. This ſuppoſition, after comparing the different characters and ſymptoms of theſe two kinds of love, appeared to him an inconteſtible fact. Theſe ideas, eſpecially in a place, where every ſhady bower, every flowery bank, and every grotto, had been witneſs of the happineſs he had enjoyed, roſe gradually to ſuch a pitch, that they reſtored a kind of tranquillity to his mind; if the deception of a lunatic, who in the height of his fever thinks himſelf in perfect health, can deſerve the name of tranquillity. They could not, however, entirely baniſh the impreſſion of ſorrow and melancholy, which ſtill remained

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mained upon his mind during the whole day. The images of *Pſyche* and of virtue, which he had long been uſed to blend together, preſented themſelves perpetually before him. In vain did he ſeek to baniſh them by diſſipation; they interrupted him in his ſerious purſuits, and diſquieted him in the midſt of his amuſements. He exerted all his efforts to diminiſh their influence; hapleſs mortal! and yet was he not aware, that even theſe very efforts were a convincing proof, that his conduct was not ſo proper, as he would fain have perſuaded himſelf it was.

CHAP. V.

A great ſtep towards a Cataſtrophe.

DANAE was too tenderly attached to our hero not to obſerve the ſilent grief which ſpread a melancholy, though a pleaſing gloom, over his beautiful countenance; and for that reaſon ſhe was afraid

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of inquiring too ſoon into the reaſons of a change ſo unexpected. It was evident, that his heart was ill at eaſe; but with all the penetration peculiar to love, ſhe could not form any ſatisfactory conjecture of the cauſe of his affliction. She at firſt imagined, that he might have taken offence at ſome raillery of the ſophiſt's maliciouſly carried too far. But nothing *Hippias* could have ſaid, appeared to her ſufficient to have affected him ſo deeply, as ſhe thought he ſeemed to be on this occaſion. The intereſt of her own heart ſoon ſuggeſted another reflection, which ſhe probably would not have made, if her love had not triumphed over her vanity; vanity, which with moſt handſome women is the true ſource of what they would impoſe upon us for love. What, if his love ſhould begin to cool, ſaid ſhe to herſelf?—Heavens! if that be poſſible, he ſoon will ceaſe entirely to love me.—This thought was too ſhocking to a heart ſo deeply engaged, to be eaſily got rid of.—How diffident is true love!

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love!—She, who was uſed to perceive in all eyes the effects of her all-conquering charms; ſhe, who had never met with one, among the moſt perfect of her ſex, capable for a moment of diſturbing the pleaſing conſciouſneſs of her own ſuperiority;—in a word,—*Danae*—began to aſk of herſelf with trembling anxiety whether ſhe was amiable enough to preſerve the affections of ſuch an extraordinary man. Though her vanity ſet her heart at reſt on the ſcore of her perſonal merit, yet was ſhe not without apprehenſions, that the ſingularity of his way of thinking, or the exceſſive delicacy of his feelings might have been hurt by ſomething in her behaviour. Had ſhe not given him too many proofs of her affection? Should ſhe not have yielded to him with greater reluctance, and made him more ſenſible of the difficulty of his conqueſt? Was it prudent to let him perceive all the force of her paſſion, or to truſt to the entire ſurrender of her own heart, for keeping poſſeſſion of his?—Theſe

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queſtions were not refined, yet were they not ſo eaſily ſolved, as many good girls may imagine, to whom eternal conſtancy has been ſworn, and who make it the leaſt of their cares, to doubt the veracity of ſuch profeſſions. The charming *Danae* was fully ſenſible of all their importance; and all ſhe could ſay to herſelf on this point, was not ſufficient to ſatisfy her. She therefore thought proper to watch ſome convenient moment for clearing up all her doubts; thoroughly convinced at the ſame time, that whenever ſhe had diſcovered the miſchief, ſhe ſhould find expedients enough to remedy it, from whatever cauſe it might proceed. *Agathon* did not fail of giving her the opportunity ſhe wiſhed for, the ſame day.

Melancholy and affliction gradually enervate the ſoul, and lay it open to every ſoft and tender emotion. This is ſo true, that no other cauſe can be aſſigned for many love matches we frequently ſee. A lover loſes the object he adored; he pours forth his complaints into the boſom

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ſom of a female friend, to whoſe charms he had hitherto been perfectly indifferent. —She pities him; he finds himſelf relieved by the liberty he has of venting his complaints without interruption; and the lady is pleaſed with having an opportunity of ſhewing the goodneſs of her heart: her compaſſion affects him, and excites his attention. As ſoon as a woman begins to intereſt us, we immediately diſcover charms in her. The ſenſations which ſuch a couple as we have deſcribed experience, are favourable to love; they add graces to the lady, and faſcinate the eyes of the friend. Beſides this, grief naturally ſeeks diſſipation, and is inclined to attach itſelf to every thing, from which it expects comfort and relief. A confuſed preſage of new pleaſures; the view of the object, which can beſtow them; the favourable diſpoſition of mind in which that is preſented; on the one hand, vanity, the principal ſpring of the female heart; the ſatisfaction of tri-

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umphing over a rival, if the being thought worthy of ſupplying her loſs, can be called ſo; on the other hand, the deſire of obliterating even the recollection of her; perhaps alſo the benevolence of human nature, and the pleaſure of making another perſon happy—Theſe are ſo many circumſtances conſpiring to change imperceptibly a friend into a lover, and a confidant into the heroine of a modern romance.

Agathon was in ſuch a kind of diſpoſition, when *Danae*, who had been informed, that he had paſſed the whole evening in the moſt ſolitary part of the garden, could no longer refrain from going to meet him. She found him half reclined with his head on a green bank, and ſo loſt in his own idea, that ſhe ſtood ſome time oppoſite to him, before he ſaw her. Thou art melancholy, *Callias*, ſaid ſhe at length with a ſoothing voice, while ſhe fixed her eyes, full of tenderneſs and love, upon him. Can I be melancholy, while

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while I behold thee? replied *Agathon*, with a ſigh, which ſeemed to anſwer his own queſtion. *Danae* returned no anſwer to this obliging compliment; but continued ſilently looking at him, with a countenance full of ſenſibility, and tears ſtarting from her eyes. He raiſed himſelf up, and for a while beheld her with an earneſtneſs, as if he would penetrate into her inmoſt ſoul. Their looks ſeemed mutually to communicate the feelings of their hearts. "Doſt thou love me *Danae?*" ſaid *Agathon* at length, in a voice faultering with tenderneſs and ſorrow, while he threw his arms about her, and continued looking at her with eyes full of tears. She remained ſilent for ſome time. "Do I love thee?"—This was all ſhe could ſay; but the expreſſion, the manner in which ſhe ſaid it, could not have been equalled by all the eloquence of *Demoſthenes*. "Oh *Danae!* replied *Agathon*, I queſtion not becauſe I doubt—Can I too often receive from thy lovely lips an aſſurance, on

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which the happineſs of my whole life depends?—If thou didſt not love me? If thou couldſt ceaſe to love me?"—"What a thought, my deareſt *Callias*, interrupted ſhe; how wretched ſhould I be, if theſe were really thy ſentiments—If thy heart told thee that love like our's could ever ceaſe?"—A ſigh half ſtifled was all the anſwer he could make. "Thou art melancholy, *Callias*, continued ſhe; a ſecret grief diſcovers itſelf in all thy features.—Thou doſt not conceive, no, thou doſt not conceive, what I ſuffer, while I ſee thee in affliction without knowing the cauſe. If my fortune, if my love, if my life itſelf can remove thy anxiety, O my beloved! delay not one inſtant to diſcloſe thy innermoſt thoughts."—The expreſſion, the look, the manner, the voice, with which this was delivered, affected the ſenſibility of *Agathon* with ſpeechleſs rapture. He threw his arms about her, preſſed her to his agitated breaſt, while tears

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tears were for a long time the only expreſſions of his love.

Nothing is ſo ſoon communicated as the tenderneſs of a ſoul overflowing with ſentimental feelings. *Danae*, though ignorant of the cauſe of all theſe emotions, was ſo much affected with the ſituation, in which ſhe ſaw her lover, that ſhe was as ſilent as himſelf, and mixed her ſympathetic tears with his. This ſcene, which cannot be ſo intereſting to indifferent readers, as it was to our lovers, laſted a conſiderable time. At length *Agathon* recovered himſelf, and ſaid in one of thoſe tender effuſions of the ſoul reflection has nothing to do with, and which ſerve only to relieve the fulneſs of the heart, I love thee too well, incomparable *Danae*, and am too ſenſible, that I cannot ſufficiently love thee to conceal from thee any longer who this *Callias* is, whom without knowing him, thou haſt eſteemed worthy of thy heart. I will diſcover to thee the ſecret of my name, and the whole

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history of my life, as far back as I can recollect it; and when thou shalt be informed of all—I know it, to so noble a soul as thine I may venture to discover every thing—Then wilt thou readily find, that the slightest possibility of losing thy affection is sufficient to make me wretched." *Danae* was surprized, as may easily be imagined, at a declaration so unexpected; she considered our hero with as much attention, as if she had never seen him before; and wondered within herself that she had not long since perceived, that there was much more concealed in the character of her lover, than she had been led to conjecture from the accounts of *Hippias*, and the circumstances of their first acquaintance. She thanked him in the tenderest manner for this mark of a complete confidence he intended to give her, and after she had confirmed her gratitude by some previous caresses, *Agathon* began the following narrative.

AGATHON.

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AGATHON.

BOOK VII.

CHAPTER I.

The early Part of Agathon's Life.

I WAS in the eighteenth year of my age before I knew to whom I owed my exiſtence. Educated from my earlieſt infancy in the temple of *Delphos*, I inſenſibly adopted thoſe ideas of the Prieſts of *Apollo*, which it is natural for young people to imbibe of the perſons who ſuperintend the early part of their education. They arrayed me when a child in the ſacred veſt, which diſtin-

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guiſhes the young votaries of the Deity from the ſlaves of the Prieſts; and I was initiated in the ſervice of the temple to which I was deſtined.

THOSE, who have been at *Delphos*, will not wonder, that a youth of ſenſibility, educated there from his infancy, ſhould imperceptibly acquire ſuch a turn of mind, as muſt diſtinguiſh him from the generality of mankind. Beſides the peculiar ſacredneſs which antient ſuperſtition, and the ſuppoſed preſence of the Pythian God have impreſſed on all the country about *Delphos*, there is not a ſingle place within the diſtrict of the temple, which does not preſent ſome awful, or ſtriking object, or which is not conſecrated by the memory of ſome miracle.

As my eyes were firſt accuſtomed to the view of ſo many wonderful things, ſo was the relation of ſurpriſing events the firſt verbal inſtruction I received from my tutors. This was the kind of knowledge I ſtood in need of, ſince it was intended to be

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be a part of my office to point out to ſtrangers, who reſorted in great multitudes to the temple, the paintings, ſculptures, and images; and the inexpreſſible richneſs of the preſents with which the chambers and domes were embelliſhed.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing ſo dazzling to unexperienced eyes, as the view of a treaſury filled with gold, ſilver, jewels, pearls, ivory and other valuable curioſities, which had been accumulated by ſo many crowned heads, cities, and wealthy individuals, through a ſeries of ages. To me, to whom this ſight was familiar, the modeſt ſtatue of a *Solon* was more delightful than all theſe glittering pageants of ſuperſtitious devotion; which I ſoon treated with the ſame contempt, as a lad does the toys and play things that pleaſed him in his infancy. As yet unable to form any juſt idea of the merit and real excellence of the deified heroes, I frequently ſtood before their images, and, while I viewed them with attention, I felt

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felt my heart actuated with emotions of reſpect and admiration for their virtues; emotions, which none but my internal feelings could account for. The images of the ſeveral Deities, by which our anceſtors perſonified thoſe powers, under whoſe influence nature is preſerved, and repreſented the various perfections of the human underſtanding, and the virtues of ſocial life, made a ſtill ſtronger impreſſion upon my imagination. With ſuch objects I was conſtantly ſurrounded, both in the temple, and in the groves of *Delphos*. From the powerful effects of theſe ſcenes upon my fancy at that time, I have been ſince led to reflect how much the fine arts contribute to form the manners; and how wiſely the Grecian Prieſts acted, in deifying the Muſes and the Graces, whoſe favourites had rendered them ſuch important ſervices. The true intereſts of religion, ſo far as the particular charge of the prieſthood extends, ſeem to depend on the force of impreſ-

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ſions, which are given us at an age, when we are incapable of examining things by the ſtandard of reaſon. If, from our infancy, the ſoul was left without any notions of the Gods and their worſhip; if, inſtead of the uncertain and vague, but yet lively ideas, which we acquire of ſupernatural objects by fables, and miraculous ſtories, or in a more advanced age, by the influence of muſic, and the fine arts; if, inſtead of theſe, the ſoul was ſtampt with the unerring impreſſions of nature, and the principles of reaſon alone, we may readily ſuppoſe, that it would have been more difficult for ſuperſtition to triumph over reaſon, than it is even for reaſon to get the better of ſuperſtition, in ſuch a ſituation as men generally find themſelves when once it has taken poſſeſſion of the mind. Superſtition has no advantage over reaſon, except what it derives from its earlier admiſſion into the heart. But how eaſily is the uninformed mind wrought upon, when all theſe

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these inchanting arts, which even in imitation seem to surpass nature herself, exert their united efforts to surprise, and captivate the senses. How natural must it be for any one to believe in the divinity of *Apollo*, or even to persuade himself, that he is sensible of his presence and influence, when he has been brought up in a temple, whose first aspect proclaims the workmanship, and habitation of a God? How natural must it be for any one accustomed to behold the *Apollo* of *Phidias*, to attribute the excellence of that more than human performance, so universally admired, rather to the divinity of the object, than to the plastic genius of the incomparable artist?

So far as I know of the nature of our souls, it appears to me, that when her powers are unfolded to a certain degree, she gradually acquires an idea of something beautiful, which insensibly regulates our taste and judgment, and becomes the model, after which our imagination

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ſeems to paint the ſeveral images of what we call great, excellent, and ſublime. This idea of the beautiful, as far as I can judge from experience and more extenſive obſervation, is framed from the nature and connection of the objects, which are preſented to us in the earlieſt part of our lives.

HENCE it follows, and experience confirms the truth of the remark, that there muſt be as much variation in the thoughts and opinions of men, as there is in the mode of their education, and their ſituations in life. Hence the heroic ſpirit of the Spartan, the politeneſs of the Athenian, the pompous pride of the Aſiatics; hence the poet is held in contempt by the mathematician, and the ſcheming merchant deſpiſes the ſpeculations of the philoſopher as uſeleſs, becauſe they cannot, like his own, be converted into *Darics*. Hence the groſs ideas of the mere mechanic confined to material objects, the boiſtrous roughneſs of

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of the ſailor, the mechanical inſenſibility of the ſoldier, and the ſimple cunning of the peaſant. In ſhort, beautiful *Danae*, hence ariſes that enthuſiaſm, with which the wiſe *Hippias* reproaches thy *Callias*: an enthuſiaſm, which I may perhaps conſider in a leſs exalted light, ſince I think I have diſcovered the true ſource of it; but which I nevertheleſs look upon as that kind of diſpoſition of the ſoul, which, under proper reſtrictions, is of all others the beſt calculated to make us happy.

THUS ſurrounded with objects tranſcending human nature, and which at the ſame time were in themſelves imaginary, you will eaſily conceive, beauteous *Danae*, that my ideas became ſo exceedingly abſtracted, and ſo highly elevated, that whatever I really ſaw in a more advanced age, fell infinitely ſhort of the expectations raiſed by the luxuriancy of my fancy. Such was the ſituation of my mind, when one of the Prieſts of *Delphos*, whoſe views were

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were then unknown to me, undertook to initiate me in the myſteries of the Orphean philoſophy. This was the only philoſophy in eſteem among our Prieſts, as it ſeemed to be ſupported by reaſon, and to fix our faith, upon the immoveable authority of which it depends, on a firmer foundation, than the traditionary legends and fables of the poets.

NOTHING can be equal to the extaſy with which I was tranſported, when this Egyptian Prieſt, who was inſtructed in all the ſecret mythology of his nation, led me into the region of ſpirits, at a time too, when the moſt ſublime images of *Homer* and *Pindar* had no longer any charms for me, he opened to my view, in the midſt of this material globe, a new world filled with more immortal beauties, and inhabited by divinities of a ſuperior order.

I WAS juſt arrived at that age, when waking from the irkſome dreams of childhood, we begin to think ourſelves

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ſenſible of our own exiſtence. We then ſurvey the world around us with eyes of aſtoniſhment; our curioſity is excited to inquire into the properties of our own nature, and we are deſirous of becoming acquainted with the ſpot on which we find ourſelves placed without our concurrence. How delightful then at ſuch an age is that philoſophy, which, while it ſatisfies our thirſt after knowledge, indulges that propenſity to the marvellous, and that indolent levity peculiar to youth! A philoſophy, which anſwers all our queſtions, clears up all paradoxes, and ſolves all problems! A philoſophy, which ſympathiſes more immediately with the warm enthuſiaſtic heart of a young man, ſince it baniſhes every thing lifeleſs and inanimate from the ſyſtem of nature, peoples every atom of the creation with living ſpiritual beings, and fills up every point of time with myſterious circumſtances, and important tranſactions, whoſe completion is reſerved for future ages! A philoſophy,

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philoſophy, which repreſents the creation as infinite as the creator, which exhibits order and majeſty even in the apparent irregularity of nature, an immutable plan in the government of the moral world, and one invariable rule in the diſpoſition of the numberleſs claſſes of beings of every kind! A philoſophy, which demonſtrates an univerſal law in the complicated motions of all bodies, which points out in our ſouls a future deity, which, in the diſſolution of our body, foretells its return to its original perfection, and diſcovers bright proſpects of unbounded happineſs in the dark abyſs of futurity!—Such a ſyſtem as this is in itſelf too excellent, too flattering to human pride, and too well accommodated to our moſt ſecret wiſhes, and our moſt leading inclinations, not to impreſs the mind at firſt view with the perſuaſion of its truth; eſpecially at an age, when every thing great and ſtriking exerts ſo powerful an influence over us. In this caſe, mere

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probabilities and wiſhes become proofs of the ſtrongeſt kind; for while in the contemplation of nature alone, we behold ſo much majeſty and divine myſtery, is it poſſible that our thoughts ſhould be too highly elevated?

And ſhall I own to you, charming *Danae*, ſince happy experience has taught me to diſtinguiſh what is wild and fanciful in this kind of philoſophy, I feel a power within me, which diſſipates all my doubts, and perſuades me, that the conformity it bears to our nobleſt feelings, is to be conſidered as the genuine mark of truth. Even in thoſe dreams of the fancy, which appear ſo extravagant to men, whoſe ideas are confined to material objects, I diſcover more reality, more abſolute ſatisfaction, and more powerful incentives to the ſoul; a more plentiful ſource of joy and tranquility, and a more ſolid foundation of true happineſs, than in all the pleaſures we derive from the ſenſes. But I forget that my deſign was

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to give you the hiſtory of my mind, and not to juſtify my manner of thinking. I will only add, that the opinions of the Orphean and Pythagorean philoſophy concerning the Gods, nature, the ſoul, virtue, and the ſupreme good, took entire poſſeſſion of my underſtanding. My ideas were totally regulated by theſe principles, which influenced all my deſires; the whole caſt of my conduct, and my future views in life, were planned in conformity to theſe maxims, which continually engaged my attention.

CHAP. II.

En animam & mentem cum qua Di nocte loquantur!

THE Prieſt, who had undertaken to be my tutor, expreſſed great ſatisfaction on obſerving the uncommon pleaſure I took in liſtening to the ſublime leſſons he taught me. He omitted nothing that might raiſe my enthuſiaſm to ſuch

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such a pitch, as according to his opinion must necessarily fit me for implicit faith, and universal suffering. I was too young and ingenuous to entertain the least mistrust of his intentions in the pains he took with me, which in the integrity of my own heart, I imputed to the noblest motives. He had concerted his measures with so much precaution, that of my own accord I was unavoidably led into a consideration of this question, whether, even in this life it might not be possible to commune with spirits of a superior order? This idea had engrossed my private thoughts for some time. I was ready enough to persuade myself of the possibility of what I wished for with the greatest earnestness; and the history of the first ages seemed to confirm my expectations. The Gods had revealed themselves to mankind, sometimes in dreams, and sometimes by apparitions; and particular persons had been happy enough to become their favourites. *Ganymede*, *Endymion*, and several

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ſeveral others occurred to me as having been beloved by ſome Deity. I interpreted what is ſaid of them by the poets, in a manner ſuitable to the ſublime ideas I had conceived of ſuperior beings. The brightneſs and purity of the ſoul, the renouncing of all ſenſual objects, and the love of immortality and eternity appeared to me, to be the virtues that had rendered theſe mortals acceptable to the Gods, and fitted them for their ſuperior converſe. At laſt I imparted to *Theogiton*, (for that was the name of the Prieſt) theſe notions which I had long kept to myſelf. He delivered himſelf upon the ſubject in ſuch a manner, as rather to incite than ſatisfy my curioſity. He hinted to me, that theſe were myſteries he had ſome ſcruples of truſting to my youth. He informed me however, that there could be no doubt of the poſſibility of the thing, and perfectly charmed me with the picture he drew of the happineſs of thoſe, who were found worthy to be ad-

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mitted into particular converſe with the Gods. The myſterious air he aſſumed, when I inquired how that happineſs was to be attained, induced me to take the reſolution of waiting till of his own accord he ſhould think proper to explain himſelf more clearly. He diſappointed my expectations, but took ſo many opportunities of inflaming my curioſity already excited, that I could no longer refrain from propoſing new queſtions to him. At length he conducted me one day into the utmoſt receſs of the grove conſecrated to *Apollo*; he led me to a grotto which according to an opinion received from antient times among the inhabitants of the country, is ſuppoſed to have been the reſidence of the Nymphs. Their ſtatues, carved in Cypreſs, and placed in niches ſurrounded with ſhell-work, ornamented the inner part of the grotto.

HERE he ſeated me on a moſſy bank; and after a preliminary diſcourſe, calculated to raiſe my expectations, he began to unfold

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unfold to me, as he ſaid, the holy myſtery of the philoſophy of *Hermes*, and *Orpheus*. Numberleſs religious ablutions, a long ſeries of prayers, frequent offerings of incenſe, and other myſterious ceremonies, preceded his inſtructions. Theſe ceremonies, ſaid he, are neceſſary to prepare the ſoul, ſtill confined in earthly fetters, for the contemplation of celeſtial ſpirits. Our frail mortal body could not ſuſtain the fullneſs of divine perfection, but would rather, as the poets have given us to underſtand by the ſtory of *Semele*, be entirely conſumed and annihilated by it, if it's luſtre was not diminiſhed by a kind of corporeal veil. This is the manner, in which the benevolent Gods condeſcend to accommodate themſelves to the frailty of nature, and by this diminution of their glory prepare us gradually for beholding them embodied and in their eſſential forms. I was ſimple enough to believe all theſe pretended myſteries to be real. I liſtened to the ſolemn *Theogiton* with a religious

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awe, and improved so much by his instructions, that I could think of nothing else, day or night, but of those extraordinary scenes, to the sight of which I was so soon to be admitted.

JUDGE, my fair one, whether my imagination could possibly remain inactive during this interval; there would be no end to my narrative, were I to describe all that passed within me at that time; with what magic inchantment I was sometimes transported in my dreams, into those happy islands, of which *Pindar* has given so magnificent a description; sometimes I partook of the banquets of the Gods, or wandered in the Elysian vales, the abode of blessed spirits.

However paradoxical it may appear, it is undoubtedly certain, that the powers of the imagination far exceed all that nature presents to our senses. Imagination has a lustre brighter than that of the sun; she has something more attracting than all the incense of the breathing spring, to charm

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charm our internal ſenſes; ſhe diſplays new forms, more vivid colours, more finiſhed beauties, more rapid changes, freſh combinations of cauſes and effects, other ſeaſons—In a word, ſhe raiſes a new creation, and actually tranſports us into other worlds, governed by laws totally different from our own. In our earlieſt youth we are too ignorant of the firſt principles of our exiſtence to diſtinguiſh, that this deluſive magic of the power of imagination is really natural. At leaſt I was then credulous enough to aſcribe dreams of this kind to ſupernatural influences, and to conſider them as preſages of thoſe wonders which I ſoon hoped to diſcover when awake.

I HAD now paſſed eight days in the performance of thoſe ſecret ceremonies and conſecrations, which *Theogiton* had enjoined me; and in continual efforts to withdraw my ſoul from all external objects; ſo that I had wrought myſelf into a belief, that I had reaſon to expect ſome-

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thing ſuperior to what I had hitherto experienced. One night, when the hours of reſt were far advanced, and all was ſtill around me, I repaired to the grotto of the Nymphs, and after repeating ſeveral emphatic ſtrains and ſolemn invocations, I laid myſelf down upon a bank with my face turned towards the full moon, which at that time enlightened the whole grotto. In this ſituation I indulged myſelf with imagining what might happen to me, if ſhe ſhould deſcend from her ſilver ſphere to make me her *Endymion*. In the midſt of theſe extravagant fancies, I inſenſibly fell into a ſlumber, and was ſuddenly awaked by an agreeable ſound, which ſeemed to float above me at ſome diſtance, and which I ſoon found to proceed from that kind of ſtringed inſtrument, which is attributed to *Apollo*. An unprejudiced perſon would only have thought, that he heard a fine piece of muſic performed by ſome able hand, and would not have been deceived. But in the diſpoſition I was at that

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that time, I was capable of miſtaking the croaking of frogs for the harmony of the Muſes. The muſic I heard, touched, captivated, tranſported me: according to my imaginary feelings (for the imagination has likewiſe it's ſenſations) it excelled every thing I had ever heard. *Apollo* himſelf, the father of harmony, he, from whoſe lute the ſpheres derive that muſic, which inchants the Gods, could only produce ſuch heavenly ſtrains. My ſoul wholly abſorbed in the ſingle ſenſe of hearing, ſeemed to forſake my body, and tower above the clouds; when on a ſudden the muſic ceaſed. I then fell into a confuſed chaos of thoughts and emotions, which did not ſuffer me to cloſe my eyes during the remainder of the night.

The next day I communicated to *Theogiton* what had happened to me, he ſeemed to make rather light of it, but, after he had inquired into all the circumſtances, he agreed, that it might have been *Apollo*, or one of the Muſes. You will ſmile,

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Danae, when I own to you, that young as I was, without knowing any reaſon for it, I rather wiſhed it might have been one of thoſe charming ſiſters. I did not let a night paſs without repairing to the grotto, in hopes of hearing the wiſhed for Muſe again; but in this expectation I was deceived, it was *Apollo* himſelf.

After ſome nights, during which I had contented myſelf with the ſilent preſence of the Cypreſs Nymphs, a ſplendid light at once darted into the grotto. The natural obſcurity of the place, and the delirium of my fancy made me look upon it as a celeſtial light, which announced ſome extraordinary adventure. Judge how aſtoniſhed I was, when, in the midſt of night, I ſaw the God of day before me; who for my ſake had ſtolen from the arms of the beautiful *Thetis*. His golden locks fell in ringlets upon his ſnowy ſhoulders; a crown of rays beamed around his head; his flowing mantle glittered with a thouſand precious ſtones, and

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and his golden lyre reſted on his left arm. My imagination ſupplied whatever might be neceſſary to complete the idea of perfect beauty; but ſurprize and reſpectful awe prevented me from ſurveying the God more attentively. I fancied that I ſhould be unable to ſuſtain the luſtre of thoſe eyes, by which the whole world is illuminated. He addreſſed himſelf to me, expreſſing his approbation of my ſervices, and of the ardent zeal, with which I devoted myſelf to celeſtial objects, and deſpiſed every thing terreſtrial: He encouraged me to perſevere in this courſe, and paſſively to reſign myſelf to the influence of the immortal powers; aſſuring me that I was deſtined to increaſe the number of thoſe happy mortals, whom he had eſteemed worthy of his particular favour. He had ſcarcely uttered theſe words, when he diſappeared ſo ſuddenly, that I could not perceive it; and my mind was ſo prepoſſeſſed, that if this *Apollo* had ſuſtained his character with much leſs

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judgment and propriety, I ſhould not have entertained the leaſt doubt of his divinity. *Theogiton* whom I informed of this apparition, congratulated me upon it, and put me in mind of thoſe antient heroes of our country, who had formerly been favourites of the Gods, and had now their Prieſts and Altars as Demi-gods. He recounted as many extraordinary anecdotes of them as he thought neceſſary to complete my folly; he did not omit giving me inſtructions how I was to behave myſelf to the God, if he ſhould appear to me a ſecond time; in particular he adviſed me, to ſuſpend my judgment upon every thing, not to be ſurprized at whatever might happen, and always to have in my mind the precepts of our philoſophy, which, when we are to be wrought upon by the Gods require an entire paſſiveneſs in us. Any one leſs inexperienced than I was, muſt have ſuſpected ſome artifice concealed under theſe ſpecious appearances. Nothing but the detection of this religious hypo-

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hypocriſy could open my eyes, I could not poſſibly of myſelf entertain a ſuſpicion, that the affection of a Deity could be ſelf-intereſted; I ſhould rather have ſuppoſed, that he would have contributed greatly to ſatisfy my thirſt after knowledge, and endowed me with more than human perfections. At length the declarations of this *Apollo* ſurprized me, and his actions ſtill more. I diſcovered in the end, what you muſt have foreſeen long ago, that the pretended Deity was no other than *Theogiton* himſelf; who no ſooner found that his artifices were diſcovered, than he inſtantly altered his tone, and endeavoured to perſuade me, that he had deviſed this ſcheme, merely that he might the better convince me of the folly of that theological ſyſtem, to which I had ſo ſtrong a propenſity. The inference he drew from hence, was, that all the notions we had of the Gods, were only the inventions of artful men, calculated to impoſe upon women, and upon the

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credulity of youth. In a word, he advanced every thing, with which a ſcandalous paſſion could inſpire a profligate contemner of the Gods, rather than that a plan ſo well concerted, and ſupported with ſo much artifice, ſhould prove abortive and ineffectual. I reproached him for his wickedneſs with a ſpirit of indignation, which enabled me to break off all connection with him. The very next day he had the effrontery to continue the functions of a Prieſt with the ſame hypocritical devotion, which had hitherto impoſed upon me and many others. He did not ſhew the leaſt alteration in his behaviour towards me, and ſeemed to have as much forgotten what had paſſed, as if he had drank up the river *Lethe*. This behaviour increaſed my uneaſineſs: I could not as yet conceive that there exiſted perſons, who, in the midſt of the exceſſes of vice, could preſerve that compoſure and ſerenity, which are the natural companions of innocence. But it

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was not long before the imprudence of this impoſtor relieved me from the anxieties I had experienced ever ſince the adventure of the Grotto. *Theogiton* quitted the temple of *Delphos*, and no one was able to account for his diſappearance. Only I was led to ſuſpect from what was privately whiſpered, that *Apollo* might poſſibly have been at laſt diſguſted of being repreſented by proxy: it was ſaid too, that one of our young companions, a relation of the high Prieſt, was the occaſion of his retreat.

THESE circumſtances led me to make a variety of new reflections: but my paſſion for the marvellous, and my favourite ideas did not loſe any thing by them; they gained much more ſtrength while I confined them to my own breaſt, and made the immortals alone witneſſes of what paſſed within my ſoul. It was my chief ſtudy to improve theſe ideas according to the principles of the Orphean philoſophy. I began to think, that it was impoſſible there

there ſhould be any other than an ideal connection between ſuperior beings and men. Nothing but the beauty and purity of the ſoul, could poſſibly make us objects of the benevolence of that incomprehenſible, univerſal, and ſupreme ſpirit, from whom all the heavens derive their light, as the planets from the ſun, and by whom the perfection and unvaried regularity of all nature is maintained. The agreement of all our powers, thoughts, and moſt ſecret inclinations, with the great deſigns and univerſal laws of the governor of the viſible and inviſible world, explains the true myſtery of our being one day admitted into the divine preſence, which I conſidered as the natural deſtiny, and utmoſt aim of the wiſhes of an immortal being.

I imagined that both the ſpiritual excellence of the ſoul, and this ſublime coincidence of its powers with the views of the ſupreme legiſlator, were moſt certainly to be acquired by the contemplation

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tion of nature; which I repreſented to myſelf as a mirror, from whence the eſſential, eternal, and divine attributes are reflected on our mind, which is as thoroughly penetrated, and filled with them, as a drop of water is pervaded by the rays of the ſun. I perſuaded myſelf, that the perpetual contemplation of that wiſdom and goodneſs, which ſhine forth as well in the particular conſtruction of each part of the creation, as in the general plan and œconomy of the whole, would be an infallible method of becoming wiſe, and happy ourſelves. I put all theſe in practice; every new thought unfolding itſelf in my mind, held a faithful correſpondence with my heart; and thus I lived for a few happy years of my life, in a calm and enlightened ſtate: a ſtate which I ſhall never recollect but with a kind of painful ſatisfaction. I then knew not, and happy was I in my ignorance, that ſuch a ſtate could not be of long duration: the paſſions of a more advanced age,

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age, or even without theſe, the unavoidable embarraſſments attending the inſtability of human affairs, are not conſiſtent with a long continuance of ſerenity and reſt, which are only the prerogatives of immaterial beings.

CHAP. III.

Love under different Appearances.

IN the mean time I attained my eighteenth year; and amidſt the pleaſing ſenſations, of which my turn of thinking and my employment ſeemed to promiſe an inexhauſtible ſupply, I felt a void, which could not be filled up by any ideas. I beheld the various ſcenes of nature as it were with other eyes, and my heart was touched with the beauties they preſented, in a manner before unknown to me. The warbling of the birds in the groves was expreſſive of ſomething

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ſomething new to me, though I could not explain what it was. The woods, which now began to be covered with leaves, invited me to indulge in their ſhade a voluptuous melancholy, which overcame me in defiance of all my moſt ſublime reflections. I fell inſenſibly into a ſoft and ſpiritleſs indolence; it ſeemed as if I had been hitherto happy in imagination alone, and my heart panted for an object, which might realize every ideal perfection, I had hitherto taſted only as in a viſionary banquet. Then it was, that the charms of friendſhip raiſed more animated feelings in me than I had before experienced. A friend, (ſaid I,) a friend would gratify theſe ſecret longings of my ſoul. My fancy drew the picture of a *Pylades*; my eager heart adorned it with every amiable quality, and even with thoſe outward graces, which according to my ſyſtem, were the natural colouring of virtue. I ſought for this friend among the blooming youths with whom I aſſociated:

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ciated: my heart flattered itſelf more than once that I had found him, but a little experience ſoon convinced me of my miſtake. Amidſt the train of choſen youths, who wore the livery of the Delphic God, there was not one ſo formed by nature, as fully to correſpond with my refined ideas.

It happened in the mean time, that I had the misfortune to inſpire the high Prieſteſs with a paſſion, which was as inconſiſtent with her age, as with her ſacred office. She had for ſome time given me diſtinguiſhing marks of her favour, but theſe I attributed as long as I could to a kind of maternal affection, which I returned with all the veneration I owed to her ſacred character.

Represent to yourſelf, charming *Danae*, my aſtoniſhment, when ſo reſpectable a perſon deſcended ſo low as to own, that whatever intercourſe I might ſuppoſe there was between her and *Apollo*, it had not influence enough to ſet her above the frailties

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frailties of ordinary women. The good lady was preciſely at that period of life, when an attempt to diſpute the heart of a man of any experience with a young rival would have been highly ridiculous: but yet ſhe might, without much vanity, think her charms were ſufficient to give the firſt inſtructions to a novice, ſuch as ſhe had good reaſon to ſuppoſe me to be. At the time of the ſacred war ſhe had been in the bloom of her beauty, but, like all perſons of her profeſſion, ſhe had taken ſo much care of herſelf, that ſhe might hope to make a diſtinguiſhed figure in a circle of autumnal beauties. If to theſe venerable remains of former graces, you add ſuch a kind of countenance as the fair *Ceres* is uſually painted with, large black eyes, which in ſpite of affected ſeverity ſparkled with voluptuous fire, an uncommon attention to her perſon, and the inſidious art of making the rigid modeſty of her ſacred dreſs, contribute to ſet off her charms to advantage,

you,

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you will then have a proper idea of this Prieſteſs; you will judge to what degree of danger the ſimplicity of my youth was expoſed by her artifices.

It is eaſy to imagine what an infinite deal of trouble it muſt coſt a woman, who inſpires reſpect rather than love, when ſhe firſt attempts to remove the obſtacles ſhe finds in the obſtinate prejudices of a young man of eighteen. Her ſituation debarred her from a full explanation, and my diffidence comprehended not the language ſhe was forced to make uſe of: for though the heart is uſually a ready interpreter of this kind of language, mine unfortunately ſaid nothing to me. It required the much experienced patience of an antient Prieſteſs, not to give up a thouſand times the deſire of making her views known to a man, who was entirely made up of ideas. She was at laſt obliged to have recourſe to the only ſtratagem, which, in a caſe of this kind, could be uſed with any proſpect of ſucceſs.

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ceſs. Her charms were ſtill attractive enough to dazzle the inexperienced eyes of a novice. The confuſion ſhe ſaw me in, at the firſt experiment ſhe made of this kind, was looked upon as a good omen; and perhaps ſhe would not have been deceived in her expectation, had it not been for a circumſtance unknown to her, which ſupplied my heart with uncommon fortitude.

Our virtue, or thoſe actions which ſeem to ſpring from that pure ſource, may generally be traced to ſome ſecret motives, which if they were known, would deprive us of a great part of our merit, if not of the whole. How eaſy is it to reſiſt the impulſe of one paſſion, when it is counterbalanced by another of ſuperior ſtrength!

A little before the fair *Pythian* had made this phyſical experiment upon me, the feſtival of *Diana* had taken place, which is celebrated at *Delphos* with all the ſolemnities due to the ſiſter of *Apollo*. All the

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the young girls above the age of fourteen aſſiſted at this ceremony, and ſang hymns in honour of the virgin Goddeſs. They were dreſſed in robes as white as ſnow, their treſſes floating looſely on their ſhoulders, and their heads and arms ornamented with flowers. At the ſight of ſuch a prodigious number of young beauties, whoſe leaſt charm was the freſhneſs and bloom of youth, even the faded eye of age might have been reanimated.—Judge, then, beautiful *Danae*, whether one, who could not behold the variegated beauties of a flower garden without a kind of tranſport, could poſſibly be inſenſible to ſo bright a ſcene! Loſt in ſoft confuſion, my eyes wandered among theſe inchanting forms, till they fixed all at once upon one object, at the firſt ſight of whom I felt no deſire to ſee any thing elſe. Many people, perhaps, would ſcarce have diſtinguiſhed her, particularly among ſo many other beauties: the fineſt ſhape, the moſt regular features, long flowing hair,

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hair, a complexion, which would have ſhamed the lilly and the roſe, could they have been ſenſible of her beauty, all theſe were graces ſhe poſſeſſed in common with her companions. Many of them excelled her in particular points of beauty, and if a painter had been to determine which was the moſt beautiful of all this charming group, he might poſſibly have overlooked her; but my heart judged not according to the rules of art: I felt, or, what is always in effect the ſame thing, I imagined I felt that no object could be more amiable than this young girl. Although I never thought of comparing her with the reſt of her companions, yet in my eyes ſhe outſhone them all. It is thus, ſaid I to myſelf, that innocence itſelf would appear, if in order to diſguiſe herſelf, ſhe ſhould aſſume the figure of one of the Graces: thus ſtrikingly pleaſing would be the features of her face, her eyes would diffuſe the ſame mild luſtre, and the ſame ſweetneſs would appear

appear in her ſmile; ſuch would be her look, ſuch her gait, and ſuch her every motion. This inſtant wrought ſuch an alteration within me, that, when I became capable of reflecting on my ſituation, it ſeemed as if I had been tranſlated into a new and more perfect ſtate of exiſtence: but all that time I was too much agitated, and too much abſorbed in my own ſenſations, to give an account of myſelf. My extaſy was ſo great, that I ſaw no more of the pomp of the feſtival; and it was not till the proceſſion was entirely over, that I was brought to myſelf as by a ſudden clap of thunder. I had ſome difficulty to perſuade myſelf, that I was not juſt awaked out of one of thoſe dreams, when, tranſported to the heavenly regions, my imagination ſometimes repreſented ſimilar objects to my view. The pain I felt at the removal of ſo agreeable a ſight, did not diminiſh the perfect ſatisfaction which ſecretly filled my heart. During the reſt of the evening, and the greateſt

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greateſt part of the night, all the powers of my ſoul were entirely taken up in conſidering even the ſmalleſt features of this lovely image, with all thoſe inexpreſſible charms, which perhaps were obſerved by me alone. My fancy painted them with ſuch vivacity, as to add new beauties to the object: my heart embelliſhed it with all natural accompliſhments, with all the excellencies of the mind, and with every moral virtue; in ſhort, with every thing that appeared beſt and moſt perfect.

What a picture is that to which love gives the colouring! But ſtill I thought that ſomething was wanting. I ſtrained my imagination to invent ſomething more beautiful than beauty itſelf, to give a ſtill higher finiſhing to the idea I formed of my fair unknown, and change it to the original itſelf. We ſaw each other at the ſame inſtant, and ſhe felt in herſelf, as ſhe afterwards owned to me, a ſecret emotion not unlike that with which my heart was agitated. I remember (how

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indeed is it poſſible to forget the leaſt of her motions) that we frequently caught each others eyes, and that ſhe as frequently caſt her's down, with a bluſh of modeſty, which covered all her lovely face with a roſy hue. I was too modeſt and unexperienced to draw any favourable concluſion from this circumſtance: but the pleaſure I took in dwelling upon it was as great, as if I had foreſeen that it would be attended with happy conſequences. I had none of that vanity which uſually makes us think ourſelves amiable, nor had I any idea of ſtudying the arts of pleaſing: but the beauty of the mind, which beamed forth in her countenance, the ſweet ſerenity which enlivened the natural air of ſerioufneſs, that was diffuſed over her features, inſpired me with the hopes of gaining her affections. And what a heaven of happineſs did theſe hopes open to my view! what an inchanting proſpect! what raptures! when I repreſented to myſelf, that my

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my whole life, and even all eternity itſelf, in whoſe unlimited abyſs the happy man ſo eaſily loſes the duration of his felicity, would be paſſed in her ſight, and by her ſide.

Such ſanguine expectations implied, that I ſhould ſee her again, and this wiſh introduced a deſire of knowing who ſhe was: but of whom ſhould I inquire? I had no friend I could venture to confide in; and if I ſhould aſk ſuch a queſtion of any other perſon, I imagined that my eyes would betray the ſecret of my heart. Love, whoſe advice is always to be depended upon, had already made me ſenſible of how much conſequence it was, that the Pythian Prieſteſs ſhould not be acquainted with the leaſt circumſtance, which might lead her to ſuſpect, that my affections were engaged, or give her reaſon to obſerve my behaviour with a jealous eye; accordingly I concealed my ſentiments, and waited with impatience, in hopes that ſome guardian Genius would

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assist in bringing about this wished for discovery. A few days after, it so happened that I met with a fair incognita in one of the avenues leading to the temple; the fear of being noticed by any one, prevented me from advancing towards her, and expressing by actions, and even perhaps by exclamations, the transport I felt at this unexpected interview.

As soon as she saw me, she stood still a few moments, and fixed her eyes upon me. I thought I perceived a sudden satisfaction glowing in her countenance.—She blushed, cast her eyes on the ground, and retired. I did not venture to follow her; but my eyes pursued her as far as possible, till she entered a door leading to the apartments of the Priestess: I repaired to the grove to indulge my thoughts on this agreeable sight with less interruption. The circumstance I had just observed, and her dress gave me reason to imagine, that she was one of the attendants on the Priestess, of which there were great numbers, though they

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they were ſeldom viſible except on ſome particular feſtivals. This diſcovery, which was of ſo much conſequence to me, employed my thoughts, when I received a meſſage, to attend the affectionate Prieſteſs, which certainly could not come at a more unwelcome ſeaſon.

THE deſire, and the expectation of getting another ſight of my beloved on this occaſion made me at firſt well pleaſed with the invitation, but my joy was ſoon damped by the melancholy reflection, that, ſhould my incognita happen to be preſent, it would perhaps be impoſſible for me to conceal from her rival the ſentiments with which ſhe had inſpired me. I was too much a ſtranger to the arts of diſſimulation, and my eyes ſo readily and clearly betrayed the emotions of my heart, that with all my efforts I could not hope to diſguiſe them. Impreſſed with theſe ideas, I was in no ſmall confuſion, when I was introduced to the Prieſteſs; but, finding no body with her except a little

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ſlave, about nine or ten years of age, I took courage. She appeared to be too attentive to her own behaviour to take notice of mine; or, which at leaſt is equally probable, ſhe imputed the change ſhe obſerved in my countenance to the effect of her charms, which ſhe expected now to be more powerful, as ſhe had ſpared no pains to place them in that ſeducing kind of obſcurity, which uſually ſets the imagination ſo powerfully at work in favour of the ſenſes.—She ſat, or rather lay reclined (for her attitude was between both) on a ſopha, richly embroidered with pearls and ſilver. There was a certain air of elegant negligence in her dreſs, which art has the ſkill to aſſume, when ſhe wiſhes to conceal from the beholder, how much nature is indebted to her aſſiſtance. Her robe, whoſe various colours were equally well adapted to the dignity both of her perſon and her ſituation, fell looſely about her in ſeveral folds: ſhe had contrived, however, to let the

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the outlines of what her dreſs concealed, appear ſufficiently diſtinguiſhable to attract the eye, and excite curioſity. Her arms, which were finely turned, were ſeen to the beſt advantage, by means of ſleeves half turned up; and a motion, that eſcaped her as it were by accident, in the courſe of our converſation, diſcovered a boſom, the charms of which were ſufficiently inviting to make her countenance appear twenty years younger. She perceived this trifling diſcompoſure in her dreſs, but, in attempting to ſet it right, ſhe had the misfortune to expoſe one half of her leg, which would have done honour to the faireſt Spartan. The total indifference with which I beheld theſe attractions, certainly enabled me to make obſervations, which a more intereſted ſpectator would not have found himſelf ſo much at liberty to notice. This ſight, however, kindled a kind of bluſh, which I felt glowing on my cheeks, but which would have appeared with

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more propriety in those of the Priestess. It gave me an air of confusion, with which the lady, who in doubtful cases always determined in favour of herself, appeared well pleased: she attributed my embarrassment, perhaps, to a timid irresolution, or to a struggle between love and respect, which, notwithstanding the powerful impression she had made upon me, might restrain me from putting the delicacy of her virtue to the trial. She concluded, that I wanted encouragement, which she would not have condescended to give to a more experienced lover. The reputation I had, of reading the poets with propriety, furnished her with a pretence for proposing an amusement, which might possibly answer her intentions. *Homer*, she assured me, was her favourite author, and she desired I would give her a specimen of my talents in reading him: she accordingly took up a *Homer* that lay near her, and, after turning over the leaves for some time, said, it was a matter

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ter of indifference to her which part it was, and she would give me the first that presented itself.

It happened fortunately to be the very part in which *Juno*, adorned with the girdle of *Venus*, entertains the father of the Gods with such a lively description of their first nuptial caresses. Transported with the poetic fire which glows in this picture, charmed by the insinuating harmony of the poet's numbers, she did not observe that a part of her dress, by a gesture of admiration which she made, was thrown into an inviting disorder. The passage I had been reading afforded her a pretence to turn the conversation on the irresistible power of the God of love. She seemed to join with those who maintain that none but savage, and abandoned hearts, can entertain any idea of resisting so powerful a Deity. I was of the same opinion, but added, that in the ideas most people had given of this God, they had offended against that great duty,

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which requires us to attribute to the Deities nothing but what was moſt excellent and moſt perfect: that the poets had committed great errors in this point, by the too ſenſual images they had introduced in their allegorical fables. I inſenſibly wrought myſelf into an enthuſiaſm: according to the principles of my myſterious philoſophy, I expatiated on intellectual love, the love which leads to the contemplation of eſſential excellence; the love which expands the ſpiritual wings of the ſoul, fills it with every virtue, and every perfection; and finally, by its connection with the origin and primary ſource of all goodneſs, loſes it in an abyſs of glory, tranquillity, and felicity, where it is entirely abſorbed, and by being annihilated, becomes at the ſame time deified.

THESE ſublime ſpeculations were as unintelligible to the Prieſteſs, as they were evident to me; ſo that in proportion as my imagination was warmed, ſhe was gradually

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gradually lulled to sleep by them. It was certainly very surprizing, that I should enter into a panegyric of intellectual love, when so fine a bosom was displayed to my view; and indeed after this trial the disappointed Priestess dispaired of bringing me, at least this evening, to a more natural way of thinking, and making love. She therefore dismissed me, after having given me to understand in very ambiguous terms, that she had particular reason for treating me with more distinction than any other of the servants of *Apollo*. I was even led to conclude from some hints she dropt, that she was a near relation of my father, yet unknown to myself; and might perhaps soon be permitted to disclose to me the secret of my birth, and that to this circumstance alone I was indebted for the friendship she distinguished me with, and which otherwise might possibly have appeared extraordinary to me. This declaration, the certainty of which her countenance

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gave me no room to doubt, had a double effect; it perſuaded me, that I might be deceived in the opinion I had entertained of her affections, and at the ſame time contributed to give her an intereſt in my heart. Accordingly I had no ſooner learnt, that ſhe knew my father, than I began to conſider her in a very different light. She would probably have derived in a much leſs time greater advantages from this diſpoſition of mine than from all the artifices, with which ſhe had tried to ſurpriſe my ſenſes. But the good lady was not ſenſible, how great an aſcendant may be gained over ſome people, if we can but find means to intereſt their natural affections, or, perhaps, ſhe was offended at the ſtrangeneſs of my behaviour, and thought that to diſmiſs me from her preſence at the very time that my eyes told her I wiſhed to ſtay, was the beſt way of revenging the neglect ſhewn to her charms. I preſſed her to complete her kindneſs, by imparting to me the ſecret

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ſecret of my birth, but all my intreaties were vain, ſhe ſent me from her, and carried her cruelty ſo far, as to let a conſiderable time paſs before ſhe ſuffered me to ſee her again. At any other time, the deſire of knowing the author of my being, would have made me feel this delay as a very ſevere puniſhment; but at that time a few minutes brought me to myſelf, and one reflection on my dear incognita with all her charms, was ſufficient to efface the image of the Prieſteſs from my mind, and make me forget all ſhe had ſaid, and all ſhe had refuſed to tell me. It was of much greater importance to me to know who ſhe was, and whether, as I flattered myſelf, my paſſion for her met with a ſuitable return, than to gain information in a matter relating to myſelf, which cuſtom had now almoſt made totally indifferent to me. As long as I was ignorant of the former, I might have diſcovered that I was heir to a crown without any emotion: the look ſhe had fixed upon

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upon me this evening ſeemed to promiſe ſomething, which had infinitely more influence over my heart, than all the advantages I could have derived from the moſt diſtinguiſhed birth. My whole frame ſeemed to be penetrated and enlightened by this glance, as by a celeſtial light. I had no clear conception of what had happened to me; but whenever I repreſented her to myſelf, with ſuch a look, with ſuch expreſſion in her lovely face (the impreſſions of which were as lively as if ſhe had been actually preſent) I found my heart diſſolved in ſenſations and pleaſures, whoſe melting ſoftneſs no words can expreſs.

HERE *Agathon's* imagination, heated by the recollection of his firſt love, began, as we ſee, to take an extraordinary flight: but he was interrupted in the career of his ill-timed enthuſiaſm, by a viſible alteration in the countenance of his fair hearer, which at once from his eighteenth year, to which this little extaſy had

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had transported him, brought him back to *Smyrna*, to himself, and to the fair *Danae*.

CHAP. IV.

Continuation of the preceding Narrative.

IT is an old observation, that a lady finds little entertainment in hearing an account of the impressions which have been made upon us by another. The more spirit, truth, and eloquence we display in our narrative, the more charming the picture is, the more beautiful our images, and the more animated our expression, so much the more likely shall we be to lull the lady to sleep. This observation should be particularly recommended to those, who entertain their present mistress with the recital of their former amours.

Agathon,

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Agathon, who was ſtill very unable to govern his imagination, had been entirely inattentive to this maxim, ſince he firſt began to recount the hiſtory of his early attachments. Paſt ideas were ſo ſtrongly impreſſed on his memory, that they ſeemed to intereſt his heart. It did not occur to him, that a miſtreſs of *Danae's* complexion would be much leſs diſpleaſed with a metaphyſical detail of intellectual love, than with ſuch a paſſionate deſcription of the ſentiments with which another's merit had inſpired him. Something between a yawn and a ſigh, which eſcaped her at that part where we broke off his hiſtory, together with a certain expreſſion of wearineſs which diſcovered itſelf, in ſpite of all her endeavours to counterfeit a pleaſed and ſatisfied attention, made him at laſt ſenſible how indiſcreet he had been. He pauſed a moment, bluſhed, and could hardly recollect where he left off. However, he recovered himſelf ſoon enough to aſſign ſome caſual pretence

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pretence for his diſorder, and continued his hiſtory with a reſolution to be more upon his guard for the future; and to ſhorten his deſcriptions as much as poſſible; a reſolution, which, if he is capable of adhering to, our readers will be as well ſatisfied with, as the charming *Danae*.

THE pleaſing dreams, (continued our hero) in which my heart ſo fondly indulged itſelf, had not reality enough to keep my mind long in this agreeable ſituation. A tender melancholy, which was however attended with a certain kind of pleaſure, took ſuch ſtrong poſſeſſion of me, that it was with difficulty I could conceal it from the perſons with whom I was obliged to paſs ſome part of the day. I courted ſolitude, and as I had but few hours at my diſpoſal during the day, I repaired to the pleaſant grove that ſurrounded the temple, where I paſſed the greateſt part of the time which others gave up to ſleep, kept awake by my

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my thoughts and by the image of my fair unknown. One night it happened, that I accidentally ſtrayed into a part of the grove, which looked like a kind of wilderneſs, but the moſt agreeable one that could be conceived. In the midſt of it was a thicket, which formed a winding labyrinth adorned with lofty Cypreſs trees, and numerous bowers planted by the hand of nature. Theſe mazes led to an open place, bounded on one ſide by a ſemi-circle of wild laurels riſing in rows one above another; and on the other ſide ſlightly fenced in with myrtle ſhrubs and roſe buſhes. The center was filled with ſtatues of Nymphs of white marble, ſhaded with roſe buſhes hanging over them. They ſeemed ſleeping upon their urns, while a ſtream from each urn flowed into a large baſon of black poliſhed marble, in which the females, who live under the protection of the Delphic God, bathed themſelves in the Summer. This place, according to ancient tradi-

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tion, was ſacred to *Diana*, and it was ſaid, that no one of our ſex dared to approach her hallowed retirement, on pain of incurring the reſentment of the inexorable divinity. The Goddeſs however might probably make an exception in favour of a harmleſs Enthuſiaſt, who accidentally wandered there without intending to diſturb her repoſe, and without knowing whither he was going. So far from giving me any proofs of her diſpleaſure, ſhe even favoured me with an apparition, far more agreeable to me than if ſhe herſelf had deſcended in perſon and made me her *Endymion*. At the inſtant I ſaw the apparition, it occurred to me, that this was the very place, which had ſo often been deſcribed to me, in order the more effectually to deter me from approaching it, and I really thought at firſt, that the object before me was the Goddeſs herſelf, fatigued by the chace, and ſleeping amongſt her Nymphs. Trembling with religious horror I attempted

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tempted to retreat, when by an oblique glance of moon-light, I diſcovered it to be my incognita. I will not attempt to deſcribe the ſituation of my mind at this inſtant, it was ſuch, that the recollection of it alone is ſufficient to perſuade me, that any being capable of enjoying the ſame happineſs, muſt certainly be deſtined to partake the felicity of the Gods. It was not natural that I ſhould now think of retiring without being perceived: my only ſolicitude was to avoid terrifying the lovely retired fair, by ſurpriſing her ſuddenly at an hour, and in a place, where ſhe could not poſſibly ſuppoſe any one to be near her, much leſs a man. The poſture ſhe was in, lying reclined againſt one of the marble ſtatues, led me to conclude, that ſhe was loſt in deep meditation. I gazed upon her a conſiderable time without being diſcovered: this circumſtance gave me an opportunity of altering my poſition in ſuch a manner, that I could not fail of being ſeen by her, when

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when she should lift up her eyes. This precaution succeeded to my wishes: she looked at me and started; but she recollected me too quickly to mistake me for a Satyr. My presence seemed rather to give her satisfaction than trouble; any other man, even a Satyr, would doubtless have had some fine turned compliment in readiness, to express his happiness at the sight of so charming an object; there could not have been a more favourable opportunity of taking her for a Goddess, or at least for one of the companions of *Diana*, and making the mistake an apology for addressing her. But I, who was impressed with new and inexpressible feelings, was unable to say any thing. I was tempted to throw myself at her feet, but the timidity, which is inseparably connected with the first impressions of love, and more especially at that time of life, restrained me. I was apprehensive, that such a freedom would give her disadvantageous ideas of the profound respect I entertained

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entertained for her: but ſhe, who was not equally embarraſſed, with that air of graceful modeſty, which at firſt diſtinguiſhed her in my eyes from the reſt of her companions, roſe up from the ground, and advanced a few ſteps towards me: "What accident hath brought *Agathon* "hither?" ſaid ſhe, in a tone of voice which ſtill methinks I hear, a voice ſo ſoft and ſo affecting, that it inſtantly inſinuated itſelf into my ſoul. In the ſweet confuſion I felt, I could think of no better anſwer than to aſſure her, that I ſhould not have had the preſumption to intrude upon her retirement, if I had had the leaſt idea of her being there. The compliment was certainly not ſuch, as a young Athenian would have thought of on the like occaſion; but *Pſyche* (for that, as I afterwards learnt, was the name of my incognita) was too innocent to expect compliments. "I am ſenſible of my im- "prudence, replied ſhe, though rather "too late: what muſt *Agathon* think of me,

"me, to find me alone, in this ſolitary "place, at ſo unſeaſonable an hour? "However, added ſhe bluſhing, ſince it "has been my fate to have a witneſs of "my indiſcretion, it is lucky for me that "it is *Agathon*." I aſſured her that nothing appeared more natural to me than the taſte ſhe appeared to have for ſolitude, and the pleaſure ſhe ſeemed to find in the calm ſerenity of ſo fine a night, in ſo delightful a retreat. I expatiated largely on the agreeableneſs of the moon-ſhine, the magnificent ſplendor of the ſtarry heavens, the inſpiration, which this ſolemn ſilence of all nature infuſes into the ſoul, the ſuſpenſion of the ſenſes, and the awaking of the internal ſecret power of our immortal part. Theſe were things, which the generality of the fair ſex would have thought very improperly introduced, eſpecially, in ſuch a delightful myrtle grove, and in the inviting clearneſs of ſo ſerene a ſummer's night, but *Pſyche*, whoſe heart was full of ſenſibility, found them correſpond

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reſpond with all it's moſt delicate feelings. The converſation, in which we were imperceptibly engaged, diſcovered a harmony in our taſte and inclinations, that almoſt inſtantly produced as cordial and familiar an intercourſe between our ſoul.—We ſeemed already to have loved each other for a number of years. I fancied, that by a kind of immediate intuition I read in her ſoul what ſhe was going to ſay. On the other hand, my diſcourſe, how abſtracted, ideal, and poetical it might be, was merely the echo of her own ſenſations and ideas, which lay concealed like embryos in her ſoul, and only wanted the warm influence of a more cultivated ſpirit to make them unfold themſelves, and by their native ſimplicity diſgrace the moſt ſublime and ingenious opinions of the philoſophers. The time appeared ſo ſhort, that we thought we had not been more than an hour together, when the approaching dawn put us in mind of the neceſſity of parting

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parting from each other. I learnt from this converſation, that my beloved was no leſs a ſtranger to her birth, than I was to mine. All ſhe could tell me was, that ſhe was brought up under the care of a nurſe in the neighbourhood of *Corinth*, till ſhe was ſix years old; but ſhe was then carried off by a band of ruffians, and ſold to the Prieſteſs of *Delphos*, who had taken care that ſhe ſhould be inſtructed in every branch of female accompliſhments, and perceiving that ſhe had a particular turn for books, had alſo provided perſons to teach her the art of reading the poets with propriety, and had ſince appointed her to be her reader. My love for the fair *Pſyche* was not much flattered by theſe circumſtances; but the pleaſure of the preſent moment baniſhed all anxiety for the future: perfectly indifferent about any conſequences into which my paſſion might hurry me, I gave myſelf up to it with all the confidence of innocence and youth. To behold, to

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love my *Pſyche*, to avow that love, to hear from her inchanting lips, and read in her expreſſive eyes that I was reciprocally beloved.—This was all the happineſs I aſpired to, or had any conception of. I gave her ſome deſcription of the impreſſion ſhe had made upon my heart at firſt ſight, and ſhe owned, that the eſteem in which I was held by all the people at *Delphos*, had prepoſſeſſed her very much in my favour: but my tender and reſpectful timidity reſtrained me from ſaying all my heart felt for her. My expreſſions were paſſionate and warm, but ſo different from the uſual language of love, that (though I ſaid infinitely more) I imagined I ſaid leſs than an ordinary lover, who is always more agitated by his own deſires, than touched with the merit of his miſtreſs. But when we were on the point of parting, my heart was ſo full that it would have betrayed me, had not the unexperienced youth of the fair *Pſyche* prevented her from having any diffidence

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diffidence of ſenſations, which ſhe judged of according to the innocence of her own. I burſt into tears, and intreated her return to the ſame place on the next night, in ſuch tender and affectionate terms, that it was impoſſible for her to ſend me comfortleſs away. Having no opportunity of ſeeing each other in the day time, we continued our interviews by night. Our love had already made a conſiderable progreſs, without our knowing that it was love: we called it friendſhip, and enjoyed under this appellation all its pure delights, undiſturbed by the doubts, jealouſies, and other ſymptoms of the paſſion. *Pſyche*, as well as myſelf, had wiſhed for a friend; we both thought we had obtained our wiſh; our turn of thinking, and the goodneſs of our hearts, produced an entire and unlimited confidence between us. As I had been accuſtomed, for a conſiderable time, to view things in a different light from the generality of people of my age, I

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beheld not *Psyche* as a beautiful girl, but as the most amiable and excellent of intellectual beings, whose spiritual charms shone through the transparent veil of an earthly covering. On the other hand, *Psyche*, who thirsted after knowledge, was never more happy than when I explained to her the mysteries of my poetical philosophy, and fancied while I spoke, that she heard the divine *Orpheus*, or *Apollo* himself. It is the property of love, however refined and abstracted from the senses it may be, to proceed by gradual advances, till it obtains the end for which nature appears to have designed it. Such was the progress of our's, which gradually underwent a variety of changes, though it still continued in reality the same. The name of friendship seemed now insufficient to express what we felt for each other, we agreed that the love which subsists between brother and sister, appeared to be the strongest, and the most pure of all the affections nature hath implanted

planted in us. We were tranſported with this idea, and, after having frequently regretted, that nature had deprived us of this happineſs, we were at laſt ſurpriſed, we had not ſooner diſcovered, that it was in our power to form ſuch an alliance without her aſſiſtance. Accordingly we commenced brother and ſiſter, and continued this connection for ſome time, interchanging the innocent endearments warranted by thoſe names, without any infringement, in our opinion at leaſt, of the laws of virtue, which we had ſworn to obſerve with the ſame fidelity, as thoſe of love. In this tender commerce of hearts, our enthuſiaſm led us to imagine, that the idea, or rather the bare poſſibility of our being ſuch near relations was the voice of nature. In favour of this illuſion, we went ſo far as to diſcover a real or imaginary reſemblance in ſome of our features: but as we could not always conceal our doubts of the certainty of theſe marks of conſanguini-

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ty, we found a ſtill greater ſatisfaction in indulging the idea of a natural relation between our ſouls, a ſympathetic correſpondence of the one with the other, an intimacy already contracted in ſome prior exiſtence in better worlds; and we traced this inchanting idea through a thouſand delightful images. But the fantaſtic turn of mind, which our intellectual paſſion had inſpired, did not ſtop here; all the powers of our imagination were exerted to the utmoſt, in forming an idea of the kind of love ſubſiſting between ſpiritual beings in a celeſtial ſphere: nothing leſs than ſuch an idea could correſpond at once with the energy and purity of our ſentiments, or be ſuitable to beings, who derived their origin from the heavens, to which they were deſtined to return. I muſt own to you, charming *Danae*, that I cannot recollect this happy enthuſiaſm of my youth, without wiſhing that the deluſion had laſted for ever. There is, however, nothing more certain, than that

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theſe too highly ſpiritualized ſentiments would in the end have ſubſided; for nature, jealous of her own rights, would inſenſibly have brought us to love each other in a common way, if the Pythian Prieſteſs had allowed us as much time as was requiſite for making the experiment. Several weeks had paſſed without her taking the leaſt notice of me, at leaſt in appearance, and for my own part I had ſo entirely forgotten her, that I was exceedingly ſurpriſed at receiving a meſſage to attend her. I ſoon found, that the Paphian Goddeſs, who might perhaps wiſh to revenge herſelf for ſome former offence, had not ſuffered her to enjoy ſo much tranquility, during this interval, as might have been wiſhed for her ſake, as well as mine. She had probably, like *Phædra* in *Euripides*, ſummoned all the pride of the woman and the Prieſteſs, to ſubdue a paſſion, the impropriety of wich ſhe could not poſſibly conceal from herſelf; but it is not leſs probable, that

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ſhe had pacified herſelf again with thoſe flattering but deluſive arguments, the poet puts into the mouth of the nurſe of that unhappy princeſs, and had at laſt taken the heroic reſolution of ſubmitting to her deſtiny. Accordingly, when ſhe found that all her endeavours to make me comprehend her meaning were ineffectual, ſhe broke through a reſerve, which I would not underſtand, and expreſsly told me, with a warmth which made me bluſh and tremble, that ſhe loved, and expected to have her love returned. The alluring motions, and the voluptuous attitude which accompanied this declaration, ſeemed calculated to give me a ſtronger impreſſion than I had hitherto received, of the height of the felicity that was offered to me: I cannot even now avoid bluſhing, when I recollect the confuſion into which all my ſublime ideas were thrown at this inſtant. Human nature ſo degraded! the name of love ſo ſhamefully profaned! But the Prieſteſs indeed

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indeed herſelf could not be leſs mortified, or leſs chagrined at my manner of rejecting her propoſals, than I was at the unavoidable neceſſity of treating her with ſo little reſpect. I endeavoured to ſoften the harſhneſs of my reply, by couching it in the mildeſt terms my confuſion would allow me to think of; but I ſoon found, that violent paſſions could no more be appeaſed by words than a hurricane. The Prieſteſs, no longer miſtreſs of herſelf, conſidered what I had ſaid with the laudable, though ill-timed view of reviving her ſinking virtue, as the moſt offenſive inſult. She broke out into a moſt violent paſſion, which threw me into the greateſt embarraſſment. She vented her rage in threats and imprecations, and in an inſtant burſt into a flood of tears, interrupted with ſuch affecting exclamations, that I was very near indulging the weakneſs of weeping with her, though there was no ſympathy between our feelings. At length I had re-

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courſe to the only expedient left me, to put an end to the ridiculous part I acted in this ſcene, I fled. The ſame night I met my beloved *Pſyche* in the uſual place, and my mind was too much agitated by the evening's adventure, to permit me to conceal it from her. We pitied the Prieſteſs, however difficult it was for us to form an idea of the rage and torments of a paſſion, which bore ſo little reſemblance to our's; but we pitied ourſelves much more. The fury, in which I left her, gave us room to apprehend the worſt. We trembled each of us, for the other's ſafety; and the apprehenſion, that ſhe might diſcover our interviews, made us determine, however ſevere the trial might prove, for a while not to repeat them ſo frequently. Thus care and diſquietude firſt intervened to interrupt the pure delights of our innocent love, and we took leave of each other with heavy hearts. It ſeemed as if we had a preſage, that this would be our laſt meeting

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meeting at *Delphos*; and we bade each other a thouſand times farewell, but had not the power to quit our mutual embrace. We concerted our meaſures ſo as to fix our interview for the third night after. During this interval, I accidentally fell into company with the Prieſteſs. In her behaviour to me before other people, ſhe very naturally aſſumed the friendly air, which might be expected from the relation ſhe pretended to bear to me, and which ſhe had judged neceſſary to ſcreen her familiarities from the aſperſions of rigid cenſure: I remarked, however, that, when ſhe thought herſelf unobſerved, ſhe fixed her eyes on me with the utmoſt tenderneſs. I was too ingenuous to ſuſpect diſſimulation under theſe appearances of returning love; and the concluſion I drew from them, entirely relieved me from the apprehenſion, that ſhe might have diſcovered my connection with *Pſyche*. I flew with impatient joy to the appointed interview, and waited till the day was al-

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most ready to break upon me. I searched over the whole grove, but no *Psyche* was to be found: I passed the two following nights in the same manner; my torment and agitation was inexpressible. 'Twas then I first experienced, that my imagination, which had hitherto been subservient only to my pleasures, was capable of making me as miserable, as it had made me happy. It was now beyond a doubt, that the Priestess had discovered our affection; and the consideration of the manner in which this circumstance might affect *Psyche*, presented itself in all the horrors which a self-tormenting imagination could paint. In the height of my distraction, I formed a thousand desparate resolutions, one after another. I resolved to go to the Priestess, and demand my *Psyche*; I resolved to pursue the most extravagant measures that despair could suggest; I believe I should have been capable of setting fire to the temple, if by that means I could have hoped to deliver

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deliver my *Pſyche*. A glimpſe of hope, however, that ſome unforeſeen accident might have prevented her from keeping her appointment, kept me from taking ſome extravagant ſtep, which of an evil that was merely imaginary, might have made one that was real, and irremediable. "Perhaps," ſaid I to myſelf, "the "Prieſteſs has no ſuſpicion of our ſecret "intercourſe; how wretched ſhould I be, "if I were the inſtrument of betraying "it?" This reflection induced me to pay a fourth viſit to *Diana's* grove. After having waited two hours in vain, I threw myſelf, oppreſſed with grief and deſpair, at the feet of one of the Nymphs, where I remained for ſome time motionleſs and inſenſible. When I came to myſelf again, I perceived a garland of freſh flowers hung round the neck and arms of one of the Nymphs. I immediately ſprang up, the better to diſcover what was meant by this ornament, and found a billet faſtened to the garland, in which

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which *Pſyche* told me, that I ſhould ſee her in this place the next night without fail at a certain hour; ſhe referred me to this interview for an account of the accidents that had prevented her ſo long from meeting me or letting me hear from her, aſſuring me I might reſt ſecure that the Prieſteſs did not know of our intercourſe.

I wiſhed with the utmoſt ardency, that this billet might be from *Pſyche*; I did not give myſelf time to entertain the leaſt ſuſpicion to the contrary; though I was unacquainted with the hand writing. I made therefore a very ſudden tranſition from the profoundeſt grief to the moſt exceſſive joy. I wound the garland about me, after having kiſſed on each flower the imperceptible traces of the lovely fingers that had woven it. The next evening every moment ſeemed an age, till the hour of appointment arrived. I went half an hour ſooner to the ſacred grove to return thanks to the good Nymphs for having taken our love under their protection;

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at laſt I thought I ſaw *Pſyche* advancing through the myrtle hedges. The night was enlightened only by the glimmering of the ſtars; but I ſoon knew her uſual dreſs, and was too much tranſported by the firſt ſound of her ſteps, as ſhe approached, to perceive that the woman, who advanced towards me, had more the appearance of a wanton Bacchant, than that youthful delicacy, which diſtinguiſhed my amiable friend. We ran into each others arms with mutual joy. The ſilent inchantment of the firſt moment did not leave me at liberty to make remarks; but I ſoon found myſelf preſſed, with an ardour very inconſiſtent with the innocent tenderneſs of a *Pſyche*, to a boſom almoſt naked and agitated with violent palpitations. This could not be *Pſyche*. I wanted to diſengage myſelf from her arms; but ſhe embraced me with ſtill greater ſtrength, redoubling at the ſame time her amorous careſſes. I immediately diſcovered my miſtake, and the horror I was ſeized with

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overpowered me ſo much, that in the efforts I made to get looſe from the furious Prieſteſs, we both came to the ground together. I could wiſh out of regard to her ſex, which I look upon as the moſt amiable part of the creation, that I could efface the ſcene from my memory. The efforts of this unhappy woman became at length ſo diſguſting, that they threw me into a paſſion, which rendered me ſuperior to the tranſports of her rage. I was obliged to ſummon all my reaſon to prevent my loſing ſight of the regard I owed at leaſt to her ſex. But certain I am that any woman who retained the leaſt ſpark of moral ſentiment, muſt have preferred death to the reproaches and execrations, with which I loaded her. She threw herſelf at my feet burſting into tears—this ſight was inſupportable—I attempted to fly—ſhe followed, ſhe hung upon me, and intreated me to kill her. I paſſionately called upon her to reſtore *Pſyche* to me, this demand ſeemed to deprive her of

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of reaſon. She gave me to underſtand, that the life of that ſlave was in her power, and that it depended on the reſolution I ſhould take. She perceived the alteration this menace produced in my whole frame. We both remained ſilent for ſome time, at length ſhe aſſumed a more gentle, though no leſs determined a tone, to convince me of the truth ſhe had juſt told me. While ſhe was ſaying all that her jealouſy could ſuggeſt, I had time to recover myſelf, and found leſs reaſon to be apprehenſive of her threats, from conſidering that the execution of them was inconſiſtent with the regard ſhe muſt have for her own ſafety. Accordingly I told her, with a coolneſs which aſtoniſhed her, that ſhe could only diſpoſe of the life of my young friend at her own peril; and deſired her at the ſame time to conſider, that ſhe herſelf had put her own life, and what ought to be ſtill dearer than that in my power. As to my own exiſtence, added I more eagerly, that ceaſes the moment

moment that *Pſyche* is loſt to me, for by the Deity, whoſe preſence fills this ſacred region, no power upon earth ſhall detain me from following her much loved ſpirit into a world, where vice cannot diſturb our ſacred love. My firmneſs ſeemed to ſubdue the proud ſpirit of the Prieſteſs. She told me at laſt, that ſhe plainly ſaw I placed all my confidence in having it in my power to ruin her, that I was at liberty to do what I thought proper; but I might reſt aſſured, *Pſyche* ſhould be anſwerable for every ſtep I ſhould take. With theſe words ſhe quitted me, and left me in a ſituation, the horror of which, as I then felt it, no language could expreſs. This adventure convinced me, that the Prieſteſs had found means to diſcover our ſecret, and that the garland was an artifice of her invention. After ſuch an inſtance of baſeneſs, I concluded that there was no crime how atrocious ſoever, of which this wretch was not capable, I was under no apprehenſions

henſions on my own account, but feared the worſt for *Pſyche*, whom I muſt neceſſarily leave to the fury of a rival, without being able to reſcue her by any efforts my love could inſpire.

CHAP. V.

Agathon flies from Delphos, and finds his Father.

AFTER having paſſed ſome days in a cruel uncertainty concerning the fate of my beloved, I was at laſt informed by a friend of her's, who attended on the Pythoneſs, that ſhe was no longer at *Delphos*. This was all I could learn of her, but it was ſufficient to make my ſtay at *Delphos* inſupportable. My reſolution was inſtantly taken. I diſappeared the following night, regardleſs of the conſequences that might attend ſo imprudent a ſtep; or to ſpeak more properly,

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perly, I was in a ſituation of mind, that prevented me from making any rational reflection, I paſſed ſome time in wandering about all the places, where I could entertain the leaſt hope of finding any traces of my fair friend, having the weakneſs to imagine, that wherever ſhe was would attract me by the magic power of the ſympathy that ſubſiſted between our ſouls. But I was deceived in my expectation; no perſon could give me the leaſt tidings of her. Inſenſible of all the hardſhips I muſt neceſſarily be expoſed to in this wild purſuit, I felt no other anxiety than what aroſe from our ſeparation, and the uncertainty of what her fate might be; and would have given my life to be aſſured that ſhe was in health. At length chance, or ſome compaſſionate Deity conducted me to *Corinth*. The ſun was juſt ſet, when fatigued to the utmoſt with travelling, and weakened by abſtinence, I arrived before the court of one of the moſt magnificent villas, that adorn the ſhores

ſhores of the Corinthian ſea. I repoſed myſelf at the foot of a lofty cypreſs, full of reflections on the natural, and during the heat of paſſion unforeſeen, conſequences of my flight from *Delphos*. My ſituation was really ſuch as might well overcome the greateſt fortitude. Driven into a world where every thing was ſtrange to me, friendleſs, ignorant how I ſhould preſerve a life, the author of which was not even ſo much as known to me.—I caſt a mournful look around, all nature appeared to have abandoned me. On the wide extended ſurface of my mother earth, I ſaw nothing to which I could lay any claim, except a grave, when the weight of misfortune ſhould at length have deſtroyed me; and even this I could only hope for, from the humanity of ſome compaſſionate traveller. Theſe melancholy reflections were ſtill imbittered by the recollection of my former happineſs, and by the conſciouſneſs that I had not deſerved this calamity by any depravity of

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of heart, or diſgraceful action. I looked round me with eyes bathed in tears, as if in ſearch of one being throughout all nature, who might be affected with my ſituation. At this inſtant, I experienced the kind influence of that happy enthuſiaſm, which nature ſeems to have beſtowed upon thoſe, whoſe feelings are more than ordinary delicate, as an antidote to the inconveniences they are expoſed to by the ſenſibility of their hearts. I addreſſed myſelf to thoſe immortals, with whom my ſoul had long maintained a kind of inviſible connection. The idea, that they had been the witneſſes of my whole life, my thoughts, and moſt ſecret inclinations, infuſed the balm of comfort into my wounded heart. I ſaw my beloved *Pſyche* ſecure under the protection of their wings. " No," cried I, " in-
" nocence cannot be unhappy! Vice
" cannot always ſucceed in it's de-
" ſigns! In this ſtupendous ſyſtem,
" where ſpheres and atoms move with
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" equal obedience at the nod of a wife " and beneficent power, it would be mad- " neſs and impiety to give way to an ener- " vating puſillanimity. My exiſtence is " a proof that I am deſigned for ſome " purpoſe. Have I not a thinking ſoul, " and limbs deſtined to execute her de- " terminations with the moſt implicit " obedience? Am I not a Greek? Or, " if my country diſclaims me, am I not " a man? Is not the whole earth my " country? Does not nature give me an " irrevocable claim upon her for my pre- " ſervation, and for every thing neceſſary " to my happineſs, while I exert all my " efforts to diſcharge thoſe duties which " ally me to the world?" Theſe reflec- tions made me aſhamed of my tears, and reſtored my firmneſs. I began to conſi- ſider what expedient I could have recourſe to, to put myſelf in a better ſituation, when I perceived a middle-aged man ad- vancing towards me, whoſe air and mien at firſt ſight inſpired me with confidence and

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and reſpect. I immediately roſe up with a reſolution to accoſt him, to inform him of my ſituation, and to aſk his advice. He prevented me—"Young ſtranger," ſaid he, in an accent that made my heart bound towards him, "thou ſeemeſt fatigued with travelling; and, as I find "thee ſheltering thyſelf under the ſhade "of my tree, I hope thou wilt not deny "me the pleaſure of entertaining thee at "my houſe this night." This man, whom I now concluded to be the maſter of the houſe I ſaw before me, viewed and conſidered me with particular attention, while I was thanking him for his kindneſs. I acknowledged to him, with a frankneſs which betrayed my ſmall knowledge of the world, that having by accident been thrown into a country where I knew nobody, I was juſt going to aſk of him that protection, he had ſo generouſly offered me. I could not imagine what prejudiced him in my favour; it was certainly not my dreſs, as I had been obliged

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obliged, for fear of being discovered, to change the habit I wore at *Delphos* for a much meaner, and even this was considerably damaged in travelling. He repeated how highly he was pleased that chance had conducted me to him, rather than to any of his neighbours. I followed him into the house, which by its dimensions, stile of architecture, and magnificence, bespoke the wealth and taste of its owner. The saloon into which we first entered, was adorned with paintings by the most celebrated masters, and several statues and busts by *Phidias* and *Alcamenes*. You know that I am extravagantly fond of the productions of the fine arts; and my long residence at *Delphos* had made me some judge of them. I admired some pieces, made such observations as occurred to me on others, named the Artists, whose stile or manner I was acquainted with, and took occasion to mention others of their capital pieces. I observed that my host looked at me again with surprize,

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and ſeemed aſtoniſhed to hear a young man, whom he had found lying under a tree in ſuch mean attire, ſpeak with ſo much judgment of thoſe arts, on which it uſually falls only to the lot of men of rank and fortune to converſe in the ſtile of connoiſſeurs. Soon after we were informed that the ſupper was ſerved. He conducted me into a ſmall ſaloon, delicately painted with water colours by one of the moſt eminent ſcholars of *Parrhaſius*. We ſupped alone. The elegance of his table, the furniture, the attendance, all correſponded with the idea I had formed of the taſte and affluence of the maſter of the houſe. While we were at ſupper, a young man of a handſome mien and in an elegant habit entered and recited a part of the *Odyſſey* with a great deal of propriety. My hoſt told me, that he preferred this ſort of amuſement for the mind, to the female dancers and muſicians the Greeks are uſually entertained with at their meals. The commendations I beſtowed

ſtowed on his reader, led us into a diſcourſe upon the beſt mode of reciting, and upon the Greek poets. This converſation gave my hoſt freſh cauſe of ſurprize. He viewed me with more attention than ever, and as I thought, with a kind of tender emotion. He perceived I took notice of it, and told me, that the aſtoniſhment he had ſhewn at different times, when he looked at me, would not appear ſo ſtrange, when I was informed, that my features and air bore an extraordinary reſemblance to thoſe of a perſon he had formerly known. "Thou ſhalt "judge of this thyſelf," added he, and then changed the converſation to other ſubjects, till the wine and fruits were brought. Soon after we aroſe from table, and having walked ſome time in a gallery, ſupported by a double row of Corinthian pillars of variegated marble, and magnificently illuminated, he led me into a cloſet, the whole furniture and ornaments of which conſiſted of a writing-

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table, a book-caſe, a few ſeats, and a picture as large as life, which at firſt eſcaped my notice. He deſired me to ſit down, and having looked with emotion at the picture, which hung oppoſite to him for a conſiderable time, he ſpoke to me in the following terms: "Thy youth, "amiable ſtranger, the manner in which "our acquaintance hath commenced, "the qualifications I have diſcovered in "thee in ſo ſhort a time, and the affec-"tion thou doſt inſpire me with, juſtify "the curioſity I have to know thy name, "and the circumſtances, which at thy "early time of life have brought thee "into this ſtrange country, at ſuch a diſ-"tance from thy native home. I am "not apt to be prepoſſeſſed in favour of "any one at firſt ſight. But, from the "very moment I ſaw thee, I could not "reſiſt a ſecret charm, which attracted "me to thee. And in theſe few hours "thou haſt ſo far juſtified my ſudden "inclination for thee, that I congratulate "myſelf

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" myſelf on having liſtened to its ſuggeſ-
" tions. Gratify therefore my deſire, and
" be aſſured, that in making this requeſt,
" I am actuated much more by the hopes
" of being ſerviceable to thee, than by
" an indiſcreet curioſity. Conſider me as
" a friend, to whom, notwithſtanding
" the ſhortneſs of our acquaintance, you
" may diſcloſe yourſelf with all the con-
" fidence of the oldeſt and moſt faithful
" friendſhip." I was ſo touched with this diſcourſe, that it drew tears from my eyes: I was for ſome time unable to ſpeak; but, I believe, he read in thoſe tears, the reply my heart made him. At laſt I informed him, that I came from *Delphos*; that I had been educated there; that my name was *Agathon*; that I had never been able to diſcover who were my parents; and that the only information I had received was, that I had been brought to the temple when I was four or five years of age, and educated with other children deſigned for the ſervice of the

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Delphic God; that as I grew up, the Prieſts had treated me with diſtinguiſhed regard, and cauſed me to be inſtructed in every thing that was neceſſary to complete the education of a free-born Greek. *Stratonicus*, for ſo was my hoſt called, could ſcarce reſtrain himſelf at this recital: his colour changed; he would have ſpoken, but checked himſelf, and only requeſted to know, why I had left *Delphos*. How ingenuous ſoever I was, I could not get the better of thoſe conſiderations which ſilenced me on the ſubject of my love for *Pſyche:* to a friend of my own age, for whom I ſhould have entertained the ſame partiality I had for *Stratonicus*, I ſhould have opened the inmoſt ſecrets of my heart without reſerve, as ſoon as I had found him capable of partaking my ſenſations; but, in the preſent inſtance, I was reſtrained by ſomething I could not well account for: accordingly I threw the blame of my flight from *Delphos* entirely upon the Pythoneſs, and on this

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this occaſion entered into as full a detail, as the baſhfulneſs of my age would permit, of all the allurements ſhe had tried to overcome my virtue. He ſeemed greatly pleaſed with my conduct, and after I had continued my narrative down to the moment when I ſaw him, and expreſſed my feelings on that occaſion, he roſe eagerly from his ſeat, threw his arms about my neck, and with tears of joy and tenderneſs exclaimed, "My deareſt *Agathon*, behold thy father—There," added he, turning me ſoftly round, and pointing to the picture which ſtood behind the place where I had been ſitting—"There—in that portrait ſee thy mother, whoſe beloved features ſtruck me "at the firſt view of thy face, and occa"ſioned an emotion, which I now ac"knowledge for the voice of nature." Thou art too well acquainted with me, fair *Danae*, not to conceive my feelings at that inſtant much more ſtrongly than it is poſſible for me to deſcribe them. Such

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moments are not within the reach of deſcription; language has no words, nature no images to repreſent ſuch joys, and fancy itſelf cannot diſplay them in proper colours: it is beſt to be ſilent, and leave the hearer to his own ſenſations.—My father's happineſs ſeemed to be increaſed by my tranſports, which for a conſiderable time could only be expreſſed by tears, ſilent embraces, and the broken accents of the tendereſt paſſions nature is ſuſceptible of. The joy of diſcovering me to be his ſon, ſeemed to carry him back once more into the happieſt moments of his youth, and to revive ideas to which my preſence gave an additional delight. It was natural for him to ſuppoſe that I ſhould be deſirous of knowing what reaſons could prevail with ſo affectionate a father, who had ſo gladly received me as his ſon, to baniſh me from his preſence for ſuch a number of years: accordingly he gave me all the ſatisfaction I could deſire upon that head, by entering

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ing into a circumſtantial detail of the hiſtory of his paſſion for my mother. He accidentally became acquainted with her while he was yet under the authority of his father, who was the chief of one of the moſt illuſtrious families in *Athens*. My mother, at her firſt arrival at *Athens*, was very young, handſome, and very virtuous, and was under the care of an elderly woman, who paſſed for her mother. The ſtrict retirement, in which they lived, earning their ſubſiſtence with difficulty by the work of their own hands, ſcreened the young *Muſarion* from the notice and purſuit of rich and indolent young men, ever apt to conſider girls, who have no other defence but their innocence, no other riches than their beauty, as their lawful prey. She could not, however, from an accidental circumſtance, which I ſhall paſs over in ſilence, avoid being known to my father; whoſe regular and decent way of life, diſtinguiſhed him from the generality of Athenian youth of

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his time. His virtue could not secure him against the charms of the young *Musarion*; but his love received the cast of his character: It was virtuous, modest, and on that account more strong and lasting. His rank, his character, and the delicacy of his behaviour to the innocent object of his passion, were sufficient reasons for justifying the indulgence with which her mother permitted his private visits, though they soon became more and more frequent. Nothing can be more natural, than that we should be unable to see any person we love, exposed to want; and yet, at the same time, there is no circumstance more suspicious in the eye of the world, than the liberality of a young man to a young woman, whose misfortune it is to raise envy by her charms, and the contempt of the generality by her poverty. In these cases the world can hardly be persuaded, that the giver has no interested views, and that the receiver does not shew her gratitude at the expence of her innocence.

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cence. On this account *Stratonicus* uſed the greateſt precaution to conceal both from the world, and from the parties themſelves, what quarter the preſents came from, with which he occaſionally aſſiſted this little family. But at laſt they diſcovered their unknown benefactor, and theſe freſh proofs of his noble way of thinking, completed the impreſſion he had made long before on the inexperienced heart of the tender *Muſarion*, and entirely gained her affections. A paſſion requited with the utmoſt tenderneſs, could not fail to have made them the happieſt of lovers, if the ſituation of the young fair one had not oppoſed ſome obſtacles to their lawful union, which any one but a lover would have thought inſuperable. *Stratonicus* had the good fortune to diſcover at laſt, that his miſtreſs was an undoubted Denizen of *Athens*, and the daughter of a very honeſt, though poor man, who honourably loſt his life in the Peloponneſian war. He then ventured to diſcloſe the ſecret of his paſ-

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ſion to his father, and tried every method to obtain his conſent; but the old man, who did not think the charms and virtues of the young *Muſarion* ſufficient to counter-balance her want of fortune, remained inexorable.

Stratonicus's love was too violent to ſuffer him to obey the command he had received, to think no more of his miſtreſs. He would have thought himſelf the baſeſt of men, had he been capable of the leaſt change in his ſentiments. The difficulties and impediments his love had to encounter, produced on the contrary that effect, which they never fail to produce in ſuch a caſe on generous and truly affectionate hearts. The fire of their mutual love was now concentrated as it were into a point; and that affection, which for three years paſt, while it had been fed with hope, had been calm and gentle, was now inflamed into the moſt violent of paſſions. The heart, tired at laſt of the long oppoſition to it's darling pro-

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propenſities, loſes all power of reſiſtance; the longer it has endured the torments of a perſecuted and diſappointed love, the greater is the impatience with which it pants for that happineſs, a ſingle moment of which is able to extinguiſh the remembrance of the paſt, blunt the ſenſe of the preſent, and hide the proſpect of future calamity from our eyes, by deluding them with the ſweet faſcination of happy love. Add to this, that *Muſarion* was actuated by a motive of gratitude, from the oppreſſive burden of which her heart wiſhed to be relieved. They at length ſwore eternal conſtancy to each other, they gave full ſcope to the ſympathetic dictates of their hearts, and ſeized thoſe opportunities of happineſs, which love had put in their power. Their mutual felicity, far from weakening or extinguiſhing the tender union of their hearts, ſerved only to maintain and ſtrengthen it. Enjoyment was never known to be the grave of real affection.

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I was, fair *Danae*, the firſt fruits of their love. It happened fortunately at this very juncture, that a ſmall eſtate in one of the iſlands under the Athenian juriſdiction fell to my father by the will of an uncle. This eſtate afforded a retreat to my mother, and was the place of my nativity. I enjoyed the advantages of her maternal tenderneſs only three years, being deprived of them by the birth of a ſiſter, which proved the death of the amiable *Muſarion*. In the mean time *Stratonicus* had made ſeveral attempts to ſoften the heart of his father; but all his endeavours were ineffectual: He was therefore under the neceſſity of concealing his connections with my mother, as well as the conſequences of them. Her untimely death deſtroyed the plan of his future happineſs, without weakening thoſe ſentiments of tender fidelity, which he devoted to her memory.

THE care he owed to the pledges my mother had left behind her, prevented him

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him from becoming wholly a prey to grief, which for a long time rendered him indifferent to all the pleaſures of life, and unfit for any kind of application. The temple at *Delphos* appeared to him the beſt place to conceal me in, and at the ſame time to ſecure to me the advantages of a good education. He had ſome friends there, to whom he recommended me in a particular manner, enjoining them to leave me in abſolute ignorance of my birth. His deſign was to take me from *Delphos*, as ſoon as he ſhould be maſter of himſelf and his fortune by his father's death, and to bring me to *Athens*, where he then intended to declare his marriage with my mother, and to acknowledge me publicly for his ſon and heir. But the circumſtance of his father's death happened only a few months before I quitted *Delphos*, and urgent buſineſs had obliged him to defer the execution of his project.

As

As ſoon as my father had finiſhed his narrative, he ſent for an old freedman, whom he aſked, if he knew the little *Agathon* he had delivered up to the protection of *Apollo* at *Delphos*, fourteen years ago. The good old man, whoſe face I was no ſtranger to, recollected me the ſooner, as he had during that time been frequently ſent to *Delphos* by my father to inquire after me. A general joy now diffuſed itſelf throughout the whole family. The ſatisfaction my father ſhewed at ſeeing me reſtored to him, the pleaſure, with which all his domeſtics received me as the only ſon of their maſter, completed the joy I muſt neceſſarily feel at an event, which, by ſo unforeſeen and ſudden a turn, from the forlorn condition of a fugitive unknown even to himſelf, naked and expoſed to every danger, had raiſed me to ſo dazzling a ſituation. Dazzling it would probably have been for many, who might not have been ſo well prepared by education, as I was, to ſupport ſuch a change with

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with moderation. I muſt however do myſelf the juſtice to declare, that the certainty of being enrolled a citizen of *Athens*, and of being called forth by my birth and the virtue of my anceſtors to the moſt important offices, and the higheſt atchievements, was infinitely more pleaſing to me than the conſideration of that wealth which my father's fondneſs made him impatient to divide with me. I ſet no other value upon it, than as I thought it might enable me to live with greater freedom, and in a manner more conſiſtent with the principles I had imbibed. My attention was now engaged in ſpeculations of another nature, which appeared of as much importance with regard to my preſent ſituation, as the execution of them would be advantageous to the whole human race. I examined how I might adapt the ſublime maxims of my ideal ſyſtem of morality, to the form and adminiſtration of a republic. Theſe reflections, which employed me

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the greatest part of the night, inspired me with the warmest zeal, for a country I yet was acquainted with only from history. I traced out to myself the path a *Solon* and an *Aristides* had trodden before me, and fancied, that in pursuing it, I should meet with no obstructions, which virtue could not overcome. My patriotic enthusiasm carried me through the whole career, and I beheld in the city of *Athens* nothing less than the capital of the world, the law-giver of nations, the mother of arts and sciences, the sovereign of the sea, the center of intercourse to the whole human race.—In short, the projects I formed were as chimerical and extravagant, as those of *Alcibiades*; but with this essential difference, that mine were the offsprings of a heart animated with universal benevolence. They were also particular in this respect, that, supposing them to be morally possible, they might have been carried into execution without occasioning a tear or a sigh, and would cost no man

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man any other ſacrifice than that of his prejudices and paſſions, which are the ſources of all private unhappineſs. The execution of theſe projects appeared the more eaſy to me, as I conſidered the obſtacles ſeparately, without attending to them in a general view, or to the force they acquired from combination. I was even aſtoniſhed that a *Pericles*, inſtead of employing little expedients to render *Athens* the miſtreſs of *Greece*, had not perceived how much eaſier the taſk was to make her the temple of perpetual peace, and of the general happineſs of the world. Theſe admirable ſpeculations furniſhed matter for converſation, with which I uſually entertained my father in the evening. The vivacity of my imagination was ſo pleaſing to him, that his heart, which ſaw its own image reflected in mine, rejoiced at thoſe virtuous ſentiments, which we both conſidered, perhaps with too much partiality, as the ſource of my political dreams. All his repreſentations

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of the difficulties, that oppoſed my ſucceſs, which he compared to thoſe attending the quadrature of the circle, had no greater influence towards convincing me, than the remonſtrances of a cool friend uſually have upon a man in love. I had an anſwer for every thing; and the new turn my enthuſiaſm had taken, became ſo ſtrong, that I burned with the utmoſt impatience to be at *Athens*, and to put myſelf in a ſituation to enter upon this important undertaking, for which I thought myſelf deſtined.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VI.

Agathon arrives at Athens, and devotes himſelf to the Republic. An Inſtance of the peculiar nature, of what Horace calls, AURA POPULARIS.

MY father made no longer ſtay at *Corinth* than his affairs required. He embraced the firſt opportunity of carrying me to *Athens*, the city which my lively imagination had painted in ſuch ſplendid colours. I muſt confeſs, fair *Danae*, and (I hope I do not, in ſaying this, violate the ſacred regard I owe to my country) that the firſt view of this city ſtruck me in a manner very different from what I expected. My taſte was too much vitiated to bear any thing that fell ſhort of the extreme. I wiſhed to ſee every object included within that nice line in which the beautiful and ſublime are united. Whenever I diſcerned this perfection in particular parts, I was not ſatisfied

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ſatisfied, unleſs all theſe parts united to form one complete whole, in which harmony and conſiſtency were perfectly preſerved. *Athens*, as well perhaps as every other city in the world, was very far from this degree of excellence, though the good taſte and profuſion of *Pericles*, aſſiſted by *Phidias*, *Alcamenes*, and other celebrated artiſts, had raiſed her to ſuch a ſtate, that ſhe might contend for ſuperiority with the proudeſt cities in the moſt poliſhed parts of the world. I juſtly conſidered the improvement and completion of every thing in which her works of art might be deficient, as the eaſieſt part of my undertaking; and that it would be the natural conſequence of theſe meaſures, which in my apprehenſion could not fail of making *Athens* the center of the power and affluence of the whole globe.

On our arrival there my father's firſt care was to acknowledge me publicly, and in conformity to the laws of the country, as his ſon, and to cauſe me to be

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be enrolled as a citizen. This made me for ſome time an object of general attention. The Athenians, as thou certainly knoweſt, are more diſpoſed than any other people, to entertain of a ſudden the ſtrongeſt prepoſſeſſions for or againſt any perſon. I was fortunate enough to pleaſe them at firſt ſight. The deſire of ſeeing me, became a kind of epidemical paſſion among the young and old. The young people ſoon made a ſplendid ſociety about me, while the old men by the flattering hopes they conceived of me, inſenſibly inſpired me with a ſecret pride, and confirmed the too high opinion I was already inclined to entertain of my deſtination. This inſinuating pride ſheltered itſelf ſo effectually under the patronage of my beſt propenſities and moſt virtuous ſentiments, that it eſcaped my penetration, but it did not affect that modeſty, which ſeemed to diſtinguiſh me from moſt of the young people of equal rank with myſelf. This diſpoſition, beſides that

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that it gained me the general eſteem of the lower claſs of people, procured me alſo the advantage of being well received among the higheſt, the wiſeſt, and the moſt experienced perſons in the ſtate. Their converſation led me to the knowledge of a variety of particulars, which were of ſignal ſervice to me, on account of my early entrance into the republic. The purity of my manners, the attention I had to the improvement of my time, the zeal I ſhewed in qualifying myſelf for the ſervice of my country, my punctual attendance on the Gymnaſia, and the prizes I carried off in theſe exerciſes from the generality of competitors of my own age, all concurred in maintaining the favourable opinion which had been at firſt entertained of me. My father's merit, and the antiquity of our family, had no leſs a ſhare in opening the way to my advancement in the ſtate; ſo that it is not a matter of ſurprize, that at an age, in which the generality of youth are only

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only intent on purſuing their pleaſures, I ſhould have had the courage to harangue in the public aſſemblies, and the good fortune to meet with applauſe. This circumſtance indeed expoſed me to the riſque of being overthrown by my own preſumption, and by the envy of my competitors, as ſuddenly as I had been raiſed.

ELOQUENCE at *Athens*, as well as in all free ſtates, where the people are admitted to ſhare in the adminiſtration, is the ſhorteſt road to high employments, and the ſureſt method of attaining authority and influence without them. I therefore applied myſelf aſſiduouſly to ſtudy the myſterious powers of this art, on the practice of which, and on the degree of ſkill I might acquire in it, the ſucceſsful execution of my plans ſeemed to depend. When I reflected on all that *Pericles* and *Alcibiades* had perſuaded the *Athenians* to, I did not entertain the leaſt doubt but that I ſhould be able with the

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ſame addreſs, to bring them over to ſchemes of equal importance, which beſides that they were more noble in themſelves, and led to much more ſignal advantages, were at the ſame time neither ſo dangerous nor ſo uncertain. With this view I attended the ſchool of *Plato*, which was then in its higheſt reputation at *Athens*. He united the wiſdom of *Socrates* with the eloquence of *Gorgias* and *Prodicus*; and, in the opinion of my moſt experienced friends, was much more proper than the Rhetoricians were, to form an orator; whoſe aim ought not to be ſo much the captivating of the minds of his audience, by the deluſive artifices of an inſidious logic, as by the force of truth. From the freedom of acceſs, which this celebrated philoſopher allowed me, I ſoon found that my way of thinking was conſonant to his principles, and the friendſhip he inſpired me with at firſt, grew into an enthuſiaſtic attachment. This would have turned out to my diſadvantage,

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vantage, if the ſame opinions had been then entertained of him, as have prevailed ſince the publication of his metaphyſical dialogues, by which he with more reaſon incurred, both from perſons in power, and even from ſeveral who had before been his admirers, the reproach, which *Ariſtophanes* had formerly, with great injuſtice, thrown out againſt the wife *Socrates*. He had not then indeed written either his Timæus or his Republics; but the whole of this laſt mentioned work was already planned in his mind, for he frequently gave me the ſubſtance of it as we were converſing in the academic walks. This philoſopher took the more pains to inſtill into me his notions of the beſt manner of regulating and conducting human ſociety, as he hoped to have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them realized by my means, at leaſt as far as circumſtances would permit. But however warm his wiſhes for ſuch an event might be, they certainly fell ſhort of the

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ardour which animated me to reduce his ſpeculations into practice. My ſenſe of the duties incumbent on a man who takes a part in public affairs, was proportioned to the ſincerity and integrity of my intentions. I thought myſelf far from being actuated by ambition or other ſelf-intereſted paſſions; conſcious as I was, that might I have been allowed to chuſe the kind of life that was moſt agreeable to me, I ſhould have preferred a retirement far from the hurry of cities, with the ſociety of the Muſes, which I ſtill loved, to the honour of governing the whole world. I conſidered therefore, that I could not be too well prepared to enter on a ſtage, where the firſt ſcene generally determines the fate of the whole piece. I reſiſted the importunities of my friends and my own wiſhes, on ſeveral occaſions, which ſeemed to call upon me; notwithſtanding there were not wanting, ſince the time of *Alcibiades* who had ſo ſucceſsfully ſet the example, many young men, who

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who distinguished by no other talents than those of conducting an entertainment with propriety, elegance in dress, dancing or playing on the lute, were presumptuous enough to make a sudden transition from the embraces of a courtezan, to the assembly of the people; where, highly perfumed, they harangued in a ludicrous manner on affairs of state, and the defects of public administration.

At length an incident, in which a friend I much esteemed was interested, overcame all my scruples. A powerful party was formed to ruin him; though he was innocent, yet appearances were not in his favour, and the strongest prepossessions prevailed against him. His few remaining friends, who still entertained a favourable opinion of him, were deterred from openly taking his part, lest they might draw upon themselves the resentment of his enemies. In these circumstances I gave out, that I would undertake his defence. As I was convinced

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of his innocence, all the reasons which intimidated the rest of his friends, wrought the very opposite effect upon me. The report that *Agathôn*, the son of *Stratonicus*, had offered to plead the cause of *Lysias*, already prejudged in the common opinion of the public, engaged the attention of all *Athens*. The affection the people bore me made them soon alter their opinions of this affair. The Athenians, charmed with my generosity, admired my courage and magnanimity (as they called it) in declaring myself in favour of a friend deserted by all the world, and abandoned to the rage and power of his enemies. It was ardently wished, that I might succeed in the attempt; and so great was the enthusiasm that spread itself among all ranks of people, that the adversaries of *Lysias* found themselves under a necessity of postponing the issue of the cause, till the ferment raised in men's minds was abated. In the mean time they left no artifice untried, that they

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judged neceſſary to inſure their ſucceſs; but the event fruſtrated all their precautions. The acclamations I was received with by a great multitude of the people, inſpired me with courage: I ſpoke with a firmneſs and ſpirit, which could hardly be expected from a young man, who ſpoke for the firſt time before ſo numerous an aſſembly; and an aſſembly too, in which the loweſt mechanic thought himſelf a judge of eloquence. Truth produced the effect it never fails to have, when diſplayed in a proper light, and delivered with that energy, which flows from the orator's confidence in the juſtice of his cauſe. It gained every heart: *Lyſias* was acquitted, and *Agathon*, now become the hero of the Athenians was conducted home in triumph.

AFTER this, I appeared frequently in the public aſſemblies: the attachment of the people, and their approbation of me whenever I ſpoke, encouraged me to take ſome part in the adminiſtration of public

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affairs. As fortune seemed determined not to forsake me till she had raised me to the summit of republican greatness, so the progress I made in my new career was so rapid, that in a short time my interest with the people counterpoised the authority of the most powerful men in *Athens*. Even those, who were secretly my enemies, were obliged, in order to please the people, publicly to join the train of my admirers. The death of my father happening at this juncture, deprived me of a friend and guide, whose prudence was indispensably necessary to conduct me through the dangerous ocean of politics. I found myself in possession of his affluent fortune, which had never made him obnoxious to envy, because he had used it with great moderation. I had not the same prudence: it is true I applied it only to laudable and noble purposes; I lavished it in acts of beneficence. The misfortunes of a citizen, provided they could not be attributed to his own fault,

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fault, were a sufficient recommendation to my bounty. My house became the asylum of men of letters, artists, and strangers: in short, my purse was open to all who had occasion for it; but this was the very circumstance that afterwards contributed to my fall. Had I lavished my estate on parasites and courtezans, and in giving a constant succession of sumptuous and extravagant entertainments, I might have continued the favourite of the Athenians. It was, however, a considerable time before the jealousy my conduct excited among all the persons of distinction in *Athens*, dared to shew itself by any visible marks. The people, who had hitherto only loved, began now to deify me. The expression I here use is not too strong; for a certain poet, who was frequently at my table, took it once into his head, in a tedious and wretched poem, to make me the son of *Apollo*. This piece of flattery, which I only laughed at, did not strike the people, who are always

better pleased with the marvellous than the natural, in so ridiculous a light. It gained such credit among them, that a report was gradually propagated, ascribing to my mother the honour of having captivated by her charms the God of *Delphos*. How extravagant soever this supposition was, it seemed highly probable to the lower class of my adherents; who imagined this was the only method they had, to account for the more than human perfections they attributed to me, and to justify the absurd expectations they had conceived. The prejudices of the multitude were carried so far, that many of them declared publicly, it was through me alone *Athens* could become the mistress of the world, and demanded that I should be immediately invested with the supreme authority. Nothing less was expected from this step, than a revival of the golden age, an entire abolition of the odious distinctions between rich and poor, and a happy state of idleness

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neſs amidſt all the pleaſures and amuſements of life. All the people of *Athens* were more or leſs poſſeſſed with this frenzy, and wanted nothing but an opportunity to induce them even to violate the laws in behalf of their favourite. This ſoon preſented itſelf. In *Euboea* and other iſlands, deſirous of ſhaking off the too heavy yoke the Athenians had impoſed upon them, a revolt was excited, in which they were ſecretly ſupported by the Spartans. Excepting the theory I had acquired by private ſtudy, no one could poſſibly be more ignorant of the art of war than myſelf. I had not attained the age required by law to qualify perſons for public employments. We had no ſcarcity of experienced generals: I exerted all my influence to get one of them, whom on account of his moral character I eſteemed above the reſt, choſen to command the forces againſt the rebels; but all my endeavours had no effect upon the heated imaginations of the moſt lively

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and volatile people in the world. *Agathon* who had the credit of poſſeſſing all ſorts of talents, from whom every one believed he had a right to expect prodigies, was the only perſon deemed capable of maintaining the glory of the Athenian name, and of realizing the pompous reveries of the idle politicians in *Athens*, who vied with each other on this occaſion, in forming the moſt ridiculous projects. Theſe people were ſo buſy, that they ſpread the contagion of their folly among the greateſt part of the citizens. Every intelligence of the revolt of any other iſland was received with a general joy; they would willingly have ſeen all *Greece* in arms on this occaſion, nor were there wanting reports to aggravate every circumſtance. At laſt it was ſaid, in order to open a more extenſive field of action for me, and afford the Athenians a greater opportunity of amuſing themſelves with their ideas of my heroic exploits, and of my conqueſts, by which they were to be enriched, that

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even the king of *Perſia* had taken part in the revolt of *Euboea*. I was accordingly appointed, (in ſpight of my endeavours to the contrary) commander of the forces deſtined to reduce the rebel iſlands; and was inveſted with an unlimited power over the armies, the fleet, and the treaſury. Finding myſelf under a neceſſity of complying with the caprice of my fellow-citizens, I reſolved to do it in a proper manner, and to conſider it as affording me a favourable opportunity of entering upon the execution of my plan. I was ſenſible, that the iſlanders did not complain of the Athenians without reaſon, and that they muſt diſlike a government, by which they were perpetually oppreſſed, impoveriſhed, and perſecuted. I founded my whole plan of quieting and reducing them to obedience, on lenient meaſures, and the redreſs of thoſe grievances, which had provoked them. I determined therefore to obſerve the ſtricteſt juſtice in regulating the contributions, which had been

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been extorted from them contrary to their privileges, and beyond their ability; and to restore to them those rights, and immunities, which they were entitled to as Grecians, and allies, by virtue of several particular treaties. But before my departure from *Athens*, I found it necessary to prepare the minds of the citizens, and bring them to a temper that might coincide with my principles and views; and the more so as I perceived that the remembrance of those extravagant projects, with which the vanity of *Alcibiades* had amused them, was strongly revived upon this occasion. Accordingly I assembled the people, and exerted all the force of eloquence, which is more prevailing with the Athenians than with any other nation, to convince them of the justness of my plan, which I opened to them as far as was necessary to answer my purpose. After having represented in the most lively manner, to what a pitch of greatness, and opulence the republic might arrive by its natural

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natural advantages and internal ſtrength, I endeavoured to ſhew, that extenſive conqueſts, excluſive of the danger which attended them from the uncertainty of the fortune of war, muſt in the end infallibly ſink the ſtate under the weight of its own greatneſs. I then traced out a ſurer and ſhorter way of rendering *Athens* the miſtreſs of the world, by ſhewing it to be an inconteſtible truth, that the nation which is moſt eminent for riches and prudence, muſt ever give laws to the reſt; ſince opulence always gives a ſuperiority, which prudence knows how to uſe to the beſt advantage. I inſiſted that *Athens* would in both gain the aſcendant over all nations, if on the one hand ſhe continued to be the protectreſs of all uſeful and ornamental arts; and on the other took care to preſerve a ſovereign dominion at ſea, not with the view of extending her conqueſts, but of gaining ſuch reputation among other powers, as would induce them to ſeek her alliance, and deter them

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them from incurring her resentment; that the keeping up of a good understanding with other nations, and promoting a commerce as extensive as possible, is the most natural and the surest method a maritime state can adopt, in order to arrive gradually at a pitch of greatness, to which imagination can set no bounds; that to effect this she must not only preserve her own liberty, but likewise that of all other states, especially the neighbouring ones; at least that she should support them in their antient and natural form of government. That consequently an alliance with her neighbours, and a friendship that would be equally advantageous to both parties, would, according to the system of universal politics, give a greater degree of power, authority and influence to such a state, than bringing them under subjection, inasmuch as a friend is ever more valuable than a slave: That justice is the sole foundation of the strength and per-

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permanency of a ſtate, as it is the only tie of ſociety between individuals and nations. That this juſtice required of us to conſider every political community, ſmall or large, in the ſame light as our own, and to allow it the ſame rights as we ſhould expect ourſelves. That a conduct, regulated by ſuch principles, was the ſureſt method of acquiring a general confidence, and inſtead of a ſovereignty attended with all the dangers of tyranny, would procure us a voluntary obedience, which had in reality all the advantages of the former, without it's odious appearance or pernicious conſequences.

HAVING ſet all theſe truths in the ſtrongeſt light, I applied them to the ſtates of *Greece* and *Athens*, and, on this occaſion, clearly evinced the folly of the projects of *Alcibiades*, and others of the ſame volatile and ambitious character. I endeavoured to prove, that the revolt of theſe iſlanders, who had hitherto been under the protection of the republic, and

had

had lately through the fault of ſome evil counſellors been treated as the ſlaves of conqueſt, afforded a moſt favourable opportunity of convincing all *Greece*, of the integrity and generoſity of the Athenians; that this revolt alſo, by augmenting conſiderably the ſtrength of the navy, the expence of which would be fully compenſated by a more ſecure and enlarged commerce, furniſhed an occaſion of putting *Athens* upon ſo reſpectable a footing, that their mild and generous treatment of the rebels, could not with the leaſt appearance of probability, be attributed to the weakneſs of the ſtate, or their inability to obtain ample ſatisfaction.

I ſupported theſe propoſals with every argument calculated to make the ſtrongeſt impreſſion on the lively imaginations of my audience, and had the ſatisfaction to find, that my oration was received with a degree of applauſe far beyond my expectations. The nature of the Athenians is ſuch, that they ſuffer themſelves to be

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as eaſily influenced by truth and ſound principles, as by the illuſion of falſe policy, provided they are ſet in as pleaſing a light, and deſcribed in as lively colours as are uſually expected from all who ſpeak on public affairs. As it was the end of all their wiſhes, that *Athens* might be raiſed to the ſummit of greatneſs; ſo it was indifferent to them by what means this end was obtained. The greateſt number of the citizens, who derived more advantage from peace than war, were better pleaſed to ſee theſe ambitious hopes gratified in a way which did not claſh with their private intereſt. My ſecret enemies, who were fully perſuaded, that this expedition would ſome way or other terminate in my diſgrace, were very far from making any public oppoſition to my meaſures. But I afterwards found, that they ſecretly exerted their utmoſt efforts to diſconcert them, and threw every poſſible difficulty in my way. They proceeded ſo far as to inflame the diſcontented

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tented islanders by secret machinations and make them averse to accept any reasonable terms. The contempt this revolt was at first treated with at *Athens*, the contagion of example, and the artifices of other Grecian states, who beheld the power of the Athenians with jealous eyes, induced the Attic colonies to join in the rebellion. Most of the allies became also enterprizing enough to usurp an independence, the pernicious consequences of which were concealed under the specious name of liberty. There was now no time to be lost if we would prevent a general insurrection and conspiracy against the Athenian state; and my countrymen, who considered the storm while at a distance, merely as a subject for witticisms and ballads, when it came nearer to them, made a sudden transition from the most careless indifference to a pusillanimity not less extravagant. They even magnified the danger so exceedingly, that I was obliged to put to sea before the

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neceſſary armament was half prepared. I had taken the precaution to appoint that friend, to whom the partiality of the people had ſo unjuſtly preferred me, the ſecond in command. I uſed the authority my commiſſion gave me over him with ſo much modeſty, that I prevented any jealouſy, which might probably have defeated the ſucceſs of our enterprize. We acted with ſincerity and without the leaſt regard to ſelf-intereſt, in conformity to a plan previouſly ſettled between us. Fortune was ſo favourable to us, that in one ſingle expedition all the iſlands, colonies, and tributary ſtates of *Athens* were not only brought back to their allegiance, but by the abolition of thoſe taxes they had been unjuſtly oppreſſed with, and by the re-eſtabliſhment of their liberties, became even more than ever diſpoſed to prefer the friendſhip of the Athenians to all other alliances that had been propoſed to them. In all this, I acted according to my own opinion, without waiting for any particular

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cular orders; and this I did with the greater confidence, as I made only ſuch conceſſions to the malcontents, as they had an indiſputable right to demand, as well from the law of nature as in virtue of former ſtipulations. By this indulgence, I likewiſe procured ſeveral new and conſiderable advantages to the Athenians; advantages, which extended to the whole republic: whereas the oppreſſion, under which theſe iſlands had laboured, had only filled the coffers of a few individuals, the former favourites of the people.

I returned to *Athens* therefore with the ſatisfaction of having done good; happy in the united eſteem and ſtrongeſt attachment of all the colonies and allies; and with a full aſſurance, that at the head of a fleet thrice as powerful as that I had carried out with me, I ſhould meet with a recompence in the approbation of my fellow-citizens, which I thought I deſerved. I flattered myſelf, that I had done

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done ſome ſervice to my country, by extinguiſhing in ſo ſhort a time a rebellion, which appeared ſo general and ſo dangerous. Of our enemies I had made friends, and of wavering ſubjects firm allies; whoſe fidelity there was the leſs reaſon to doubt, as I had united by the ſtrongeſt ties their ſafety and welfare with the intereſts of *Athens*. I had expended a great part of my own fortune to ſave the public money, and had conſiderably augmented the force of our navy by the addition of more than a hundred gallies, which I obtained as a free gift from the reconciled iſlanders. I had eſtabliſhed the authority of *Athens*, intimidated thoſe who envied her greatneſs, and in ſhort, procured her a peaceable commerce, the preſervation of which, at leaſt for a conſiderable time, depended only on her own conduct. When I reflected upon the good effects of my expedition, my whole ſoul felt ſo exquiſite a delight, that I found myſelf ſuperior to any other reward

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ward than the eſteem and confidence of my countrymen. But the diſpoſition of the Athenians was ſuch, that they ſet no bounds to the firſt tranſports of their gratitude. I was brought back in triumph, and every mark of honour was heaped on me with emulation. The ſculptors were employed night and day in finiſhing a number of my ſtatues. The temples, public places, and porticos were decorated with monuments of my fame. Even thoſe, who afterwards proved the moſt active in procuring my diſgrace, were at this time the moſt zealous in propoſing exceſſive and hitherto unheard of rewards; and the people in the heat of their enthuſiaſtic affections, joyfully acceded to theſe propoſals, without thinking that all theſe extravagant marks of their attachment would in a ſhort time be imputed to me as ſo many crimes.

When I found it impoſſible for me with all my diſcretion to ſtem the overflowing tide of the people's gratitude, I thought

thought it beſt to leave *Athens* for ſome time, till the vivacity of the Athenians, either by the exhibition of a new comedy, the arrival of ſome foreign performer, or the appearance of a freſh dancer, ſhould have taken another turn. I therefore retired to my eſtate at *Corinth*, where in company with the muſes and graces, I gave myſelf up to that eaſe and indulgence I thought myſelf entitled to, after the continued labours of a whole year. I little imagined, that in a city where I ſeemed to be the favourite, I had enemies, who, while I was indulging in all the innocent eaſe and ſocial freedom of a country life, were employed in forming a ſcheme for my deſtruction, as vile as it was well concerted.

WHEN I enter into the moſt ſevere examination of my public and private life at *Athens*, I am not conſcious of having deſerved my diſgrace; or even of having contributed to it any farther than by want of foreſight, and of a certain republican

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prudence, which experience alone can ſupply. I lived agreeably to my taſte, and the dictates of my heart; and conſcious that they were both equally good, I did not imagine that any one would think of aſcribing to my actions other views than thoſe I really had. I lived with a certain degree of magnificence, merely becauſe I admired what was beautiful, and was poſſeſſed of a large eſtate. I did good to every body, becauſe my heart felt a ſatisfaction in benevolence, which I preferred to all other delights. I devoted myſelf to the ſervice of the ſtate, becauſe I was called to it by my birth, and felt within myſelf a diſpoſition for public employments; and becauſe I hoped by the favour of my fellow-citizens to be inveſted with the power of becoming uſeful to my country and to mankind in general. I had no other object in view, and ſhould as ſoon have imagined, I might have been accuſed of a deſign to uſurp the throne of *Perſia*, as of

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an intention to oppreſs my country. As I knew I had not deſerved any man's hatred, ſo I looked upon all thoſe as my friends, who pretended to be ſo, eſpecially as there was ſcarce one perſon in *Athens* on whom I had not conferred ſome favour. For the ſame reaſon, I was as little anxious to form a party for myſelf, as I was to prevent the private cabals of enemies of whom I was not aware. I did not imagine, that the candid and unaſſuming freedom, with which I always delivered my ſentiments on every occaſion, could poſſibly create me any enemies. In a word, I did not yet know, that virtue, merit, and beneficence were the direct means of exciting in the breaſts of ſome men, the moſt envenomed hatred. A melancholy experience could only convince me of this truth, and it is but juſt, that I ſhould acknowledge myſelf indebted to that experience for having done me no greater injury, than that of baniſhing me from my native country, withdrawing from me

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the affections of my fellow-citizens, cruſhing all my beſt hopes, and depriving me of the happineſs of doing good, and of the ineſtimable advantages of independence.

CHAP. VII.

Agathon is baniſhed from Athens.

THE period of my hiſtory I am now arrived at, revives ſuch painful reflections, that I may well be excuſed from dwelling any longer upon it than is neceſſary for my own juſtification. It is poſſible, that ſome of my enemies might be influenced to combine againſt me from motives of republican zeal, and might have thought they ſhould render as important a ſervice to their country by contributing to my overthrow, as *Harmodius* and *Ariſtogiton* fancied they did in aſſaſſinating the ſons of *Piſiſtratus*. But, in

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in general, it is certain that thoſe, who moſt obſtinately ſought my ruin, were actuated by no other motive than their jealouſy of the power I was inveſted with by the unanimous voice of the people, which they conſidered with reaſon as an obſtacle to their ambitious and intereſted deſigns: moſt of them perſuaded themſelves alſo, that they had ſome private injuries to revenge; ſome ſtill kept alive the reſentment they had entertained againſt me from the firſt time I appeared in public, when I reſcued the integrity of my friend from the effects of their malice; others were offended, becauſe in preference to them I was elected by the people to command againſt the revolted iſlands; many were offended at being deprived of thoſe advantages they had poſſeſſed from the unjuſt oppreſſions they had practiſed againſt theſe iſlanders. It was in vain to alledge, that I had not deſigned to offend them, and that all theſe were merely accidental con-

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ſequences, from having done my duty, and acted agreeably to the dictates of my conſcience. They viewed my actions in a quite different light, and laid it down as a maxim, that whoever ſet bounds to their private views, could not be an honeſt man. It happened unfortunately for me, that moſt of the perſons who compoſed this cabal, were of the nobleſt and richeſt men in *Athens*; to this muſt be added, that the conſtancy of my love for *Pſyche*, had engaged me to refuſe the moſt advantageous alliances that had been offered to me, and had thus deprived me of the aſſiſtance and ſupport I might have received from a connection with ſome powerful family. In ſhort I had nothing to oppoſe againſt the intrigues and combined ſtrength of ſo many enemies but my innocence, ſome ſervices, and the attachment of the people; weak defenſes, unable to reſiſt the attacks of envy, malice, and violence! Innocence may be made ſuſpicious; actual ſervices may have

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have the appearance of crimes, by being placed in a wrong light; and what reliance can we have on the favour of an enthuſiaſtic people, whoſe precipitation precludes all reflection; who love and hate in extremes; and who, when their imaginations are once heated, are as eaſily ſwayed one way as the other, according to the different impulſes they receive? What had I to expect from the affections of a people, who had ſuffered the great guardian of Grecian liberty to periſh in a dungeon; who had baniſhed the virtuous *Ariſtides*, becauſe he had by his merit obtained the ſurname of Juſt; who with their uſual caprice had condemned *Socrates* himſelf to a cup of poiſon, becauſe he was the wiſeſt and moſt virtuous man of his age? As ſoon as I received the firſt intelligence of the ſtorm that threatened me, ſuch examples as theſe left me no room to doubt what kind of treatment I ſhould meet with from the Athenians: they taught me to

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expect nothing less than the same fate, and contributed to enable me to support with greater fortitude, misfortunes which such excellent men had experienced before me.

The person my enemies fixed upon to be my accuser, was one of those florid speakers, who are ever ready to exercise their venal talents in pleading, either on the right or wrong side of the question. He had been taught in the school of the celebrated *Gorgias* to mislead the understanding of his audience by the delusions of oratory, and to persuade them, that they saw what they did not. He gave himself little trouble to prove, what he had ventured to assert with the greatest effrontery; but he had the address to give it so plausible an appearance, and, by an arbitrary and therefore more artful arrangement of his proposition, so dexterously to hide the futility of each argument considered separately and distinctly, that it was not easy for the soundest judgment,

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ment, though ever ſo much upon its guard, to avoid being miſled by him. He profeſſed to lay the principal ſtreſs of his accuſation upon the mal-adminiſtration I had been guilty of as commander of the expedition againſt the revolted tributary iſlands. He argued with great pomp of words, that I had not done any thing in this expedition worth repeating; that, inſtead of chaſtiſing the rebels, and reducing them to obedience, I had protected and rewarded them for their revolt; that I had granted them more than they would ever have had the confidence to aſk, and by this unaccountable proceeding, had given them encouragement and power to embrace the firſt opportunity of ſhaking off their dependance on *Athens*. He reſted the whole on maxims of policy diametrically oppoſite to mine; but which were too flattering to the humour of the Athenians, or indeed to that of any other nation, not to make an impreſſion upon them. He had even the malicious

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art to leave it a matter of doubt, whether I had acted in this manner through ignorance or design; but on the one hand made such a pompous panegyric upon my abilities, and on the other suggested such probable marks of design, that the conclusion was self evident. This led him to the second part of his accusation, which was in reality, though he would not own it, his principal object: and after this he alledged numberless imputations against me, in order to represent me to the people as an ambitious man, who had formed a plan to oppress his country, and make himself absolute master of it, under the appearance of magnanimity, generosity, and popularity. Every seeming virtue I professed was the mask of some vice, which was secretly undermining the liberty and happiness of the Athenians. It must be confessed indeed, that here a large field was opened for my adversary to display his eloquence to advantage, and to give his audience the pleasure that republicans

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publicans uſually take in ſeeing a character depreciated, which appeared to be ſuperior to their own. But while he endeavoured to fully every action of my private life, however irreproachable it once appeared, he was obliged to take care, leſt the artifices he employed to blacken me, ſhould appear too obvious. He therefore recapitulated every circumſtance that could repreſent me in an odious light; and when he was at a loſs to find out crimes that he could with any ſhew of probability impute to me, he did not ſcruple to charge me with the follies of others, and even with thoſe extravagant honours which had been forced upon me in the height of my ſucceſs, and favour with the people. He even laid to my account thoſe miſerable verſes, with which ſome poets (whom out of a principle of compaſſion, which was perhaps carried too far, I admitted conſtantly at my table) had endeavoured to expreſs their gratitude at the expence of their

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own reputation as well as mine. I was very ſeriouſly charged with having had the arrogance and impiety to declare myſelf the ſon of the Delphic God; and my accuſer did not omit this opportunity of ſuggeſting doubts concerning my real extraction, and, by ſtrokes of pleaſantry, to countenance the opinion of ſeveral people, who, as he ſaid, inſinuated that they had been informed, I owed my exiſtence to the ſecret gallantries of ſome Prieſt of *Delphos*. Throughout the whole of this oration, raillery ſharpened with malice ſupplied the want of ſolid evidence; but the Athenians had been long accuſtomed to take wit for truth, and to fancy themſelves convinced, whenever their taſte was gratified, or their ears delighted. This harangue, therefore, had all the effect, and perhaps a greater, than my enemies expected from it. The jealouſy it excited in the minds of the people changed in the ſpace of two hours, the unbounded affection, with which I had been

been diſtinguiſhed during two whole years, into the moſt envenomed hatred. The Athenians ſhuddered at the abyſs, to the brink of which they had imperceptibly been led by their partial attachment to me.—They were aſtoniſhed they had not ſooner perceived the weakneſs of my adminiſtration, my thirſt after arbitrary power, my deſtructive views, and my ſecret correſpondence with the enemy; and to avoid throwing the blame of this upon themſelves, they rather choſe to attribute it to ſome magic art, by which I had been able to faſcinate their eyes for a conſiderable time. On account of the pernicious deſigns I had formed againſt the republic, every man thought himſelf entirely releaſed from any gratitude he might owe me for ſervices done, or favours conferred. Theſe were conſidered as ſo many baits thrown out to deprive my fellow-citizens of their liberty, and to ſecure their property to myſelf. In ſhort, the very ſame people, who a few months

months before admired in me perfections more than human, had now the injuſtice to deny me the leaſt merit: they, who would have been ready at the firſt ſignal to preſs me in a general aſſembly of the people to accept of the ſovereignty, were now impatient to ſee me atone with my blood for deſigns I never had formed againſt that liberty, which they themſelves gave up at this inſtant. At the very time that the uſual reſpite was allowed for my defenſe, my ſentence already was determined by a majority of votes; and the ſatisfaction with which an innumerable multitude of people attended me to priſon, would have been complete, if inſtead of carrying me thither, the laws would have allowed them to have led me without any farther judicial proceedings, to the place of execution.

How well ſoever the deſigns of my enemies had ſucceeded, they did not yet think themſelves ſufficiently ſecure of my ruin.

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ruin. They dreaded the inconſtancy of a people, whoſe paſſions they knew were ſo eaſily wrought upon. It was ſtill poſſible, that I might only be baniſhed for a few years, and this gave them reaſon to apprehend a change of ſcene, which would be equally unfavourable to their malicious deſigns againſt me, and to their own ſafety. They were therefore obliged to ſpring a new mine, in order to deprive me of all hopes of ever returning to *Athens*, after I had once been baniſhed from it. For this purpoſe, it was neceſſary to prove that I was not a citizen of *Athens*, that my mother was never received as ſuch, and that *Stratonicus* was not my father: that having no heir of his own blood to his eſtate, he had adopted me from a principle of hatred to the perſon who was his legal heir, and therefore that the laws gave me no title to his inheritance. As there are not wanting people at *Athens*, who may be bribed to ſay, that they have ſeen and heard any thing

thing you pleaſe, and as thoſe perſons who were beſt able to bear teſtimony to the truth were dead, it was an eaſy matter for my antagoniſts to prove this new-invented calumny, as clearly as they had convicted me of offences againſt the ſtate. The perſon who ſupported this charge againſt me, was a nephew of my father's, who was known only from his debauched manner of living, by which he had ſquandered away his eſtate ſome years ago. His incorrigible diſſoluteneſs had at length loſt him the friendſhip of *Stratonicus*, as likewiſe the eſteem of all worthy men. This circumſtance aſſiſted him in depriving me of an inheritance, which he had already diſſipated in imagination, as being the next heir, before *Stratonicus* had declared me to be his ſon. The ſkill of the orator, whoſe ſervices he purchaſed for the accompliſhment of his villainy, the powerful aſſiſtance lent him by my enemies, the ſituation he unexpectedly found me in, and eſpecially the

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readineſs of his ſuborned witneſſes, to ſwear to all the falſities he thought it neceſſary to invent, all theſe circumſtances taken together, contributed to the ſucceſs of his plot. The riches he obtained by theſe means, in the eyes of a wretch ſo ſordid, and ſo utterly void of all ſentiment, were of conſequence enough to induce him to purchaſe them by crimes, which coſt him ſo little.

THIS laſt ſtroke, which afforded perhaps the fulleſt proof of the inveteracy of my enemies, and their confidence of gaining their point, left me no hopes of being able to diſappoint their expectations. All my pretended friends, except a few, who could only aſſiſt me with their wiſhes, deſerted me, as ſoon as they perceived my reverſe of fortune: others, who were thoroughly convinced of the injuſtice that was done me, had not courage enough to expoſe themſelves to danger in an affair that did not immediately concern them. The only perſon, whoſe cha-

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character, authority, and friendſhip might perhaps have been of ſervice to me, had reſided for ſome time at the court of young *Dionyſius* at *Syracuſe*. I own that, while the firſt emotions laſted, I felt the whole weight of my misfortune. It is a dreadful diſcovery for a well-diſpoſed and unexperienced perſon, to find himſelf deceived in his good opinion of mankind, and reduced to the terrible alternative, either of living under conſtant apprehenſions from the weakneſs of ſome and the depravity of others, or to baniſh himſelf entirely from their ſociety. But this puſillanimous dejection, which my firſt reflexions occaſioned, was not of long continuance: the experience I had gained during my ſhort appearance on the great theatre of the world, revived the memory of that happineſs I enjoyed at *Delphos* in the early part of my life, in a more lively manner than I had ever experienced during the hurry of a public and political life. The agitation of my mind, the affliction

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affliction with which it was penetrated; the certainty that in a few days nothing would remain of all the favours which fortune had ſuddenly heaped upon me with ſo unſparing a hand, but ſuch a recollection, as we have of a dream that is paſt; and the full perſuaſion, that of all thoſe things which I had called my own, I ſhould carry nothing out of *Athens* with me but the conſciouſneſs of my integrity: all theſe circumſtances threw me back into that happy enthuſiaſm, which enables us to meet all that the united force of calumny and human malice can inflict upon us, with compoſure and firmneſs. The immediate comfort, which my principles infuſed into my heart, the warmth and reanimated ſtrength, with which they inſpired my ſoul, gave me a freſh proof of their truth. I did not reproach virtue for having drawn upon me the hatred and perſecution of the vicious: I was ſenſible, that ſhe was her own reward. Adverſity ſeemed to

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ſtrengthen my attachment to her, in the ſame manner as we find our affection increaſe towards the perſon we love, in proportion to what we ſuffer on her account. The reflections, to which theſe ſentiments gave riſe, taught me how little value all thoſe brilliant poſſeſſions, which I was upon the point of reſtoring back to fortune, were of, when put in competition with wiſdom; and of what importance, on the contrary, thoſe virtues were, which no republican intrigues, no decree of the Athenian people, no power upon earth could poſſibly take from me. I compared my ſituation in the height of my ſplendor at *Athens*, with the pleaſing tranquility of the contemplative life in which I paſſed my days of innocence and youth, fortunately ignorant of the ſplendid miſery, and the difficulties attending upon envied greatneſs; when I was happy in my exiſtence, in the internal properties of my mind, my thoughts, and my ſenſations, and the inherent and independant powers

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powers of my ſoul. I ſhould have gained every thing by this compariſon, if by a voluntary reſignation of the advantages which ſince that time had fallen to my ſhare, I could have recovered a ſituation, which my imagination painted to me in ſuch beautiful colours, and in ſo divine a light, as to appear ſimilar to the ſituation of heavenly beings. The idea, that this happineſs was not confined to the groves of *Delphos*, that I carried it in my own breaſt, and that theſe ſuppoſed advantages, which even in the height of enjoyment, expoſed me to ſo much anxiety, and forced me from myſelf into a perpetual vortex, had been the only obſtacles to my true happineſs; this idea threw me into tranſports, which, to the aſtoniſhment of the few friends I had left, made me inſenſible to all the rigours of fortune; this indifference at laſt aroſe to ſo high a pitch, that I waited with impatience the day of my condemnation.

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BUT the ſame turn of thinking, which made me look upon the loſs of my power and eſtate with ſo much indifference, made me at the ſame time conſider the conduct of the Athenians in a moral light, and filled me with horror and diſguſt. I thought my enemies in ſome meaſure excuſable, on account of the paſſions that tranſported them; but the people, who derived no advantage from my fall, who had ſo much reaſon to love me, and had actually loved me ſo well, that they merely, through their own mutability and folly, and without knowing why, ſhould now become the blind tools of the paſſions and ſelf intereſtedneſs of others: the people, I ſay, appeared to me in ſo contemptible a light, that I ceaſed to reflect with pleaſure on the ſervices I had done them. My vanity offended at their behaviour, repreſented theſe Athenians, who were ſo vain of their ſuperiority over all other nations in the world, as no better than a ſet of weak fools,

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fools, who suffered themselves to be imposed upon, with the most palpable absurdities, by a junto of designing knaves; who, notwithstanding all their delicacy of taste, when the poetry of some ballad, or the elegance of some dancer was to be canvassed, had neither conception nor feeling of virtue and real merit; who, notwithstanding they were jealous of their liberty to an extreme, were never greater slaves than when they defended their imaginary palladium with the greatest bravery; and who, having at all times submitted themselves with implicit confidence to the guidance of ill-designing flatterers, had only distrusted their most virtuous fellow-citizens, and most faithful friends. They deserve, said I to myself, to be imposed upon, but they shall never enjoy the triumph of seeing *Agathon* debase himself to them. They shall find what a wide difference there is between him and them: they shall find, that by stripping him of the tinsel

tinſel they had decked him out with, as children dreſs out for a ſhort time their favourite doll, they have only added to his dignity: they ſhall ſoon learn, though too late, that *Agathon* has leſs occaſion for them, than they for him.

You ſee, fair *Danae*, that I make no ſcruple of confeſſing even my weakneſſes to you. The haughty ſpirit, which roſe in proportion to the attempts of the Athenians to reduce me to the loweſt ſituation, proceeded without doubt in a great meaſure from that pride, which I imputed to them as a crime; but it may alſo probably be one of thoſe ſprings, with which nature has furniſhed noble minds, to enable them to repel the ſhocks of misfortune with equal force, and to maintain them in their proper form and dignity. The Athenians commended my modeſty and moderation, at a time when they endeavoured, as much as poſſible, to make me renounce both. This modeſty, perhaps, aroſe from the very ſame ſource as that

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that pride, which now offended them so much, and which perhaps contributed more to my fall, than all the efforts of my enemies. I was now as conscious that I did not deserve their ill treatment of me, as I had before been of the extravagance of their esteem; my modesty increased the more they extolled me, and my pride and confidence grew greater the more they endeavoured to humble me.

In the mean while my friends were in private so active for my service, that they gave me reason to hope every thing would end favourably, if I could once resolve to adapt my defense to the humour and expectations of the people. They were desirous, that I should justify myself in every particular as far as possible, and finally submit to the discretionary judgment of the Athenians; that I should treat my accusers with all the severity which the laws of self defense and retaliation would warrant; but that I should flatter the people, and, instead of of-

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fending their vanity with the leaſt reproach, endeavour only to excite their compaſſion. The event would probably have ſhewn the propriety of this advice, which was founded upon a knowledge of the character of a free people. It is certain at leaſt, that the firſt fury of theſe unſteady mortals had begun to give way to pity, and the dictates of their former affection. When I mounted the roſtrum, from whence I was to addreſs the people, I could perceive in the looks of many of them, that they expected I ſhould give them a fair opportunity of changing their ſentiments, without offence to their democratical pride. But they were deceived in their expectations. The diſdain I felt at the ſight of this people, who, a few days before, had conducted me to priſon with ſo much exultation, added to the conſciouſneſs of my own worth, wrought upon me too ſtrongly; and the deſire of doing them ſervice, which had been the only ſpring of all my actions and deſigns,

signs, actuated me no more. I thought them not deserving of an apology, which I should have considered as a reflection upon my character and conduct; but I was determined once more to tell them the truth. When I had occasion to do this before, I had employed all the force of my eloquence, to convince them of their own interests, but now, in a concern entirely my own, I scorned to avail myself of an art, in which I was generally allowed to have some skill. I kept firm to my resolution in this point, but could not always preserve that brevity and composure, which I had prescribed to myself: the indignation, which insensibly arose within me, betrayed me into prolixity, and sometimes into sarcasm.

My speech contained a detail of my whole conduct since my arrival at *Athens*, of the principles I had followed during my administration, and of the ideas I entertained of the true interest of the Athenians. From hence I took occasion

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to animadvert with some severity, upon their opinions and favourite projects: I told them, that my conduct in the affair of the dependent provinces was an evidence, what those maxims were, by which I should always be guided in the administration of the state; but as these maxims were far remote from their manner of thinking, they would act a very wise part in banishing a man from among them, who was not inclined to depart from his integrity, and the duties incumbent on him as a friend to mankind in general, in order to become a good citizen of *Athens*.

The conclusion of my speech is so deeply imprinted in my memory, that I will repeat it, fair *Danae*, to give you an idea of the whole. "The Gods," said I, "discovered my father to me at a time "when I least expected it. The power "and affluence he enjoyed gave me "much less satisfaction, than the know-"ing that I owed my existence to a man

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" of integrity. Through this means
" *Athens* became my native country. I
" looked upon this city as the theatre on
" which the Gods designed I should act
" for the benefit of mankind. The in-
" terest of *Athens* alone was indeed in
" my opinion too small an object to be
" preferred to the general good of hu-
" manity; but these two objects ap-
" peared to me so closely connected, that
" in promoting the one, I must necessa-
" rily be serviceable to the other. These
" are the principles on which I have
" acted in public life; and these actions,
" the self rewarding consciousness of
" which will accompany me in a better
" world to the eternal abodes of virtuous
" souls—these actions have drawn your
" displeasure upon me. The Athenians
" aspire to greatness at the expence of
" the human race, and will maintain this
" character, till bound in those fetters
" they are forging for themselves, and
" which they deserve when they mean to

" rule over slaves, they come at last to
" confine all their ambition to the glori-
" ous pre-eminence of being the best
" grammarians, and the most active
" buffoons in the world. But *Agathon*
" was not born to further your advance-
" ment in those paths, which the com-
" plaisance of your orators hath strewed
" with flowers. My private life hath
" shewn you, that the principles on
" which I wished to conduct your public
" affairs, have been the exact rules of
" my own behaviour. My fortune has
" been less employed for myself, than
" for the service of every one of you. I
" have bestowed favours on the ungrate-
" ful, and experience has taught me to
" resign with indifference that wealth I
" employed so ill, when I thought I
" could not possibly have employed it
" better. This, O Athenians! is all I
" have to say in my defense. Your
" numbers give you an absolute power
" over me. Ye are the arbiters of my

" fortune,

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"fortune, and if ye chuſe it, alſo of my "life. If ye wiſh for my death, ye have "only to tell me what I ſhall ſay to the "wife and good *Socrates*, to whom you "will ſend me; but if ye content your-"ſelves with baniſhing me from your "ſociety, then ſhall I with a parting look "on thy once beloved country, drop one "tear on the grave of your poſterity; "and, when I am no longer an Athe-"nian, I ſhall find a better country in "the world which lies open to me, and "in ſome corner, where virtue may be "permitted to retire in obſcurity."

It may readily be imagined, fair *Damæ*, that an apology of this kind was not likely to procure me a favourable ſentence. The animoſity it excited in the minds of thoſe, who promiſed themſelves the ſatisfaction of ſeeing me their ſuppliant, was viſible in their countenances; notwithſtanding, I never remember a more profound ſilence among the people than when I had done ſpeaking,

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they probably were unwillingly made sensible, that virtue commands respect even from her foes; but the superiority she at this moment gave *Agathon*, though accused, deserted, and despoiled of all the trappings of fortune, over those who were the arbiters of his fate, only served to increase their hatred for her. I know not how it happened, that my good Genius extricated me from this danger; but on casting up the votes, the judges, contrary to the expectations of my accusers, contented themselves with banishing me for ever from *Greece*, decreed one half of my estate to the republic, and assigned the other to my relation. The indifference with which I received the sentence at this juncture, when all my actions were misconstrued, was interpreted into an insolence, which rendered me unworthy of the least compassion. My friends were nevertheless permitted to gather round me, to offer their services, and conduct me out of *Athens*. Though I

was

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was allowed more time, I left it that very hour with as much chearfulneſs, as a priſoner quits his dungeon when unexpectedly ſet at liberty. The tears of the few, whom my diſgrace did not frighten away from me, and of my faithful domeſtics, was the only circumſtance that affected me, when I took a final leave of them; and their good wiſhes were all the advantages I received from their compaſſionate and grateful attention.

I now found myſelf once more in the ſame ſituation I was in under the Cypreſs tree in my father's veſtibule, before I knew the relation I bore to him. The important changes, the manifold ſcenes of affluence, fame, power, and external ſplendor, through which fortune had conducted me in this ſhort interval, were now vaniſhed like a dream; but the real advantages of underſtanding and virtue, which I had derived from theſe events, convinced me that I had not been dreaming. I found myſelf richer than ever

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in the acquisition of much useful and agreeable knowledge; in the unfolding of my abilities; in the consciousness of many good actions, and in a series of important discoveries founded upon experience. I had acquired an insight into the genius of republics, the character of the people, and the nature and effects of several passions before unknown to me. I had divested myself of many false ideas, which men are usually apt to entertain of the world, when they view it in distant perspective, and are not engaged in the business of it. I had, for instance, been told at *Delphos*, that the whole constitution of a republican government was founded in virtue; the Athenians, on the contrary, had taught me, that not the least regard was paid to virtue in republics, except in those circumstances when she becomes necessary; and then, she is equally cherished by every tyrant, and often better rewarded. Above all, my residence at *Athens* had but ill confirmed

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firmed the ſublime theory I had adopted of the excellence and dignity of human nature; yet I was not at all diſpoſed on that account to recede from my opinion. I attributed every contrary appearance, to the contagious influence of all large ſocieties, the imperfection of the laws, and to thoſe private intereſts, which in all civilized ſtates, by an unaccountable neglect of their legiſlators, are ever at variance with the public good. In ſhort, I did not entertain a worſe opinion of mankind, becauſe the behaviour of the Athenians towards me had been unjuſt, cruel, and ungrateful; but I conceived a ſtrong diſlike to all communities, but ſuch as were founded on uniform principles, tending to the promotion of virtue, and the attainment of moral perfection. I concluded, that the loſs of my poſſeſſions, and my exile from *Athens*, were owen to the kind interpoſition of ſome Deity, who was intereſted in my welfare, and who intended by this me-

thod to lead me to my true deſtination. It is probable, that had I uſed proper means, and availed myſelf of the power either of my foreign friends, or of the ſupport which the enemies of the Athenians had ſecretly offered me from the very beginning of my trial, I might have been in a ſituation to prevent their enjoying the fruits of their malice, and have returned to *Athens* in triumph. But ſuch projects and expedients were only fit for thoſe ambitious characters, who propoſe no other end in governing than the gratification of their paſſions: for my own part I could not think of compelling the Athenians to receive benefits from me; I thought, that by making an experiment, which had miſcarried only through their fault, I had diſcharged the duty I owed to civil ſociety; and I now thought myſelf perfectly juſtified in employing to the advantages of my own happineſs, that natural liberty to which my puniſhment reſtored me. I accordingly reſolved

resolved to execute a design, I had formed while I was at *Delphos*, of exploring the sources of eastern philosophy, and visiting the *Magi* and *Gymnosophists* of *India*, in whose sacred retirements I hoped to find wisdom and virtue, the real divinities of my soul, which were in my opinion only airy phantoms among the rest of mankind.

But before I relate the accidents which prevented the execution of this plan, and by what event I was brought to *Smyrna* to be sold as a slave, I must return to my young female friend, whom I have almost entirely lost sight of since my arrival at *Athens*.

CHAP. VIII.

Agathon finishes his Narrative.

THE change I experienced, when from the groves of *Delphos* I came upon the stage of a busy world, in the bustle

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buſtle of a populous city, amidſt the reſtleſs agitations of a ſtate, fluctuating between democracy and ariſtocracy, into the moral chaos of civil ſociety, where oppoſite paſſions and intereſts are perpetually claſhing with each other; where in the ſtrange mixture of prepoſterous deformities, there is nothing fixed or certain; nothing which either is what it appears to be, or preſerves the form it has.—This change, I ſay, was ſo great, that I cannot explain the effects of it any otherwiſe, than by comparing it with that aſtoniſhment, which according to my friend *Plato*, our ſoul alienated from itſelf experiences for a conſiderable time, when ſuddenly precipitated from that ocean of pure original light, which fills the celeſtial regions, into the groſſer medium of earthly matter. The multitude of new objects, which preſented themſelves on all ſides, effaced the remembrance of thoſe I had been familiar with for a long courſe of years; and at laſt I could hardly

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hardly perſuade myſelf that I was the ſame perſon who had ſhewn and explained to ſtrangers the curioſities in the temple of *Delphos*. For ſome time even the idea of my beloved *Pſyche* was as it were loſt in the cloud that enveloped my mind; but this laſted only till I became accuſtomed to the new element in which I lived. It was then I the more regretted the loſs of her, the greater was the void, which the occupations, and even the amuſements of my new manner of life, left in my ſoul. Public ſpectacles, feſtivals, dancings and concerts, could not ſupply the place of thoſe happy evenings we had paſſed together in the tranſports of an inchanting enthuſiaſm; but how great ſoever were my longings for theſe paſt delights, yet the idea of the unhappy ſituation, to which ſhe might probably be expoſed by the vindictive jealouſy of the Pythoneſs, was infinitely more tormenting to me. It ſeemed almoſt an impoſſibility to find out where ſhe

ſhe was; the Prieſteſs might have ſold her for a ſlave at ſo great a diſtance from *Delphos*, as to deprive us of all hopes of meeting again; or perhaps, might have expoſed her on ſome diſtant barbarous coaſt, and abandoned her to fate: but as love thinks nothing is impoſſible, ſo I ſtill retained hopes of recovering my *Pſyche*. I charged all my friends, all the ſtrangers, who came to *Athens*, merchants, travellers, and ſea-faring people, to make inquiries after her, wherever they went; and the better to inſure their ſucceſs, I had a great number of copies taken of her portrait, which I myſelf, or rather love that guided my hand, had deſigned while we were at *Delphos*, in the moſt exact reſemblance of the original. I diſtributed theſe copies among all thoſe people, whom I encouraged by promiſes of great rewards to take pains to find her out. I muſt own too, that the deſire of recovering my *Pſyche*, was the principal motive which firſt, at leaſt, induced me

to

to take a share in the affairs of the republic; for after all other means had failed, there seemed to be no expedient left, but to make my name so celebrated, that, wherever she was, it must unavoidably reach her ears. This expedient was in fact rather extravagant; for though I should have performed for twenty years together greater exploits than *Hercules* or *Theseus* ever did, yet the Hyrcanians, the Massagetes, the Hibernians, or the Lestrigones, into whose hands she might possibly have fallen, might have been as utter strangers to my name, as the inhabitants of the moon. The tutelary Genius of our mutual affections had fortunately provided a nearer way of bringing us together; but this indeed was only to give us an opportunity of taking an eternal farewell of each other.

Here *Agathon* proceeded to relate to the fair *Danae* all the adventures that had befallen him from the time of his departure from *Athens*, till the commencement

ment of their acquaintance; and of which we gave our readers an account in the two first books of his history. After having diverted himself a little at the expence of the wife *Hippias*, he revealed to his fair friend, to whom this was not the least entertaining part of the narrative, all the emotions of his heart from the first instant he saw her. He declared with the same sincerity he thought he felt it, that she alone was formed to realise his conceptions of ideal perfection, and a celestial degree of felicity; that if without deserting his former way of thinking, he had since the beginning of their mutual affection laid aside what was chimerical, and extravagant in it, it was owen to his having found in her every thing, of which he had hitherto, with the highest enthusiasm of fancy, been able to form only obscure and imperfect ideas; and because it was natural that the imagination, which is the seat of enthusiasm, should cease to act, as soon as the powers of the soul were

entirely

entirely taken up in contemplation, and enjoyment. In a word, *Agathon*, perhaps, had never been ſo enthuſiaſtic as at preſent, when, in the height of his amorous folly, he imagined that all he ſaid to the credulous *Danae* was, to his conceptions and feelings, as certain and immediate, as that he beheld her beauteous eyes fixed upon him with all the ſpirit of love, and filled with all its intoxicating pleaſures: or that he could perceive the palpitations of her heart upon her quivering lips. He concluded with telling her, that he believed ſhe might collect from his whole hiſtory how wretched he ſhould be, if after having been deceived ſo often by mankind, by fortune, and by his own imagination, he ſhould ever be deceived in the hopes of being beloved with that conſtancy and ardour which was neceſſary to his happineſs. He owned with a ſincerity, which none but a *Danae* could, perhaps, have ſupported, that the lively recollection of the times

of

of his first love, together with the impression made upon him by all the accidents, changes, and singular events, he had already met with at twenty five years of age, had led him into a series of melancholy reflections, which had scarcely allowed him to consider his present happiness as real, and not as a new illusion of his imagination. "It is owen," said he, "to the very excess of my happiness, "that I fear lest I should ever awake "from such an inchanting dream.—— "Canst thou reproach me, adorable *Danae?* O thou, who by the charms of "thy mind, independent of thy love-"inspiring form, or of that beauty, the "sight of which might captivate the im-"mortals; thou, who by the beauty of "thy soul alone, and the magic allure-"ments of an understanding which "unites all talents, all qualities, all gra-"ces in itself, mightest draw down my "soul from heaven itself towards thee.— "Canst thou blame me, that I shudder

"at

"at the bare thought of losing thy affections, as at the total annihilation of "my existence?—Give me, O give me "the assurance that this shall never happen; let me ever read in thine eyes, "hear from thy lips, and feel in thine "arms, that this is impossible; and if "this divine inchantment must one "time cease, exert in the last moment "the united force of all thy charms, and "let me expire at thy feet with love "and extasy."

WORDS cannot convey the least idea of the answer made by *Danae* to the overflowings of such an ardent affection; from what we have already said of her sentiments for our hero, the coldest of our readers can as easily form an idea of this, as we can relate it; or, if he pleases, he may form no idea of it at all. As to the rest there is no occasion to inform him, that she thanked him very politely for the recital of his history, that she was particularly delighted to find in the person of the slave

ſlave, who had driven *Alcibiades*, and even the amiable *Cyrus* himſelf from her heart, the celebrated *Agathon*, whom fame had reported to be the wonder of his time, and that ſhe ſaid many handſome things to him on this ſubject:—all this is underſtood of itſelf. This, and every thing elſe, which any perſon who had not been a *Danae* would have ſaid in ſuch a ſituation, we ſhall paſs over, together with all the elegant remarks and ſprightly ſtrokes of wit, with which ſhe interrupted ſome parts of his narrative. We ſhall therefore proceed to other circumſtances that paſſed in *Danae's* mind, which the generality of our fair readers we apprehend, or rather hope, will not be able to gueſs at, and which are of conſequence enough to deſerve a ſeparate chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

A remarkable Step towards diſſolving our Hero's Inchantment.

THE unreſerved manner, in which *Agathon* had given his fair friend the hiſtory of his whole life, the ingenuouſneſs, with which he had laid open the moſt ſecret ſprings of his heart, and the perfect knowledge ſhe by theſe means acquired of the character of a lover ſhe was ſo deſirous of preſerving, made her readily perceive, that ſhe had perhaps more reaſon to diſtruſt the conſtancy of *Agathon's* love, than he had to doubt the continuance of her's. However flattering it might be to her vanity to be beloved by an *Agathon*, ſhe would rather have wiſhed for her own repoſe, that he had not made ſo diſtinguiſhed a figure in the world. She apprehended, not without reaſon, that it would be difficult always to detain in the flowery chains of love and in voluptuous in-

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indolence, a young hero, who by his uncommon talents and merits ſeemed deſtined for the moſt important offices of public life: But the nature of his education, which had given his fancy ſo particular a turn; his ruling inclination for the eaſe and independence of a ſpeculative life, which ſeemed to have acquired additional ſtrength from the adverſe fortune he had already experienced at ſo early an age; his love of pleaſure, which, joined to the extraordinary ſenſibility of his heart, made his thirſt of glory and his ambition only ſubordinate paſſions.—All theſe circumſtances appeared very favourable to her deſign of ſtealing him away from the world, and keeping him to herſelf; but even this enthuſiaſtic fancy, this ſame vivacity of ſentiment, conſidered in another light, ſeemed to indicate a certain natural inconſtancy, from which ſhe had every thing to fear. Could ſhe, even with all the vanity, which the conſciouſneſs of her own merit,

and

and the general admiration inſpired, could ſhe poſſibly perſuade herſelf that ſhe was really indued with that ideal perfection, in which ſhe appeared to the faſcinated eyes of her inchanted lover? And as the proper object of his love was rather this chimerical perfection than herſelf, on how precarious a foundation did that hope reſt, which could induce her to ſuppoſe that the inchantment would continue for ever?

THIS laſt reflection made her tremble;—for ſhe became every day more ſenſible how impoſſible it was for her to be happy without *Agathon*. But (ſuch are the illuſions of the human heart) for the ſame reaſon, that the loſs of her lover would have made her wretched, all the ideas which flattered her with the hopes of the conſtant poſſeſſion of him, acquired additional force in perſuading a heart which ſought only to be deceived. She imagined therefore, that a propenſity to what

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may be called the *voluptuouſneſs of the ſoul*, was the diſtinguiſhing mark of our Hero's diſpoſition. His philoſophy itſelf ſeemed to confirm this opinion, and notwithſtanding all its ſuperiority over the groſs materialiſm of moſt men, yet in reality it ſeemed to concur with the principles of *Ariſtippus*, which had formerly been her own. The only difference between them appeared to be, that *Ariſtippus*, who conſidered pleaſure as the chief end of wiſdom, made it conſiſt principally in the agreeable emotions of the ſenſes, in the gratifications of a refined taſte, and the amuſement of a ſocial life, free from all turbulent paſſions—*Agathon*, on the contrary, thought that this more refined voluptuouſneſs, of which he had formed ſo charming a picture in the retired groves of *Delphos*, conſiſted rather in the pleaſures of the imagination and of the heart. This philoſophy (according to the ingenious remark of our fair one) made

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made *Agathon* gain more than he loſt with reſpect to ſenſual delights; the moſt powerful allurements of which are owen to the embelliſhments of a lively imagination, and to the tender emotions and effuſions of a heart full of ſenſibility. Having ſettled this point, ſhe concluded there was nothing to fear from that inconſtancy, which ſhe rightly conſidered as the effect of too active and ſoaring an imagination; provided ſhe could but continue to gratify his underſtanding, and his affections at the ſame time, by ſuch a conſtant ſucceſſion and variety of pleaſures, that he could not grow weary of ſo delightful a ſtate, though it ſhould even laſt much longer, than the time allotted by nature for the duration of human life. She had the greater reaſon to be ſatisfied with this plan, as ſhe knew from experience, that the imagination becomes leſs active, in proportion as the heart is more conſtantly engaged in the

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enjoyment of real pleaſure, and the more care is taken to prevent it from deſiring any gratifications beyond the preſent.

It is not now the time to give our opinion upon theſe maxims of the fair *Danae*. Conſidered in a ſingle point of view, they might be well founded; but we are very much afraid, that in employing the means by which ſhe hoped to attain her end, ſhe will find herſelf deceived by her paſſion. To ſay the truth, ſhe loved with too much warmth and ſincerity to be capable of making any very juſt reflections; her heart gradually and imperceptibly betrayed her beyond the bounds of that moderation, which had been of ſo much uſe to her at firſt. Her conduct too may poſſibly in part be attributed to a ſecret jealouſy of the amiable *Pſyche*; though according to all probability, ſhe had little reaſon to fear that *Pſyche* would ever appear again in perſon to claim the heart of her lover. This jealouſy

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jealouſy however made her deſirous of effacing even the remembrance of the tranſports of his firſt love, which had perhaps appeared to her yet too lively. It is however certain, that animated with the ſtrongeſt deſire of overwhelming as it were our Hero with felicity, ſhe diſplayed every mark of unbounded affection for him, and endeavoured to make him taſte ſuch exquiſite delight, as might leave nothing for his heart to wiſh, or his imagination to conceive: but the method ſhe purſued, by an almoſt neceſſary conſequence, defeated her deſign. The excellent Letter of that moſt amiable of all modern moraliſts, *Saint Evremond*, in the Letters from *Ninon l'Enclos* to the Marquis of *Sevigné*, ſaves us the trouble of explaining to the inexperienced part of our fair readers, how it happens that love may be deſtroyed by being too much cheriſhed; and that an imprudent exceſs of tenderneſs is the moſt ready and infal-

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lible way to make a faithleſs lover. We refer them to the inſtruction contained in the letter above quoted, written by a man perfectly well acquainted with the human heart, and ſhall content ourſelves with telling them what happened in the preſent caſe.

DANAE, with more tenderneſs than foreſight, purſued the plan ſhe had formed, and indulged *Agathon* in every delight and tranſport of love, even in a higher degree than the glowing imagination of *Marini* was capable of repreſenting, where he deſcribes the enjoyments of his *Adonis* in the arms of the Goddeſs of Love. In the ſpace of a few weeks, *Agathon* ſank inſenſibly into a certain laſſitude of mind, of which we cannot give a better idea than by ſaying, that it was entirely the reverſe of his uſual enthuſiaſm. Let it not be imagined however, that this languor was to be attributed to the ſame ſhameful cauſe which obliged the deſpica-

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deſpicable Hero of *Petronius* to have recourſe to the magic and ſtimulating arts of old *Enothea*. The knowledge we have of our Hero, exempts him from any ſuſpicion of this nature. It is much more probable, that the true cauſe of this change was in his diſpoſition of ſoul, and that it aroſe from his being ſatiated with pleaſure, which muſt unavoidably bring on a kind of ſtupefaction. With all reſpect for thoſe philoſophers, who have ſaid ſo many fine things of the unbounded faculties and inſatiable deſires of the human ſoul, we think that it is incapable of pleaſure beyond a certain degree, and can no more ſupport a continual ſtate of rapture, than a long duration of extreme pain. Both of them at length relax the powers of the ſoul, and throw her into a kind of languor, which deprives her of all ſenſation. But whatever was the cauſe of an event ſo prejudicial to *Danae's* deſigns, it is certain, that its effects were

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in a ſhort time ſo very great, that even *Agathon* hardly knew himſelf, and could not conceive how ſuch an extraordinary change could have happened. A magic cloud ſeemed to drop from before his aſtoniſhed eyes, all nature appeared to have aſſumed a new form, and loſt that inchanting colouring, which the ſpirit of love had ſupplied. Thoſe gardens, which a few days ſince had been the favourite reſort of all joys and of the Deities of love, thoſe Elyſian groves, thoſe ſerpentine hedges of roſes, in which voluptuouſneſs would ſo willingly have concealed herſelf, in order to have the pleaſure of being diſcovered,—were now viewed with as much indifference, as any other grove or ſhade. The air he breathed was no longer that delicious breeze of love, which ſeemed perpetually to increaſe the flame in his breaſt. *Danae* was already ſunk from her imaginary perfection to the common merit of every other beauty;

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beauty; and for his own part, he who lately thought himſelf equal in happineſs to the Gods, began to entertain very ſerious doubts, whether with that effeminate form, under which love had diſguiſed him, he even deſerved the name of a *Man*. It cannot be doubted, that in ſuch a ſituation the remembrance of what he formerly was, the remarkable dream which had occurred to him, and which the longer he reflected on it, the more he believed it to proceed from ſome benevolent ſpirit, or perhaps, from the departed manes of his beloved *Pſyche* herſelf,—the voice of that virtue he had once adored, and to which he had ſacrificed every thing,—and the ſelf reproach he had for ſome time begun to feel on the view of a life ingloriouſly waſted in voluptuous indolence,—all theſe united their efforts to make a freſh attack upon a heart, whoſe beſt propenſities were all in their favour. They had almoſt regained

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their influence over him, when he began to ſee clearly what the reflexions he was indulging muſt inevitably lead him to. He ſhuddered, when he perceived that no other way was left him to recover his former character, than to fly from this too alluring ſorcereſs. To tear himſelf from his *Danae!*—to tear himſelf from her for ever!—This idea deprived him at once of all that ſtrength of mind, which he had begun to exert, and awakened every remembrance, every feeling of his dormant paſſion. To leave *Danae*,—ſhe who ſo paſſionately loved him,—ſhe who had made him ſo happy,—in return for all her tenderneſs, for all ſhe had done for him, and that in ſo kind, in ſo noble a manner,—to abandon her to all the torments of a paſſion repaid with ingratitude!—No,—his heart was incapable of ſo baſe, ſo unworthy an action, as this appeared to him. Virtue herſelf, to whom he was ready to ſacrifice every gratification.

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tification of his own, could not approve of ſo cruel and ungrateful a proceeding. We ſubmit to the deciſion of ſome frigid moraliſts, whether virtue could poſſibly do this or not; but our Hero was ſo firmly convinced of the negative, that, inſtead of caſting about for arguments to confute the ſophiſms of love, he applied himſelf ſeriouſly to find out ſome method of making the intereſts of his virtue and his love agree with each other; for he imagined they were by no means incompatible.

It may eaſily be concluded, that the fair *Danae* diſcerned the change that was produced in our Hero, on it's firſt appearance. But ſhe was far from imagining, that his heart had any ſhare in it; ſhe was deceived in endeavouring to account for it's real cauſe, and thought that change of place, and a ſhort abſence, would probably revive the lively ſentiments he appeared to have loſt. If ſhe returned

returned to the city where their interviews would be leſs frequent, where the neceſſity they would be under of concealing their paſſion, would give it the ſeducing appearance of a ſecret correſpondence; diſſipation, company and diverſions, ſhe concluded would ſoon bring him back to her arms with as much warmth as ever. She accordingly prevailed with him to accompany her to *Smyrna*, though the ſummer was not yet over. In this ſituation ſhe contrived without any appearance of deſign, a variety of expedients to prevent their too frequent intercourſe, and when they happened to be alone, ſhe flew to his embraces with the ſame tenderneſs as ever; but ſhe took care at the ſame time to abſtain from every thing that might intoxicate him with an exceſs of pleaſure, into which ſhe could at any time throw him with a ſingle glance. All this was managed with ſo much dexterity, that he was not aware

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aware of any particular view in it. In ſhort ſhe had the talent of changing ſo imperceptibly the moſt violent love into the tendereſt friendſhip, that *Agathon*, who had no ſuſpicion either of artifice or deſign in her conduct, fell without miſtruſt into the ſnare, and ſoon became as tender and as preſſing, as if he had been but juſt beginning to attempt the conqueſt of her heart. It was not indeed in *Danae's* power to revive in him that enthuſiaſm with all its rapturous conſequences, which, when once loſt, ſeldom returns. But the impreſſion her allurements made upon his ſenſes was ſo lively, and the ſentiments of gratitude and friendſhip wrought ſo powerfully upon his heart, that they produced nearly the ſame appearances; and as it is uſual to aſcribe ſimilar effects to ſimilar cauſes, it is eaſy to imagine, that for a time both parties might deceive themſelves in this particular, without being apprized of it.

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It is very probable, that this artful moderation, with which the beautiful *Danae* endeavoured to counteract her former imprudence, might have entirely ſubdued our Hero; and that in this doubtful conflict between his virtue and his paſſion, in which each alternately got the better of the other, his virtue might at length have had the complaiſance to make ſome inglorious conceſſions to her adverſary, in order to ſecure the happineſs of the fair *Danae*. But, the moſt unfortunate accident that could poſſibly have happened to her, with ſo ſingular a man as *Agathon*, deprived her at once of his eſteem, and of all that could preſerve to her the poſſeſſion of his heart. A perſon, whom we have tenderly loved, ſtill keeps up a conſiderable intereſt in our heart, even after the firſt tranſports of paſſion are over, provided ſhe has not forfeited our eſteem. *Agathon* was too generous to puniſh the fair *Danae*, by with-

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withdrawing from her any ſhare of his eſteem, on account of her frailty in his favour: though that frailty was the only circumſtance likely to diminiſh an eſteem which ſhe ſo eminently deſerved, by the many ſuperior qualities of her underſtanding and her heart. But as ſoon as he began to think himſelf deceived in the opinion he entertained of her character and moral excellencies, he found himſelf under an immediate neceſſity of deſpiſing her: *Danae* from that moment was no longer his *Danae*, and by a natural conſequence, he as inſtantaneouſly reaſſumed the character of *Agathon*.

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BOOK VIII.

CHAPTER I.

Preparatory to the following.

THE ſtate of a poet's fancy, the fidelity of a miſtreſs, and the friendſhip of a *Hippias* are, perhaps, three of the moſt uncertain things in nature. The favour of the great may, perhaps, be conſidered as the fourth: it is generally loſt as eaſily as acquired; and has alſo this reſemblance to the favours of certain nymphs, that whoever

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has been so imprudent as to partake of either, must usually purchase his fleeting dream of pleasure with lasting pain.

HIPPIAS called himself the friend of the beautiful *Danae*, and was considered as such by her; this mutual friendship was founded on an acquaintance of more than twelve years. To this we may add the connection naturally subsisting between persons of wit and refined manners, the similarity of their turn of thoughts and inclinations; probably too, the peculiar privileges which *Hippias* was generally supposed to have long enjoyed with the fair *Danae*. These several circumstances had produced that kind of confidence between them, which by a mistake peculiar to people of the world, is considered as friendship, and is in reality the only friendship of which they are capable. This, however, is in general merely a mechanical effect of accidental circumstances, and is in fact nothing more than a tacit consent in the parties to continue their

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their attachment, ſo long as it may be convenient to each other. Hence it uſually ceaſes the inſtant it is put to any kind of trial, which interferes with the intereſts of ſelf love.

THE beautiful *Danae*, who had a much better heart than the Sophiſt, behaved to him without reſerve, as ſhe had not the leaſt doubt of the ſincerity of his friendſhip. 'Tis true, ſince love had wrought ſo ſurpriſing a change in her character, he had loſt a conſiderable ſhare of her eſteem, as well as of her confidence: the more *Agathon* gained, the more muſt *Hippias* neceſſarily loſe: but this was produced in ſo natural and imperceptible a manner, that ſhe herſelf was ſcarcely ſenſible of the change, or had only an imperfect idea of it. She was probably ſo little aware of this circumſtance, and was ſo far from entertaining any apprehenſion that the Sophiſt would ſee more deeply into her heart than ſhe herſelf did, that ſhe never thought of uſing any precaution

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with him. A proof of this is, that inſtead of prejudicing her lover againſt him, ſhe rather ſought every opportunity of raiſing *Hippias* higher in his eſteem. The particular attention the Sophiſt had for ſome time paid to his behaviour, ſeconded her endeavours ſo effectually, that *Agathon* began to form a more favourable opinion of his character, and inſenſibly admitted him to ſuch a ſhare of his confidence, that our hero no longer ſcrupled to enter into a familiar diſcourſe with him concerning the intereſts of his heart.

Our lovers fell therefore as careleſsly and imprudently into the ſnare *Hippias* had laid for them, as he could poſſibly deſire; nor did they imagine, that he could have any intention of diſſolving a connection which in ſome meaſure was formed by himſelf. This inattention might, perhaps, appear the more blameable, as they were no ſtrangers to the principles that influenced his conduct. But it is an obſervation we have opportunity

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nity of making every day, that generous diſpoſitions cannot poſſibly avoid being impoſed upon, by men of the character of our Sophiſt. Let them be ever ſo well acquainted with their turn of thought, let them have ever ſo many proofs that thoſe perſons, whoſe inclinations and actions are directed ſolely by ſelf-intereſt and paſſion, are not capable of any truly virtuous conduct; yet it is impoſſible for them ſo accurately to trace all the folds and windings of their heart, that ſome ſecret malice ſhall not lurk unnoticed, till it breaks out into action. *Agathon* and *Danae*, for inſtance, were ſufficiently acquainted with the character of the Sophiſt, to be convinced, that as ſoon as his intereſt came in competition with their love, he would not heſitate a moment to ſacrifice the duties of friendſhip to his own advantage. For what are moral obligations to a *Hippias?* On the other hand, they could not conceive what advantage *Hippias* could propoſe to himſelf,

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in alienating their affections from each other, and this made them more ſecure. He had in reality no advantage in this, nor was it properly his deſign; but he had an intereſt in purſuing a plan, which from the nature of *Agathon's* character, muſt neceſſarily produce this effect, and this was an intereſt of which our lovers had no ſuſpicion.

In the fourth book of this hiſtory, we have laid open the views which induced the Sophiſt to introduce our Hero to the acquaintance of the fair *Danae*. The plan was well concerted, and according to the ſuppoſitions on which it was founded, could not poſſibly miſcarry, if any ſuppoſition might be depended upon, when love is of the party. In this inſtance, however, it happened to *Hippias* as it commonly does to all projectors, he thought of every circumſtance, except that ſingle one which fruſtrated his intentions. How indeed could he imagine, that a *Danae* would be capable of loſing

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loſing her heart with a platonic lover? A diſpaſſionate philoſopher might have been affected by this without being angry, but ſuch philoſophers are rarely to be met with. *Hippias* found himſelf deceived in his expectations; his expectations were the reſult of certain concluſions; his concluſions were deduced from his principles; and theſe were collected from the whole ſyſtem of his ideas, which we know every philoſopher conſiders, at leaſt, as the half of his dear ſelf. How was it then poſſible that he ſhould not be angry? His vanity was piqued, and *Agathon* and *Danae* had been the offenders. He was well aſſured, that they could not have had any deſign to offend him, but this conſideration was of little conſequence to a *Hippias*. It was ſufficient that his reſentment was excited; it muſt vent itſelf upon ſome object, and it was not to be ſuppoſed that he would be angry with himſelf. Men of his diſpoſition would ſooner ſee half the world

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periſh, than confeſs that they have been miſtaken: it was, therefore, natural that he ſhould think of indemnifying himſelf by the pleaſure of revenge, for the loſs of that ſatisfaction he had flattered himſelf with, in the expected and wiſhed for reformation of our Hero.

AGATHON loved the fair *Danae* even after the heighth of his rapture was over, becauſe ſhe ſtill appeared to him the moſt perfect creature he knew. What an underſtanding! what goodneſs of heart! what uncommon talents! how charming was her converſation! what a variety of excellencies and attractions! How greatly in her favour was the recollection of every moment, from the time he firſt beheld her, to the inſtant when overpowered by ſympathetic love, ſhe had rewarded his affection with happineſs! In a word, all he knew of her was to her advantage, and he was ignorant of every thing which could have leſſened his eſteem.

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We may readily imagine, that *Danae* would not have been ſo imprudent as to betray herſelf. It is true, in return for the confidential narrative *Agathon* had made of his life, ſhe could not avoid giving ſome account of her own; but we very much doubt, whether ſhe thought herſelf obliged to obſerve the ſame conſcientious regard to truth. Can we indeed be certain, that *Agathon* himſelf with all his frankneſs, had not like a judicious painter or poet, ſuppreſſed ſome circumſtances, which he probably foreſaw would ſpoil the good effect of the whole piece? What aſſurance have we that the ſeducing Prieſteſs had obtained nothing more from him, than what he confeſſed? At leaſt ſome of our readers (who, perhaps, forget that they are no Agathons themſelves) may ſuſpect ſome affectation in the great indifference our hero diſcovers on a certain occaſion to charms, which they look upon as ſufficiently attracting, even in his own deſcription. In fact, let

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a man be ever so bashful, or ever so Platonic, a fine woman who has resolved to try the power of her charms upon him, herself inspired by the god of love, and what is still worse, a Priestess—in an attitude so inviting, with such black eyes, with so beautiful a bosom—is indisputably a dangerous sight for any one, who is not, as *Phryne* expressed it, a meer statue. Poetry, indeed, must be destitute of those magic powers, which have hitherto been ascribed to it, if in such a situation, the reading of that scene in the *Iliad*, which describes the deception of *Jupiter* by the girdle of *Venus*, had not given a double force to the natural effects of an object so very similar. However that be, it is yet certain, that *Danae* in the narrative of her life, had paid a greater regard to the laws of propriety and decency, than to the obligations of an exact historic truth. She, therefore, made no scruple sometimes to embellish one circumstance, sometimes entirely to omit another, according

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cording to the particular view she had upon her hearer. Her narrative was for him alone, not for the world; she might, therefore, not think herself so much bound by those strict rules, which the world in vain prescribes to every historian. Not that she meant entirely to conceal from him any principal incident of her life, or instead of real facts, to deceive him by fictitious adventures. She told him every thing; but there is a certain way of omitting what might make an unfavourable impression; a great deal depends upon the turn; a single trifling circumstance gives an event so very different an appearance, that we may be guilty of many striking deviations from historic truth, without making any remarkable change in the material part of the narrative. An observation, which, by the way, makes those who write memoirs of themselves, (not even *Xenophon*, *Marcus Antoninus*, nor the honest *Montaigne* himself excepted) more suspicious to us, than any other

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claſs of hiſtorians, becauſe they are ſo deeply intereſted in them.

Upon this principle the fair and prudent *Danae* had neither concealed from her lover her education in *Aſpaſia's* family, her acquaintance with *Alcibiades*, nor the flattering conqueſt ſhe had made of the prince *Cyrus*. All theſe and ſeveral other leſs brilliant parts of her ſtory either were, or might, at leaſt, by that addreſs which procured her the name of the ſecond *Aſpaſia*, have been told in ſuch a manner, as to have had the appearance of being to her honour. But with reſpect to thoſe paſſages, on which ſhe believed that all the embelliſhments of art would be thrown away, ſhe prudently determined to be ſilent: becauſe thoſe paſſages either in themſelves, or in regard to the ſingular taſte of our hero, could not pleaſe in any dreſs, in any light, or in any ſhape that might be given them. Hence it was, that our hero ſtill continued in the opinion that he was the firſt perſon ſhe had

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had attached to herſelf by favours of ſuch a kind, as ſhe had beſtowed upon him. This was an error ſo neceſſary for a man of his refined ſentiments, that without it, all the perfections of his miſtreſs would have been inſufficient to have ſecured his affection, even for a moment. To undeceive *Agathon* in this particular, was the moſt cruel ſtroke that could be given to his love and to the beautiful *Danae*; by this the Sophiſt hoped to be revenged of both at once, and this idea alone filled his malicious heart with joy. He waited, therefore, only for a convenient opportunity, which is ſeldom wanting to aſſiſt the execution of a bad deſign.

WHETHER this circumſtance ſhould be aſcribed to the interpoſition of ſome evil Dæmon, or whether it be owen to this, that wickedneſs is in its nature more buſy and active than goodneſs, is a queſtion we leave to the diſcuſſion of others. To which ever of theſe cauſes it may be imputed, the conſequence naturally flowing

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ing from this truth confirmed by daily experience would be, that evil would increaſe in a continued progreſſion, and in this ſublunary world at leaſt, would in the end overpower the good. But, general experience equally proves, that the contrivances of bad men, however ſucceſsful they may be, commonly fall ſhort of their aim, and promote the intereſts of virtue by thoſe very ſchemes and artifices, which are intended for its deſtruction.

CHAP. II.

Treachery of Hippias.

AMONG other qualifications which rendered the character of *Danae* eſtimable, ſhe had that of being an excellent friend. However indifferent ſhe might have been to the charge of inconſtancy in love, till the time that *Agathon* took

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took poſſeſſion of her heart, ſhe had always been firm and conſtant in her friendſhip. She loved her friends with a tenderneſs, which might eaſily be conſtrued by thoſe who judge only from appearances, into a more intereſted paſſion; as it equalled the efforts of the ſtrongeſt affection, whenever called upon to relieve the diſtreſſes of a friend. In ſuch circumſtances, there was not a ſingle pleaſure ſhe would not have ſacrificed to the duties of friendſhip.

An incident of this kind, the circumſtances of which have no connection with our hiſtory, obliged her to leave *Smyrna* for a few days. *Agathon* could not accompany her, and the affectionate *Danae*, ſatisfied with the proof he gave her of his affection, in the anxiety he expreſſed at her departure, conſoled herſelf with the thought, that this ſhort ſeparation would make him more ſenſible of the value of his happineſs, than an uninterrupted enjoyment of it. Secure in the poſſeſſion of his

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his heart, ſhe the more earneſtly recommended to him, during her abſence, to partake of all the pleaſures which the rich and voluptuous *Smyrna* could procure, as ſhe was confident that ſhe had nothing to fear from ſuch diſſipations.

But *Agathon* had already begun to loſe all reliſh for ſuch amuſements. How lively, how various, how inchanting ſoever they might be, yet were they not capable of engaging a ſoul like his for a long time. Conſidered as buſineſs, they are only ſo to thoſe who are fit for no other; as pleaſures, they ceaſe to be ſuch, when they loſe the charms of novelty. The more lively they are, the ſooner are they ſucceeded by ſatiety and diſguſt: nor is it in the power of all their apparent variety, to conceal that ſameneſs ariſing from a conſtant uſe of them, and which at length renders them irkſome even to the moſt worthleſs claſs of men. The abſence of *Danae* wholly deprived them of the only charm they yet retained for *Agathon*, the

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ſatisfaction of ſeeing her partake of them. He, therefore, ſpent almoſt this whole interval of time in a retirement, to which the active life he had led at *Athens*, and the voluptuous eaſe he had enjoyed at *Smyrna*, had for ſome years made him a ſtranger. The effect produced in him by this, may be compared to what a man feels, who out of a well illuminated room comes ſuddenly into the dark. Though his ſoul was crouded with ideas, yet he felt a void within, which he aſcribed to the abſence of his miſtreſs. He felt her abſence, but did not conceive that he ſhould have miſſed her leſs, had not his mind been enervated by conſtantly indulging a voluptuous indolence. The firſt days glided away in a kind of tender melancholy, which was by no means unpleaſing to him. *Danae* was almoſt the only object that engaged his ſoul retired within itſelf; or, if the retroſpect of former times preſented to his view the image of his dear *Pſyche*, or the brilliant ſcenes of

of his republican life, it contributed only to ſet in a ſtill ſtronger light, the merits of the incomparable *Danae*, and the tranquil felicity of a private life, devoted ſolely to love, to friendſhip, to the Muſes, and the Goddeſſes of feſtivity. His love was reanimated; it diffuſed that enlivening warmth through his whole being, which had produced ſo complete a harmony between the impulſes of his heart and thoſe of his imagination. He ſketched out the plan of a life, which, (thanks to his poetical fancy) ſeemed rather to be that of a God, than of a mortal. In this imaginary heaven of happineſs and ſmiling joy, *Danae* appeared with ſuperior brightneſs. Tranſported with theſe pleaſing dreams, he reſolved to unite his fate for ever with her's: he conſidered her as worthy to render that *Agathon* happy, who would have been too proud to accept the moſt ſplendid fortune from the hands of a king. This concluſion, which to a thouſand other men, would

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would have been a very equivocal proof of love, was in fact from his turn of thought, an indication of the higheſt degree of it.

In ſuch a diſpoſition of mind, ſo favourable to the deſigns of *Danae* was our hero, when *Hippias* paid him a viſit, to complain in a friendly manner of the retired life he led ſince *Danae's* departure. *Danae*, ſaid he, in a rallying tone of voice, ſhould be ſatisfied with keeping the amiable *Callias* to herſelf when ſhe is preſent, but to withdraw him from all ſociety in her abſence alſo, that is too much, and muſt in the end excite a general confederacy of all the fair ladies in *Smyrna* againſt her. *Agathon* anſwered this raillery in the ſame tone; inſenſibly the diſcourſe became intereſting, though it did not appear that the Sophiſt had any particular deſign in view. He took pains to convince his friend, how much he was to blame to withdraw himſelf from ſociety, in order to entertain the *Dryads* with his paſſion,

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paſſion, and charge the *Zephyrs* with ſighs and meſſages to his abſent miſtreſs. He deſcribed to him in the moſt engaging colours, thoſe pleaſures he deprived himſelf of, and did not omit reminding him, in how ridiculous a light he muſt appear in the eyes of every fair one, from the ſingularity of his humour. *A Callias*, in his opinion, ſhould not have been ſatisfied with a ſingle conqueſt, how brilliant ſoever it might be: he, to whom his ſuperior perfections gave ſo juſt a claim to ſet no bounds to his ambition in this path, and, who to conquer, need only appear. He confirmed the truth of this flattery, by mentioning the particular pretenſions which ſome of the moſt celebrated beauties of *Smyrna* made to him. From the Sophiſt's account, it depended only upon *Agathon* to ſatisfy at the ſame time his vanity, his curioſity, and his propenſity to pleaſure, and to render his happineſs as varied, as the moſt wanton imagination could poſſibly wiſh.

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To all these rhapsodies *Agathon* had but one answer—his love for *Danae*. The Sophist thought it insufficient: the same reasons which had occasioned his attachment to *Danae*, ought to make him equally sensible to the charms of other beauties. A change of objects constituted, in his opinion, the supreme happiness of love. He supported this position, by a very lively detail of the particular pleasures which attend the conquest of each particular class of beauties: the ignorant and the experienced, the witty and the simple, the fair and the homely, the coquet, the prude, the virtuous, the devotee—in short, every single female character, employs the taste, the imagination, and even the senses (for as to the heart, that was out of the question) in it's own peculiar manner.—Each of these requires a new plan, creates new difficulties, and makes us happy in a different way. From these fine reflections he concluded, that it was inconceivable how a man,

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man, who could command ſuch a variety of pleaſures, ſhould reject them, merely to reſtrain himſelf to the uniform gratification of one ſingle paſſion, which he invariably purſued with romantic attachment.

AGATHON granted, that to an indolent voluptuary, who made ſuch kinds of amuſements the ſole buſineſs of his life, ſuch a change as the Sophiſt recommended muſt be perfectly agreeable. But, at the ſame time he maintained, that men of this caſt were wholly ignorant of the nature of true love. He then reſigned himſelf entirely to the enthuſiaſm of his heart, and gave the Sophiſt a deſcription of what he had felt for the fair *Danae*, from the firſt moment he ſaw her, to the preſent hour. He deſcribed ſo ſincere, ſo refined, ſo perfect an affection, and expatiated with ſuch an enthuſiaſtic rapture upon the excellencies of his miſtreſs, the ſympathy of their ſouls, and the more than human delight he enjoyed in her love,

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love, that nothing but the malice of a *Hippias*, or the friendly ſeverity of a *Mentor*, could have been capable of making him forego ſo inchanting a deluſion.

THE charms of the beautiful *Danae*, replied the Sophiſt, are too well known, and her merits, in this particular, ſo generally acknowledged, even by her own ſex, that *Lais* herſelf, who had the reputation of making the nobleſt of the *Greeks* and princes of foreign nations vie with each other in the purchaſe of her favours, would be ridiculous, if ſhe were to attempt to put herſelf in competition with her. But, that ſhe ſhould ever have the honour of inſpiring a paſſion ſo reſpectable, ſo metaphyſical, ſo inconceivably ſublime—that this miracle, the only one ſhe had not hitherto wrought, ſhould be reſerved to the power of her charms—this is, indeed, what no man could ever have dreamt of, without laughing at the thought himſelf.

OUR

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OUR Hero, who had already been highly ſcandalized at the malicious compariſon with the Corinthian *Lais*, now loſt his temper entirely. With all the warmth of a lover injured in the object of his adoration, he reproached the Sophiſt for the equivocal manner, in which he had preſumed to ſpeak of ſuch a perſon as *Danae*, and his indignation as well as confuſion could not be equalled, when he ſaw that the Sophiſt only anſwered him by a ſatirical ſneer.

IT is ſo eaſy to foreſee what muſt be the concluſion of this ſcene, after what we have already obſerved concerning the deſigns of the Sophiſt, that we might leave it to the reader's own imagination. On the one hand, impatient queſtions—on the other, evaſions and artful applications; till at length *Hippias*, after much converſation (impelled by the irreſiſtible power of his pretended friendſhip for *Agathon*) ſuffered the ſecret of the beautiful *Danae's* real ſituation to be forced from

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from him, together with thoſe anecdotes which we (however innocently) diſcovered to our readers in the third chapter of the fourth book.

We have already obſerved, how much depends upon the views of the relater, in the narrative of any event, and how different the applications may be, by varying the circumſtances. *Danae* told her ſtory with the innocent intention of pleaſing. She naturally viewed her conduct, her foibles, and even her failings, in a more favourable (and, if we may ſay the truth) in a truer light than the world; which, on the one hand, is unacquainted with all thoſe trifling circumſtances that juſtify us, or at leaſt extenuate our faults; and on the other hand, is malicious enough, for the ſake of greater diverſion, to overcharge the picture of our follies with a thouſand ſtrokes, by which, indeed, the portrait is made leſs exact, but conſequently more amuſing. Unfortunately for our fair one, the deſigns of *Hippias*

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required that he ſhould carry this infamous art of giving an odious turn to any event, as far as the laws of probability could poſſibly admit.

During theſe diſcoveries, our hero appeared more like a ſtatue, or a dead man, than himſelf. Cold ſhiverings and burning heat alternately ran through his whole frame: his breaſt at once beſet with the moſt contrary paſſions, he breathed with ſuch difficulty, that he muſt ſoon have fainted, had not one of thoſe paſſions ſuddenly gained the aſcendent, and by the moſt violent effort given vent to his oppreſſed heart. The light in which *Hippias* repreſented his Goddeſs, made ſo unpleaſing a contraſt, with that in which he had been uſed to conſider her, and the thought that he had been ſo greatly deceived was ſo inſupportable, that it was not poſſible for him to give credit to the Sophiſt. The whole ſtorm, that roſe within his ſoul, broke forth therefore againſt the traitor. He called him a falſe friend,

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friend, a ſlanderer, a worthleſs villain—invoked all the avenging Deities againſt him—ſwore, that if the accuſations with which he dared to ſully *Danae's* virtue, were not grounded upon the moſt undeniable proofs, he would exterminate him as a monſter not fit to live, and expoſe his deteſted carcaſe, unburied, as a prey to the birds of the air.

THE Sophiſt viewed this ſtorm with the tranquillity of a man well acquainted with the nature of the paſſions: with a compoſure equal to that of him, who conſiders ſecurely from the ſhore the tumultuous roaring of the waves he has fortunately eſcaped. A look of compaſſion, accompanied with a malicious ſmile, which left no room to doubt of it's meaning, was all he oppoſed to the indignation of our exaſperated lover. Here *Agathon* pauſed: a horrid doubt ſuddenly came upon him. Speak, barbarian! exclaimed he; ſpeak! prove thy deteſted accuſations as clear as the ſun, or confeſs

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that thou art a traiterous wretch, and die with shame!—Art thou in thy senses, *Callias?* replied the Sophist, with that infamous coolness, which on such occasions is peculiar to triumphant malice—recollect thyself a little, and as soon as thou art able to hear reason, I will speak.

AGATHON was silent, for what can he say, who is uncertain what he shall think?

REALLY, continued the Sophist, I cannot conceive what reason thou canst have to act the part of the furious *Ajax* with me. Who talks of accusations? Who impeaches the beautiful *Danae?* Is she then less amiable, because thou art neither the first who has seen her, nor the first who has found her susceptible of tender impressions? What extravagancies are these! Believe me, any other but thyself would have thought that the sight of her alone, was sufficient to confirm the account I have given of her. Her very look is a proof. But, thou requirest

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a ſtronger, thou ſhalt have it, *Callias*. What wilt thou ſay, if I myſelf have been one of thoſe, who can boaſt of having experienced the effects of the beautiful *Danae's* ſenſibility?—Thou? exclaimed *Agathon*, with an aſtoniſhment that implied diſbelief, and was not at all flattering to the Sophiſt's vanity. Yes, *Callias*, I, retorted he; I, as thou here beholdeſt me, might be better qualified ten or twelve years ago, to obtain the favour of a fine woman. Thou thinkeſt, perhaps, that I am in jeſt; but I am convinced, that thy Goddeſs herſelf has too much ſpirit to deny, if thou wilt queſtion her properly, the truth of what all *Smyrna* can teſtify.

HERE the inhuman wretch, totally unconcerned at the ſituation into which his vain boaſtings had thrown the miſerable *Agathon*, proceeded minutely to deſcribe the happineſs he pretended to have enjoyed in the arms of the fair *Danae*, (Heaven knows on what foundation) with

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ſuch an air of truth, and with ſuch vivacity, as almoſt drove his hearer to madneſs. It is paſſed, interrupted *Agathon*, with an emotion ſo animated, that he appeared, at that inſtant, to be ſomething more than man.—It is paſſed! O virtue, thou art avenged!—*Hippias*, under the ſmiling maſk of friendſhip, thou haſt piereed me through with a poiſoned dagger—but I thank thee—thy malice has done me a much greater ſervice, than thy friendſhip could: it opens my eyes, it points out to me at once in the object of my eſteem and confidence, in the idol of my heart and in my ſuppoſed friend, two of the moſt deſpicable objects that ever have defiled my ſight. Gods! the miſtreſs of a *Hippias!* Is it poſſible for any thing to be more diſhonourable than this? With this apoſtrophe, he caſt the moſt contemptuous look that ever glanced from mortal eye upon the diſappointed Sophiſt, and departed.

CHAP.

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CHAP. III.

Conſequences of the preceding.

THE human ſoul is, probably, ſuſceptible of no pain more ſevere, than that which ariſes from a neceſſity of deſpiſing the object of our tendereſt affections. Language itſelf is too weak to expreſs the torture which ſo violent a ſhock occaſions in a heart exquiſitely ſenſible: we therefore chuſe rather to confeſs that we find ourſelves unequal to the taſk of painting the tumult of the paſſions, which raged in *Agathon's* mind for ſome hours after this cruel explanation, than by a cold deſcription, to betray both our preſumption and inability.

THE firſt thing he did, as ſoon as he had recovered himſelf, was to exert his utmoſt efforts to perſuade himſelf that *Hippias* had deceived him. Was it too much to entertain the worſt idea of ſo highly infamous a character, as the So-

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phist's then appeared to him? Of what validity could such a witness be against a *Danae?*—Or rather, how powerful an apologist hadst thou, fair *Danae*, in the heart of thy *Agathon!* Could *Hyperides* himself, though he was sufficiently eloquent to persuade the Athenians of the innocence of a *Phryne*, have said any thing stronger and more plausible in thy defence, than *Agathon* said to himself?—Probably reason alone would have been overcome by the sophistical eloquence of love, had not jealousy intervened and turned the scale; and among all the passions, there is none, which so easily changes probability into reality. In the doubtful light which this passion spread over his soul, conjecture was changed to probability, and probability into certainty; as if, with the refined delicacy of a *Julius Cæsar*, he had found *Danae* guilty, merely because she was suspected. He compared her own narrative with the account *Hippias* had given of her, and now thought,

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thought, ſince diſtruſt had entirely taken poſſeſſion of him, that he diſcovered a hundred traces in the former, which confirmed the truth of the latter. Here ſhe muſt have given an artful turn to one circumſtance, there (as he ſeemed to recollect) ſhe had been embarraſſed what to make of another, which had eſcaped her unawares.

With the ſame degree of partiality he ſurveyed her whole behaviour towards him. How clearly did he now fancy to perceive, that from the firſt inſtant ſhe had formed deſigns upon him! A thouſand trivial incidents, which were then perfectly indifferent to him, appeared now to have had a ſecret meaning. He recollected, compared, and combined every circumſtance, till at laſt he firmly believed, that every thing which had happened to him from the firſt viſit he paid her with *Hippias*, to the time of his entrance into her ſervice, had been the conſequence of a plan previouſly con-

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certed between her and the Sophiſt. How greatly did this idea embitter every favour ſhe had ſhewn him! How entirely did it deprive all her actions of that beauty and grace, which had ſo much inchanted him! He now ſaw in this imaginary original of every ideal perfection, nothing more than an artful courtezan, who, by a ſuperior ſkill in the practice of captivating the affections, had taken advantage of his innocence. How deſpicable did thoſe marks of her favour now ſeem, which he had prized ſo highly, while he conſidered them as the overflowings of a heart devoted ſolely to him! How contemptible thoſe joys, which in each happy hour of inchantment, had raiſed him to a ſtate of equality with the Gods! How enraged was he now at his own folly, that he had ſuffered himſelf to be caught in ſo evident and palpable a ſnare!

THE image of the amiable *Pſyche* could not have preſented itſelf to him at a more unſeaſonable time for *Danae*, than

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at this inſtant; but it was natural that it ſhould preſent itſelf; and how dazzling was the light in which ſhe now appeared to him! What additional ſplendor did ſhe receive from the eclipſed merits of her unfortunate rival! Heavens! how was it poſſible, that the miſtreſs of an *Alcibiades*, of a *Hippias*, of any man to whom fancy might chance to lead her, ſhould be capable of extinguiſhing that innocent affection for *Pſyche*, whoſe chaſte embraces were ſo far from endangering his virtue, that they had given it new life and vigour?—He carried on the compariſon as far as it could go. Both had loved him, but what a difference in their manner of loving! How different was that night,—a night he could not now recollect without horror,—in which *Danae*, after having exerted all her charms, employed every thing which the moſt artfully ſeducing ſkill could invent, joined to the magic powers of muſic to intoxicate his ſenſes, and diſſolve his whole being in

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voluptuous deſires, had thrown herſelf with engaging forwardneſs into his arms.—What difference between that, and thoſe elyſian nights, which, in the company of his dear *Pſyche*, had paſſed away, as a ſingle moment in heaven, in the pure delights of unembodied ſpirits.—Poor *Danaë!* even her perſonal charms loſt by this compariſon that ſuperiority which the moſt partial prejudice could not refuſe them. This image of *Venus*, at the ſight of whom his enraptured ſoul had been diſſolved in pleaſure, when compared with the virgin modeſty of the young *Pſyche*, was now degraded in his captious imagination to the laſcivious beauty of a Bacchanalian, fitter to excite the fury of a drunken Satyr, than thoſe tender tranſports, he was now aſhamed to have laviſhed upon her in the inexcuſable infatuation of ſoul.

Our virtuous female readers, who have doubtleſs lamented the fall of our hero, not without an honeſt indignation againſt

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againſt the refined meretricious arts of the beauteous *Danae*, will ſincerely rejoice to ſee the honour of virtue, and in ſome degree, the intereſt of their whole ſex, revenged on this fair ſeducer. We ourſelves ſhare this pleaſure with them, and yet, with their permiſſion, we cannot help obſerving, that *Agathon*, in the compariſon which he made between *Danae* and *Pſyche*, ſhewed a ſeverity we do not entirely approve; how pleaſed ſoever we may be to ſee him get the better of a paſſion, a longer continuance of which, would have made it impoſſible for us to give this third volume of his hiſtory.

However blameable *Danae* might be on account of her weakneſs for our hero, yet it is evidently unjuſt to condemn her, becauſe ſhe was not a *Pſyche*, or to ſpeak more preciſely, becauſe in ſimilar circumſtances, ſhe had not conducted herſelf exactly as *Pſyche* had done. If *Pſyche* was more innocent, this was leſs to be conſidered as a merit in her, than as a

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phyſical qualification, the natural conſequence of her youth and ſituation of life. *Danae*, probably, was equally innocent, when with all the ſimplicity of a country girl of fourteen, ſhe danced to the flutes at the Athenian feſtivals, under the inſpection of her brother; or when ſhe was hired by *Alcamenes* to ſit as a model of the riſing boſom of a *Hebe*. Was it her fault that ſhe had not been educated at *Delphos?* Or, that the firſt affections of her youthful heart declared themſelves in favour of an *Alcibiades*, and not of an *Agathon?*—*Pſyche's* love, we grant, was more innocent, but ſtill love is always the ſame in its effects. It extends its claims till it gets in poſſeſſion of all its rights, and frankneſs and inexperience are the leaſt able to withſtand its pretenſions. It was fortunate for the tender innocence of *Pſyche*, that her nightly interviews were interrupted, before that ſpiritual kind of ſenſual enthuſiaſm, in which they had both begun to make ſo conſiderable a proficiency,

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ency, had riſen to its greateſt height. Probably, in a few days, or more, if you pleaſe, but then we may ſay, certainly, theſe harmleſs children would have proceeded from one innocent overflowing of the heart to another, from one expreſſion too weak to deſcribe their exquiſite ſenſibility, to another, till at laſt, to their great aſtoniſhment, they would have found themſelves where nature expected to bring them; and then what would have become of the moſt eſſential privileges of innocence?—Another circumſtance, in which *Pſyche* had happily the advantage over *Danae*, was this, that her lover was as innocent as herſelf, and notwithſtanding all his ſenſibility, had not the moſt diſtant thought of enſnaring her virtue. Do we know how ſhe would have behaved, if it had been put to the trial? She would have reſiſted, of that there is no doubt, but let us add, as long as it would have been poſſible for her: For it is not to be imagined, that ſhe would have had

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courage enough to fly from him, and never ſee him more. She would, at laſt, then have been ſurprized by the ſoft deluſions of love, however ſhe might have retarded the inſtant of her defeat. It may be ſaid, that ſuppoſing even ſhe had been overcome, ſtill ſhe would have reſiſted; *Danae*, on the contrary, had not only foreſeen and haſtened her fall, but had even contrived it herſelf; and had ſhe deferred it, it would only have been with a view of enhancing her love and her pleaſure, not for the ſake of her virtue. All this is undeniable; but admitting that ſhe would have yielded at laſt (which, one way or other, is always the ſecret deſign of every woman, who engages in a love intrigue) to what purpoſe would a long and obſtinate reſiſtance have ſerved, but to give her lover and herſelf unneceſſary torment? Suffice it, that the ſevereſt decorum of the preſent age does not require half ſo much time as ſhe employed to make her conqueſt more difficult to *Agathon*. And

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do we imagine, that ſhe did no violence to herſelf, in letting ſo complete a lover, whoſe extraordinary merit ſo fully juſtified the ſtrength of her attachment, languiſh ſo long? Or, that the ſelf-denial which this required, was not at leaſt as painful to one whoſe imagination had been already ſo familiarized to the moſt raviſhing pleaſures of love, as the moſt vigorous reſiſtance could poſſibly be to a perſon yet wholly inexperienced.

We do not mean, by making all theſe reflections to juſtify the beautiful *Danae*, but only to ſhew that *Agathon*, in the height of his paſſion, had judged too hardly of her. It was unjuſt to impute to her as a fault that tenderneſs, which had rendered him as happy as he would have been miſerable, had ſhe perſiſted to requite the vehemence of his paſſion, with the calm ſentiments of friendſhip alone. But the prejudice he now laboured under made him incapable of doing her juſtice: the thought that ſhe had ſhewed the ſame favours

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favours to a *Hippias* as ſhe had to himſelf, made him ſuſpicious of every circumſtance which might have convinced him, that though others had preceded him in the enjoyment of her favours, yet he was the firſt who had really made an impreſſion upon her heart. In a word, he conſidered her now only as a woman of intrigue, who, in the point of view ſhe appeared to him at preſent, had nothing to diſtinguiſh her from others of the ſame caſt, but that ſhe was more dangerous.

But his indignation could not be ſo violent againſt her, without recoiling upon himſelf. The idea that he had ſupplied the place of a *Hippias*, of a *Hyacinthus*, made him appear in his own eyes as the moſt contemptible of ſlaves; he bluſhed for his former better ſelf, when he thought of the account he had to give of his reſidence at *Smyrna*. Would he, had *Danae* been even what the intoxication of his paſſion had repreſented her, have been able to juſtify his conduct before the tribunal

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bunal of virtue? What could he then anſwer, when he could not but accuſe himſelf, for having ingloriouſly laviſhed away ſo much time in indolence and eaſe, without any one commendable action: time, loſt to his underſtanding, loſt to virtue, loſt to his own and to the public good? And what rendered the thought ſtill more inſupportable was, that it had been paſſed in contemptible efforts to gratify the voluptuous taſte of a *Danae*, to indulge her inclinations, and her imagination yet inflamed with the remains of the laſcivious fire of her youth. The reproaches which from theſe partial ſuggeſtions of jealouſy he heaped upon himſelf, were carried as far, as the paſſionate emotions of a ſoul, impreſſed with a too violent but innate love of virtue, could poſſibly reach. The anguiſh, which in conſequence of theſe reflections tortured his mind was ſo ſevere, that he paſſed the whole night ſucceeding this dreadful day, in violent agitations. A ſtate, which

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together with his preſent diſpoſition of ſoul, may afford us a very apt image of thoſe torments, in which, according to the general belief of all people, the vicious expiate in another ſtate, the crimes they have committed in this.

WE have already obſerved, that the being diſſatisfied with ourſelves, is a ſentiment too painful for the ſoul to be able long to endure. It is natural, that ſelf love ſhould exert all its powers to relieve itſelf, and if we conſider how little benefit can be expected from a continual conſciouſneſs of ſhame and ſelf contempt, and on the contrary, how prejudicial grief and ſelf humiliation, their natural conſequences, muſt be to returning virtue; we have reaſon, perhaps, to look upon the part which ſelf love takes in endeavouring to juſtify us to ourſelves, as one of the moſt neceſſary ſprings of our ſoul in this world of error and paſſions. Remorſe, is of no other uſe, but to impreſs us with a deep ſenſe of the odiouſneſs of any

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fooliſh and immoral conduct, of which we feel ourſelves guilty. As ſoon as it hath produced this effect, it ſhould immediately ceaſe, its continuance would only deprive us of the power of correcting our faults, and would, therefore, be as prejudicial, as too great a degree of timidity, which only ſerves to make us more certainly run into the danger, we ſhould endeavour either to avoid by prudence, or to oppoſe with reſolution.

AGATHON had the greater reaſon to attend to theſe favourable inſinuations of ſelf love, as the immoderate warmth of his imagination had always repreſented to him his errors, and the object of them, in a much more odious light, than cool and unprejudiced reaſon would have done. The extraordinary changes of this capricious inchantreſs, and the little difficulty ſhe has in paſſing ſuddenly from the extreme of any paſſion to one of an oppoſite nature, are probably well known to many of our readers from their own expe-

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experience. Such will not be ſurprized to hear, that the deſire of juſtifying himſelf (as much as poſſible at leaſt) in his own eyes, had imperceptibly induced our hero to let the beautiful *Danae* partake of that juſtification, which the moſt rigid admirers of virtue could not poſſibly refuſe her. It was difficult, a *Socrates* would have ſaid, it was extremely difficult to withſtand the attractions of ſo many powers of inchantment united; flight was the only ſure reſource; this was, indeed, almoſt as difficult; but ſtill at firſt you had this in your power, and it was great want of foreſight in you not to reflect, that there would come a time, when you would even be deprived of that power. Thus, perhaps, he would have ſaid who called *Critobulus* a very bold fellow, for having kiſſed a beautiful boy of *Alcibiades*, and adviſed the young *Xenophon* to fly from the ſight of a beautiful face, as quickly as he would from a Baſiliſk. But, ſelf love ſpoke not with ſo much truth and

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diſcretion. It was impoſſible, ſaid ſhe to our hero, to withſtand ſuch powerful attractions: it was impoſſible to fly from them. She availed herſelf of all the livelineſs of his imagination to convince him of the truth of theſe flattering aſſurances; and though ſhe was not able totally to ſilence a certain internal ſentiment which contradicted her, and which, perhaps, is the moſt certain criterion of the freedom of our will; yet ſhe ſo far ſucceeded, as inſenſibly to diſpel the melancholy gloom that poſſeſſed his mind, and diffuſe over it that pleaſing light, in which we are generally apt to view every object that intereſts us.

But this tranquillity of our hero was of little ſervice to *Danae*; her qualifications juſtified, indeed, the high idea he had entertained of her character, and both concurred to vindicate the greatneſs of his affection. He excuſed himſelf for having ſo ardently loved her, as long as he had reaſon to think the excellencies of her ſoul,

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ſoul, as extraordinary as the beauties of her perſon. But, ſhe loſt all influence over his heart, the moment ſhe had forfeited his eſteem. The reſolution of leaving her was the natural conſequence of this: a reſolution which did not coſt him a ſingle ſigh, ſo thorough a contempt did he now feel for her. The recollection of what he had been, the conſciouſneſs of what he might again be, whenever he would, made it impoſſible for him to bear the thought of being one moment longer the ſlave of a ſecond *Circe*; who, by a more ſhameful metamorphoſis, than any of thoſe which the companions of *Ulyſſes* muſt have undergone, had changed the hero of virtue into an effeminate voluptuary.

THINGS being thus circumſtanced, it was by no means adviſeable to wait her return, which, according to the notice he had received from her, would not exceed three days at furtheſt. She had not let a day paſs without writing to him; and the

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the neceſſity he was under of returning anſwers as regularly, embarraſſed him the more, from the great change his heart had undergone; for he had too much ſincerity and vivacity to pretend to ſentiments which his heart denied. His letters were for this reaſon ſo ſhort, and diſcovered ſo much conſtraint, that *Danae* began to entertain a thought, which was not indeed very probable, but yet was the moſt natural one that could occur to her. She imagined, that her abſence might have encouraged one of the beauties of *Smyrna*, to endeavour to ſeduce from her ſo enviable a lover. If her vanity laughed at ſo bold an attempt, yet the tenderneſs of her love would not ſuffer her to be as unconcerned at this, as one might reaſonably have concluded, from the lively manner in which ſhe rallied him about his indifference. In the mean time the conſciouſneſs of her merit got the better of all other reflections, and left her no room to doubt, that her bare

appearance would efface all the ſuperficial impreſſions which a rival might have made upon his heart. If ſhe had even been leſs certain of this, yet ſhe was too prudent to let him perceive that ſhe had any doubt of his affection, or was capable of becoming troubleſome to him by an imaginary jealouſy. This circumſtance, with the others above mentioned, haſtened her return; and the idea *Agathon* had conceived, that ſhe might, perhaps, think of ſurprizing him by an earlier return, than ſhe had promiſed in her laſt letter (an idea, ſo prophetic, that we are greatly inclined to aſcribe it to the guardian angel of his virtue) ſhewed him, in the ſtrongeſt manner, the neceſſity of the moſt ſpeedy flight. As ſoon therefore, as he had diſpatched a meſſenger to *Danae*, he repaired to the harbour to ſeek for a ſhip, which might convey him that very night from *Smyrna*.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.

A ſmall Digreſſion.

SUCH of our readers, as have condeſcended to peruſe this hiſtory with more attention, than they give to a french novel of the day, will have obſerved, that the recovery of our Hero from a ſtate, which ſcarce entitled him to that appellation, is properly neither to be aſcribed to his reaſon nor to his love of virtue; however agreeable it might have been to us to impute the ſole honour of this ſurprizing change to either of thoſe motives. Notwithſtanding the ſincere eſteem we have for both, we muſt yet confeſs, that if it had depended entirely on them, *Agathon* might have continued the captive of the fair *Danae* for a much longer time. We have, indeed, cauſe to believe, that his reaſon would have been complaiſant enough, by a variety of ſpe-

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cious arguments and concluſions, gradually to lull his love of virtue entirely to ſleep; or, perhaps, to perſuade it to a friendly accommodation with pleaſure, its natural and moſt dangerous enemy. We do not however deny, that both of them contributed to the delivery of our friend; though it is certain, that jealouſy and offended ſelf-love had the greateſt ſhare in it: without the kind interpoſition therefore of two paſſions ſo generally cenſured, the once ſo wiſe, ſo virtuous *Agathon* would, to all appearance, have ingloriouſly trifled away at *Smyrna*, amidſt the blandiſhments of love, a life begun with diſtinguiſhed honour.

We do not expect that the greater part of moraliſts will, by this obſervation, be prevailed upon to give up certain prejudices, which they ſeem to have inherited from their forefathers: prejudices, which if traced back to their ſource, for ſome centuries, will be found, by a tradition not very favourable to ſound reaſon, to have been derived from monks

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and recluſes, who have abounded among the eaſtern people of all religions. On the contrary, it would afford us the higheſt ſatisfaction, if the preſent hiſtory ſhould prove the happy occaſion of exciting any truly great philoſopher of our own times, to carry the light of Genius into certain obſcure parts of moral philoſophy. Theſe, indeed, to the great prejudice of the general good, might ſtill remain undiſcovered for ſeveral thouſand years, if the diſcovery of them was to be brought about by the inceſſant zeal of thoſe worthy perſons who have, for ſeveral years paſt, made the German preſſes groan under a confuſed heap of indiſtinct, and often arbitrary ideas, enthuſiaſtic ſentiments, devout allegories, unnatural characters, and pompous declamations, thrown together in every poſſible form. To explain our ideas more clearly upon this ſubject, to ſuch perſons as are qualified to accompliſh this pious wiſh of our's, or to point out

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to them a more certain way of discovering this moral *Terra incognita*, than they may meet with throughout the course of this history, would have the appearance of a presumption, from which the consciousness of our own weakness, or, perhaps, of our indolence, is a sufficient security. We, therefore, dismiss the subject with this little hint, and after having, according to all appearance, delivered our Hero from the greatest danger his virtue had ever yet been, or may hereafter be exposed to, we content ourselves with making a few reflections—but, no; we have thought better of it—what other reflections could we possibly make, than those which *Agathon* himself, as soon as he had leisure, made on his own adventures. These must be so much the more natural and interesting, as he actually was in that situation, in which we must first by the help of our imagination place ourselves, and must search after those ideas, which of their own accord

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preſented themſelves to him, and even intruded themſelves upon him. We will therefore wait till he recovers ſuch a tranquill diſpoſition, as may enable the ſoul returning to itſelf, to review the paſt with an impartial eye. Let us only be permitted, before we proceed in our narrative, for the benefit of our younger readers, to whom we cannot help having a particular attachment, to make ſome remarks, which we know not how to introduce in a more proper place; remarks, which thoſe who, like *Shach-Baham*, are not fond of moralizing, may curſorily paſs over, or amuſe themſelves, in the mean time, if they like it, with looking out of the window, till we have diſpatched them.

WHAT would you ſay then, my young friends, if with the magiſterial aſpect of a profeſſor of moral philoſophy in his chair, I ſhould endeavour to prove to you with geometrical exactneſs, that you are under an obligation to be perfectly

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insensible to those amiable creatures, for whom your eyes, your heart, your imagination conspire to give you an inclination, which, as long as it is undetermined, will for ever torment you, and as soon as it fixes itself upon any particular object, will become the soul of all your other passions.

THAT we could produce such a proof, and what is something harder still, that we could impose on you the obligation, not to contract an attachment for any of these agreeable creatures, however perfect they may seem in your inchanted eyes, till you have been told that you may love them—is a circumstance you cannot be unacquainted with. Therefore, as this has been so often proved, we may now take it for granted; and the only question in our opinion is, how it can be brought about that your reluctant hearts should be made to comply with duties, you had a thousand specious objections to, which in the end, however,

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ever, come only to this, that you have no inclination to practiſe them.

THE ſolution of this queſtion ſeems to us to be the greateſt difficulty, in which the generality of moraliſts leave us with an indifference, which is the more inhuman, as few of them have not in ſome degree or other experienced, that it is not ſo eaſy to conquer an enemy as to prove that he ought to be conquered.

IN the mean time, till ſome benevolent Genius ſhall diſcover a ſure, effectual and general method of removing this difficulty, we ſhall preſume to give you a piece of advice, which, indeed, is neither general, nor without ſome inconvenience; but yet, every circumſtance conſidered, may be of conſiderable uſe to you in ſeveral reſpects, till ſome infallible moral anodyne is diſcovered.

WE ſhall here take for granted two equally certain truths: the firſt is, that the generality of young people, and perhaps many of the old, have a ſtronger,

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propenſity either to tenderneſs, or to love, in the common acceptation of the word, than to any other natural paſſion. The other is, that *Socrates*, in the place mentioned in the laſt chapter, has not carried the fatal conſequences of love, conſidered as a violent paſſion for one ſingle object, (which is the only kind of love in queſtion) farther than daily experience juſtifies. "Thou unhappy man!" ſaid he to the young *Xenophon*, "canſt thou conceive what may be the conſequences of the kiſs thou haſt juſt now given?" For *Xenophon* had not the leaſt idea that it was ſo dangerous a thing to kiſs a beautiful boy, or to expreſs myſelf agreeably to our manners, to kiſs a fine girl; and he was inconſiderate enough to confeſs, that he had always confidence enough in himſelf, to expoſe himſelf to theſe dangerous experiments." Thinkeſt thou, added the philoſopher, that thou wilt continue to be free, and wilt not rather become the ſlave of what thou loveſt? Wouldſt thou not

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ſquander a great deal upon deſtructive pleaſure? Thinkeſt thou, that thou wouldſt have much leiſure to employ in any thing great or uſeful, or rather wouldſt thou not be forced to ſpend thy time in occupations, which even a mad man would be aſhamed of?" It is impoſſible to deſcribe in ſuch few words, more exactly the conſequences of this kind of love—Of what uſe will it be to us, my friends, to deceive ourſelves? Even the moſt innocent love, even that, which in young enthuſiaſtic minds, ſeems to agree ſo perfectly with virtue, carries with it a ſecret poiſon, whoſe effects are the more dangerous, as they are ſlow and imperceptible.——What is therefore to be done?—The advice of the elder *Cato*, or that, which *Lucretius*, agreeably to the tenets of his ſect gives us, is, in its conſequences more pernicious than the evil itſelf. Even the principles and example of the wiſe *Socrates*, are in this point only practicable under certain cir-

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cumſtances—and to ſay the truth, we wiſh, out of regard to the whole human race, that ſome *Socrates* may, hereafter, ſucceed in depriving love totally of his divinity, as well as of his arrows and wings, and making the paſſion a mere regular gratification of a natural appetite. All the benefit accruing to the world by this means, would be, that human ſociety would neceſſarily experience ſome degree of thoſe bad effects, which would ariſe from a total ſuppreſſion of the paſſions.

Now for our advice—The *Tartuffs*, and thoſe pitiful beings, who would perſuade the world to venerate as relics the abſurdities of their melancholy imaginations, may ſhake their heads as much as they pleaſe.—My young friends, either employ yourſelves in preparations for the part you are deſigned for, or to fulfill it really. Strive to acquire thoſe qualifications which are rewarded with the eſteem of the wiſe and

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of posterity; and seek to attain virtue, which alone constitutes the internal happiness of our being.—"A truce with your morality, good Sir;" you may exclaim here, "this is not what we want to hear from you; all this has already been much better said by *Claville*, and by *Abbt* better still—*Your preservative against love?*"—Preservative against love? Heaven forbid! Or, if you want such, you may easily be supplied by all the quacks in morality, and—all the apothecaries shops. Our advice proceeds upon a quite different plan. If you either will, or must fall in love, every thing, believe me, depends upon the object on which you place your affections—Find out an *Aspasia*, a *Leontium*, a *Ninon*—endeavour to gain her favour, and, if possible, her friendship. The advantages, which such a connection will procure you, both in regard to your judgment, your taste, your morals—Yes, Sirs, your morals, and even the duties of your station, will reward all your

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your pains. "Excellent! *Aſpaſias* and *Ninons!* We muſt ſearch for them all over Europe"—That we do not adviſe; we mean only in caſe you find them.—"But, ſuppoſe we cannot meet with ſuch."—Why then look out for the moſt ſenſible, virtuous and amiable woman you can find—and here (as we would not wiſh you to go out of your way) we allow you to ſeek for her not only among the moſt beautiful of her ſex: if ſhe is amiable, you will be the more enamoured of her; if virtuous, ſhe will not deceive you; if prudent, ſhe will not ſuffer herſelf to be deceived by you. Here, therefore, you may place your affections without danger.—"But this does not ſatisfy us; the queſtion is, how we may engage her affections?"—Aye—there the ſecret lies; the trial may at leaſt be made, and, provided you are aſſiduous, we aſſure you, you will carry on your novel for ten years in a line perpetually converging, without drawing nearer to the central

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central point—and this is all we had to say to you.

CHAP. V.

Irresolution of Agathon; an unexpected Incident determines him.

WE return to our *Agathon*, whom we left at the end of the third chapter in his way to the harbour of *Smyrna*.

No man could possibly be more determined, than he was upon going out, to embark in the first vessel he should meet with ready to sail, though it should have conveyed him even to the Antipodes. But,—such is the weakness of the human heart!—when he came to the port, and saw a number of ships waiting only for the signal to weigh anchor, he was almost tempted to return, and, instead of flying from the fair *Danae*, to run into her arms with

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with all the transport of an enraptured lover.

But, let us be reasonable; a *Danae* well deserved that the resolution of leaving her should cost something more than a transient sigh: and it was very natural that *Agathon*, though resolved to execute his virtuous design, should take a retrospect of the past, and represent to himself in a manner more lively than ever, that happiness he now voluntarily renounced, to launch again as a wandering exile into the ocean of the world, and risque the chances of an uncertain return. This last idea startled him, but it was soon banished by other sentiments, which more strongly affected his tender heart, than any thing in which he himself was alone concerned. He put himself in the place of *Danae*. He represented the anxiety she must feel at her return, when she should be informed of his flight. She had loved him so tenderly—all that *Hippias* had said to her prejudice, all that he added from himself,

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himſelf, could not in this moment overcome the perſuaſive influence of his feelings, which convinced him that he was really beloved by her. If the anxiety for the loſs of a beloved object, is to be meaſured by the ſtrength of our affection, how miſerable muſt *Danae* be! The compaſſion which this reflection excited in his mind, revived her intereſt in his heart. Her image preſented itſelf again to his view, with all thoſe charms, whoſe magic power he had ſo often experienced. What a recollection!—He could not forbear dwelling upon the idea for ſome minutes, and ſtill felt his efforts to get rid of it grow weaker. His ſoul, though half ſubdued, ſtill continued a reſiſtance which conſtantly loſt it's force. Love, to make a ſurer conqueſt of him, concealed itſelf under the pleaſing images of compaſſion, generoſity and gratitude.—What? Should he return ſo ardent an affection with ſuch baſe ingratitude? To plunge a dagger into the boſom of one's beloved, the very moment

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moment she is thinking to return in haste to the arms of a faithful lover; in a bosom too, which, overflowing with tenderness, burns to receive him!—This was, in itself, a very affecting representation, and how much more affecting from the idea which insensibly intruded itself of the beauties of that bosom!—To forsake her; to steal away secretly from her—would she not have received death from his hand as a favour, in comparison of such cruelty? This would have been his case, if he were in her situation; and this idea passion is always sure to adopt, when it finds its account in it.

To all these tender images, his fixed resolution opposed the reasons we are already acquainted with: but these had lost half their influence, from the instant that his heart brought his virtue over again to the interest of his fair friend. The danger was urgent, every minute was, as it were, decisive. *Danae's* return was uncertain, and it cannot

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not be doubted, that if ſhe had arrived in time, ſhe would have found means to efface all the unfavourable impreſſions the treachery of the Sophiſt had made upon a heart, ſo much intereſted to find her innocent.

A lucky accident—yet why ſhould we aſcribe to accident, what we ſhould rather conſider as a proof, that ſome invincible power is always ready to lend it's aid to falling virtue?—An accident, however, did ſo order it, that at this critical juncture, *Agathon* perceived among the number of foreigners who trade to *Smyrna* from all parts of the world, a man, whom he had been intimately acquainted with at *Athens*, and whom he had had an opportunity of obliging by ſome conſiderable ſervices. This was a merchant of *Syracuſe*, who to ſkill in his profeſſion, united integrity of character, and, what is very unuſual, in at leaſt one half of the German empire, a love of the Muſes. Qualifications, which, as they made him the

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the more agreeable to *Agathon*, at the ſame time enabled him to form a better judgment of his merit. The Syracuſan expreſſed the higheſt ſatisfaction at ſo unexpected a meeting, and offered his ſervices to our Hero in a manner that ſhewed he wiſhed they might be accepted; for *Agathon's* baniſhment from *Athens* was too public a tranſaction, to be unknown in any part of *Greece*.

After ſuch inquiries as are uſual among friends, who unexpectedly meet after a long ſeparation, the merchant told him a piece of news that drew the attention of all the European Greeks; this was the extraordinary favour which *Plato* enjoyed with the younger *Dionyſius* at *Syracuſe*. He acquainted him with the reformation philoſophy had wrought in the character of the prince, and the warm hopes conceived by the *Sicilians*, of enjoying happier times from the effects of ſo wonderful a change. He concluded with inviting *Agathon*, if no other buſineſs of conſequence

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quence detained him at *Smyrna*, to accompany him to *Syracuſe*, which was now more likely than ever to become the reſort of the wiſeſt and moſt virtuous men. He told him further, that his ſhip laden with Aſiatic merchandize, was ready to ſail the ſame evening.

THE exploſion occaſioned by a ſpark falling into a magazine of gunpowder is not more ſudden, than the revolution produced in the mind of our Hero, by this piece of intelligence. This ſingle idea, ſet, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, his whole ſoul in a flame—But what an idea was this!—*Plato*, the friend of *Dionyſius*—*Dionyſius*, notoriouſly ſtigmatized for every extravagance that youth, elated with abſolute power, can poſſibly be hurried into—the tyrant *Dionyſius*, a lover of philoſophy, a diſciple of virtue—and ſhould *Agathon* ſuffer the bloom of his life to be loſt in voluptuous indolence? Should he not haſten to aſſiſt that divine philoſopher, whoſe ſublime principles he had

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had begun to put in practice with so much applause at *Athens*, in completing the glorious work of converting a lawless tyrant into a good prince, and securing the general happiness of a whole people?—What an undertaking! what a prospect for a soul like his! It engrossed all his attention; he once more felt that he was *Agathon*—he once more felt the vital force of those moral principles, which inspire the animating belief that we are born for noble purposes, and cherishes that self-esteem which is one of the strongest motives to virtue. No further struggle, no further effort was now necessary to detach him from *Danae*, and make him return to virtue with all the ardour of a lover, who, after a long absence, throws himself again into the arms of his mistress. His Syracusan friend did not find it necessary to use any persuasions; *Agathon* accepted his proposals with the greatest joy. As of all the presents the liberality of *Danae* had so profusely

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fuſely heaped upon him, he did not chuſe to take more than was abſolutely neceſſary for his voyage, he, therefore, wanted very little time to prepare for his departure. A favourable wind filled the ſails of the veſſel which was ſoon to tranſport him from the corrupt city of *Smyrna*; and ſo ſuperior was the triumph which virtue in this happy hour obtained over her adverſary, that our Hero ſaw the pleaſing coaſt of *Aſia* vaniſh from his ſight, without ſhedding a ſingle tear at the thought of leaving them for ever.

WHAT is then to become of poor *Daphnae*, methinks I hear ſome young fair one ſay, whoſe heart tells her, that ſhe could never be reconciled to virtue, for running away with her lover in ſo cruel a manner? Is ſhe now to be entirely forgotten? And will it give no concern to the virtuous *Agathon*, if his infidelity ſhould break that heart which had made him ſo happy?—But, with your leave, my fair readers, what could he do, after his

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his resolution was once taken? Must he not quit *Smyrna*, in order to go to *Syracuse*, and after having considered every circumstance impartially, was he not under the necessity of going there? For would you have an *Agathon* pass away his whole life like a *Veneris passerculus*, (an expression which you must beg some of your lovers to translate for you) in amorous caresses on the bosom of the tender *Danae?* And to take her with him to *Syracuse* was, for several reasons, by no means advisable, if even she had been willing to quit *Smyrna* on his account. Or, do you imagine, that he ought to have waited, and endeavoured to obtain the consent of his mistress?—This was all he could have done, had he entertained a secret design of staying with her. Every thing therefore considered, he could not, in our opinion, have acted otherwise. He left her a letter, in which he disclosed his intentions with a sincerity, which at the same time justified them. He did not mock

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mock her with promiſes of affection, which would have been a ſhocking contraſt to his behaviour; on the contrary, inſtead of giving her pain by any reproaches, he recapitulated his obligations to her in the ſtrongeſt manner. At the end of his letter, an expreſſion eſcaped him, which probably he would have had generoſity enough to omit, had he allowed himſelf time to reflect upon it: for he concluded with telling her, that he hoped one half of that reſolution of mind ſhe had exerted to ſupport the loſs of an *Alcibiades*, or to free herſelf from the embraces of a *Hyacinthus*, would be more than ſufficient to enable her in a ſhort time to bear his abſence with indifference. How eaſily, added he, may *Danae* bear the loſs of a lover; ſhe, who with a ſingle glance only, can make as many ſlaves as ſhe pleaſes!—This was rather ſevere—but his diſpoſition of mind at that time, was not ſufficiently compoſed, to make him ſenſible of the full force of what he ſaid.

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AND thus concludes the hiſtory of the loves of *Agathon* and the fair *Danae*; and thus, my fair readers, have all love ſtories ended, and all future ones which may have a ſimilar beginning, will certainly have a like concluſion.

CHAP. VI.

Reflections, Inferences, and Reſolutions.

THE man who from the faults of his predeceſſors, or from thoſe he daily obſerves in his cotemporaries, has learnt the art of committing none himſelf, has inconteſtably a much better claim to the title of the wiſeſt of men, than *Confucius*, *Socrates*, or even king *Solomon*; who, contrary to the common courſe of nature, was guilty of his greateſt follies, at that period of life, when moſt men are reclaimed from their's. In the mean time, till this art is diſcovered, it is our opinion

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opinion, that he may be looked upon as a wiſe man, who commits the feweſt faults, who is the ſooneſt reclaimed, and derives from them ſuch leſſons for his conduct, as may render him for the future leſs liable to error.

How far *Agathon* deſerved this appellation, our readers will in time be able to determine for themſelves; as for our part, we are not by any means intereſted in ſetting him out to a greater advantage than the truth will juſtify. We repreſent him ſuch as he is; we ſhall, therefore, proceed to relate his hiſtory with the ſame veracity we have hitherto obſerved, and aſſure our readers once for all, that we are not to blame, if he does not always act in ſuch a manner as we, perhaps, may wiſh that he had.

DURING his paſſage to *Sicily*, which was very favourable, he had time enough to reflect upon what had happened to him at *Smyrna*. How? ſome of my readers will here exclaim, reflections again? Cer-

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tainly, Sirs, and in his ſituation it would have been unpardonable in him not to have made ſome. So much the worſe for you, if, on certain occaſions, you do not find in yourſelf the ſame inclination; perhaps you would do well to learn this cuſtom from him.

It is not ſo eaſy for an *Agathon* as for other men, to baniſh the idea of paſt follies. Is not a ſingle fault ſometimes more than ſufficient to tarniſh the luſtre of the moſt brilliant life? How mortifying is it to find a defect in any maſter-piece of art, a picture for inſtance, or a poem, which cannot be corrected without deſtroying the whole? And how much more mortifying is it when a ſingle defect deprives a beautiful compoſition of the merit of perfection? A ſenſation of this kind was ſufficiently painful, to oblige our Hero to reflect more ſeriouſly upon the cauſes of what had befallen him. How did he bluſh for himſelf, when he recollected the too confident defiance, by which

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which he had at firſt provoked *Hippias*, and, in ſome degree, authorized the trial upon himſelf, whether there was ſuch a virtue as could reſiſt the ſtrongeſt and moſt alluring temptations.—What made him then ſo confident? Was it the remembrance of the conqueſt he had gained over the Delphic Prieſteſs? Or, the immediate conſciouſneſs of that indifference, with which he had conſidered the charms of the young *Cyane?* Was it the experience, that the temptations which had on all ſides inſnared his innocence in the houſe of *Hippias*, had rather created in him diſguſt than excited paſſion? Or, was it an abhorrence of the principles of *Hippias*—and the confidence he placed in the peculiar ſtrength of his own?—But, is it a neceſſary conſequence, that he who has gained ſeveral victories, ſhould never be overcome? Was it not in the power of a *Danae* to accompliſh that, which neither the Pythian Prieſteſs, nor the Thracian Bacchants, nor *Cyane*,

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nor, perhaps, all the beauties of the king of *Persia's* seraglio, had or could have effected?—And what reason had he to depend upon the strength of his principles?—Even in this point, he indulged a subtle self-deceit, of which perhaps experience only could make him sensible. Enraptured with the idea of virtue, he imagined not that his soul could ever find attractions in what was directly contrary to this intellectual beauty. Experience alone could shew him how fallacious our ideas are, whenever we inconsiderately pretend to realize them.——Consider virtue in herself, and in her highest degree of perfection—she is divine; nay (to use the bold, though just expression of an excellent writer) she is the divinity itself.—But what mortal can presume to confide in the omnipotent strength of this ideal virtue? Every man experiences how far he may trust his own —What is more odious than the idea of vice? *Agathon* therefore trusted to the

the impoſſibility that it ſhould ever appear amiable in his eyes, and was deceived!— becauſe he did not imagine that there could be a doubtful point of view in which the out-lines of vice and virtue would be ſo blended, in which beauty and the graces would impart ſuch a luſtre to vice, as to conceal it's deformity, and give it even the colours and charms of virtue? He knew not that nothing is eaſier, than to wander in this ſeducing twilight from the path of virtue, and be loſt in a labyrinth, which will inſenſibly lead us into an agreeable forgetfulneſs of ourſelves and of our duties.

THE reflections which our Hero made upon the neceſſity of having a cautious diffidence of the power of good principles, and the danger of looking upon them as the meaſure of our ſtrength, led him next to a different conſideration, which convinced him how little dependence the ſoul can have upon a ſtate of continued moral enthuſiaſm, ſuch as his

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ſoul had been in, till ſeduced by the artful ſnares of the fair *Danae*. He recalled to his mind all the circumſtances that had conſpired to render this inchanting enthuſiaſm ſo natural to him, and recollected the various dangers to which it had expoſed him. At *Delphos* it had nearly made him the dupe of the artifices of a counterfeit *Apollo*; at *Athens* it had really betrayed him into the hands of his moſt inveterate enemies; yet in both theſe dangers, had he retained his virtue, that invaluable jewel, the poſſeſſion of which made him inſenſible to the loſs of every thing, that a favourite of fortune can be deprived of. But, his virtue betrayed by this very enthuſiaſm, yielded at length to the ſeductions of his own heart, as well as to the artifices of the beautiful *Danae*. Was not that magic light, his imagination diffuſed over every object that correſponded with his ideas; was not that imperceptible manner in which he ſubſtituted his ideas in the place of reality, the

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true reaſon, why *Danae* made ſo extraordinary an impreſſion upon his heart? Was it not that enthuſiaſtic love of what is beautiful, under the bright wings of which his paſſion concealed itſelf, till at laſt by gentle and inſenſible gradations, it took entire poſſeſſion of his ſoul? Was it not the long habit in which he had indulged himſelf of ſubſiſting upon pleaſing ſenſations, which inſenſibly ſoftened, in order the more readily to diſſolve it in ſo delightful a flame? Muſt not his propenſity to raptures of the fancy, however ſpiritual their object might be, make him at length pant after other raptures, after thoſe from which an unknown, confuſed, yet therefore, more lively internal ſentiment, promiſed him the real enjoyment of that moſt perfect happineſs, of which only tranſient preſages had hitherto touched his imagination, and which by theſe light touches had already tranſported it beyond itſelf? Here *Agathon* recollected the objections *Hippias*

had ſtarted againſt this enthuſiaſm, and againſt that ſpecies of philoſophy, which produces and ſupports it; and found them now as conſiſtent with his own experience, as they had before appeared to him falſe and abſurd. He was the more inclined to approve the Sophiſt's opinion of the origin and real properties of this ſublime enthuſiaſm, as from the time he had parted with it in the arms of the fair *Danae*, he had not been able to recover it; and as that lively ſenſe of virtue, which now again inflamed his heart, could neither reſtore to his moral ideas that luſtre they before had, nor could re-eſtabliſh in its former eſtimation with him, the poetical metaphyſics of the Orphean ſect. Experience, he believed, had convinced him, that this internal feeling, by the teſtimony of which he had thought to invalidate the concluſions of the Sophiſt, was but a very doubtful criterion of truth. He thought, that *Hippias* had as much right to eſtabliſh his brutal ſyſtem of ma-

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materialism, and his pernicious morality, as the Theologists to support their mysterious doctrine of spiritual beings, from the plea of internal feelings and experience. He conceived it probable, that it was owen entirely to the different turn of the imagination, that at one time we believe ourselves allied to the Gods, at another to the brute creation; because at one time every object appears to us in a gloomy and serious, at another, in a gay and chearful light; because in one instant we know no real and solid pleasure, but with an arrogant contempt of terrestrial things, in melancholy reflections on their emptiness, to lose ourselves in the unknown regions beyond the grave, and in the bottomless abyss of eternity: in another, we cannot conceive a more inchanting picture of an enviable delight, than that of a young *Bacchus* reclining his ivy-crowned head on the bosom of a most beautiful nymph, throwing one arm around her lovely waist, and stretching

out the other to receive a foaming goblet, which with a smile she presents to him, filled with nectar, just pressed with her own lovely hands from the bursting grapes; while the Fauns and frolicksome Nymphs with the Deities of love, wantonly dance around him, pursue each other through rose-bushes, or fatigued with their sports, repose in retired grottos, preparing for new pastimes.

THE conclusion he deduced from all these reflections, and various others, which we shall spare our readers, was this: that the sublime doctrine of the theology of *Zoroaster* and *Orpheus*, had probably, (for he did not yet venture to assert any thing with certainty upon this point) not much more reality in them, than those laughing images, under which the painters and poets had deified the pleasures of sense: that the former, indeed, seemed more favourable to virtue, and fitter to elevate the soul to a sublimity, purity and strength more than human, but that in fact they might

might be as prejudicial to the true deſtination of man, as the latter; partly, becauſe it ſeems an abſurd as well as a fruitleſs undertaking, to think of making ourſelves better than nature intended we ſhould be; or, at the expence of one half of our exiſtence, to ſtrive to attain a kind of perfection, which is in conſtant oppoſition to the duties of it; partly, becauſe ſuch men, if even they could ſucceed in transforming themſelves into demi-gods, or ſpiritual intelligencies, would thereby become ſo much the leſs proper to fulfil any of the common obligations of human ſociety. Conſidered in this point of view, the enthuſiaſm of the Theologiſt ſeemed, indeed to him, to be leſs hurtful than the ſyſtem of the Senſualiſt, but equally uſeleſs to ſociety. As the firſt either withdraws himſelf wholly from ſociety (which indeed is the beſt thing he can do) or, if he paſſes from a contemplative to an active life, his ignorance of a world in which he is

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an entire ſtranger, or certain abſtract ideas which will never agree with the object he has before him, or an exceſs of moral ſenſibility, with a thouſand other cauſes, derived from his former manner of life, lead him frequently to hurt others contrary to his intentions, and always to injure himſelf.

To enquire how far theſe poſitions may be true, or in what particular caſes they may admit of ſome exceptions, would carry us too far from our purpoſe. It is enough for us, that they appeared to *Agathon* ſufficiently founded, to induce him the more eaſily to forgive himſelf, that as the *Ulyſſes* of *Homer* in the iſland of *Calypſo*, he had ſuffered himſelf to be detained in the inchanted land of pleaſure, and prevented from executing his original deſign of viſiting the diſciples of *Zoroaſter* and the Prieſts of *Sais*, as ſoon as *Danae* had reſtored him to his liberty. In ſhort, his experience made him ſuſpect the truth of his former turn of thinking,

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without being able to remove a certain ſecret propenſity to his old favourite ideas. In this point, his reaſon could neither be conſiſtent with his heart, nor his heart with itſelf, and he was not yet ſufficiently compoſed, or, perhaps, he was too indolent to reduce his preſent ideas into a ſyſtem which might have ſatisfied them both. A ſhip, indeed, is not the propereſt place to execute ſuch a deſign, for which the ſtillneſs of a dark grove is ſcarcely ſilent enough, and therefore *Agathon* may be excuſed for having deferred this buſineſs, though in reality it is ſuch a kind of buſineſs as will no more admit of delay, than the repairing of a ruinous building; for as the building approaches nearer to total deſtruction every day that the repairs are deferred, ſo the breaches in our moral ideas, and the diviſions between our underſtanding and our heart, become conſtantly greater and more dangerous, the longer we delay to inquire into them with proper attention,

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and to re-eſtabliſh a juſt connection and harmony between the parts and the whole.

THIS delay, however, in *Agathon's* particular ſituation at that time, was the leſs prejudicial, as he was more ſtrongly convinced than ever, of the beauty of virtue, and the indiſpenſible obligation we are under of obeying her laws; and as he conſidered an active life directed to the true general good, as the deſtination of all men. If any exceptions were to be made in favour of ſpirits merely contemplative, yet he certainly looked upon himſelf to be deſigned for ſuch a kind of life. Before this time, he had been only by accident and againſt his inclination compelled to engage in public buſineſs; now, it was in conſequence of his preſent, and as he thought improved turn of mind, that he reſolved to enter upon it. A pleaſing extaſy which, at that inſtant, appeared to him preferable to the moſt delightful intoxication of pleaſure, diffuſed

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fuſed itſelf throughout his whole being, when he conſidered, that he might aſſiſt in reſtoring to *Sicily*, the infinite advantages of true freedom, and of a conſtitution permanently fixed on the baſis of wiſe laws and regulations.—His fertile imagination repreſented to him the effects of his labours in a variety of pleaſing images of public happineſs—with tranſporting he felt joy within himſelf powers equal to ſo noble an undertaking, and his delight was the more complete, as he felt at the ſame time that neither ambition, nor a vain deſire of fame, had any ſhare in it: that it was rather a virtuous deſire of doing good in a more extenſive ſphere: a deſire, the expectation of ſatisfying which, gave him that foretaſte of the moſt godlike of all pleaſures human nature is ſuſceptible of. His experience, how much ſoever it had coſt him, ſeemed not too dearly purchaſed, ſince by this means he thought he ſhould be better qualified to avoid the rocks, on which the

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the prudence or the virtue of thoſe, who engage in public affairs, is frequently ſhipwrecked. He therefore made a fixed reſolution, never to ſuffer himſelf to be ſeduced by any ſecond *Danae*. He fancied, that he could more confidently rely upon himſelf in this point, as his firmneſs had already been ſufficient to diſengage him from the firſt; and as he might reaſonably think that it was impoſſible he ſhould ever be expoſed to a more dangerous trial. Free from ambition and avarice, ever watchful to the foibles of his heart, which he had learnt to know, he did not imagine he had any thing to apprehend from other paſſions, that, probably, ſtill lay concealed in his boſom. No ill-preſaging fear diſturbed him in the uninterrupted enjoyment of his hopes; they employed him while awake, and were even the ſubject of his dreams; they were the principal topic of his diſcourſe with the Syracuſan merchant, they made him inſenſible to the fatigues

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fatigues of the voyage, and amply repaid him for the loſs of the once beloved *Danae*; a loſs, the painful ſenſe of which was diminiſhed every day. Thus, after having touched at a few ſea-port towns of *Greece*, in which he avoided making himſelf known, favourable winds and a ſkilful pilot brought him to *Syracuſe*, where he might have an opportunity of learning, that in a ſituation ſo dangerous as that—of eminence at the court of a Prince, virtue muſt either be ſacrificed to prudence, or that prudence, however circumſpect, would ſtill be inſufficient to prevent the fall of the virtuous.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VII.

One or two Digressions.

WE wish to have female readers—(for if this history were less founded on truth, than it is; yet could it not be ranked among those dangerous romances, which, the author of the most dangerous and instructive one that ever appeared, deters young ladies from perusing)—and we should be sorry to see any lady who may have had patience enough to read this eighth book through—from an idea that nothing interesting could now be expected from it, after *Agathon*, by so base a trick, and by secret flight, had renounced the service of love——we should be sorry to see any lady, let the third part of this history carelessly slip out of her beautiful hands, and——perhaps take up the *Sopha* of *Crebillon*, or *the lovely* little *puppet* of Mr. *De Bibiena* to

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to diſſipate the vapours, which the infidelity and reflections of our hero may have occaſioned.

Whence my fair ladies does it ariſe, that moſt of you, are ſo much more inclined to excuſe all the follies love can poſſibly make us commit, rather than forgive us the recovery of our reaſon to its natural ſtate? Confeſs, that we are the more agreeable to you, the more we demonſtrate, by the weakneſſes you bring us to, the ſuperiority of your charms to the ſtrength of manly wiſdom.—What a captivating picture is not a *Deianira* wrapt up in the lion's ſkin of her robuſt lover, and with his club on her ſhoulders, as ſhe caſts a ſmiling glance of triumph, upon the ſubduer of giants and dragons, who diſguiſed in her long flowing garments, aukwardly turns the effeminate ſpinning wheel among her maidens?—We are acquainted with ſome few, whom this little exclamation does not at all concern; but if we are to ſpeak our ſentiments

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ments without flattery (which indeed we ſhould not do, if we were guided by prudence) we doubt, whether the wiſeſt among them, at the ſame time that ſhe endeavours to limit the follies of her lover, can refrain from tacitly feeling the ſame triumphant ſatisfaction in the thought, that ſhe is amiable enough to make a man of merit forget his own dignity.

THE critics will think this a common obſervation, which ſays neither more nor leſs than what *Gay* has ſaid with infinitely greater elegance in one of his fables, and what we have all been long acquainted with.—That vanity is the real ſpring of all the paſſions of the female heart. We don't entirely deny the charge, though at the ſame time, we cannot think with theſe critics, that our obſervation goes ſo far—but no more of this.

BUT to put our fair readers into good humour again, we cannot ſuppreſs a little anecdote which concerns the heart of our hero, even though he ſhould thereby

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run a freſh riſque of loſing the eſteem which he had began to recover with certain venerable ladies, who never have loved themſelves, and (thank Heaven) have never been beloved.—The anecdote is this;———

However *Agathon* might be ſatisfied with himſelf in regard to his eſcape from his agreeable captivity at *Smyrna*; how little ſoever the inchantment in which we have ſeen him, was able to ſuppreſs the love of virtue, that characteriſtic paſſion of noble ſouls; however ſincere the vows were he then made, never hereafter to ſtray from her paths; how great and important ſoever the ſentiments which then engroſſed his ſoul; how much ſoever (to ſay every thing in one word) he was *Agathon* again: Yet there were ſtill hours, in which he was obliged to confeſs that in the enthuſiaſm of love, and in the arms of the fair *Danae*—he had been happy. There may be (ſaid he to himſelf) much illuſion, much refinement,

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finement, and fancy in love, yet it's joys are certainly not imaginary.—I felt, and I feel now, as ſtrongly as my own exiſtence, that her joys were real, as real in their kind, as the joys of virtue,—wherefore then ſhould it be impoſſible to unite love and virtue? To enjoy them both—that indeed would be a complete felicity.

To prevent our being miſunderſtood by thoſe who are acquainted only with the manners and cuſtoms of the country or place where they are born, it is neceſſary we ſhould here make a ſmall digreſſion, and acquaint them, that a familiar intercourſe with ladies of a certain claſs, (or to expreſs myſelf not ſo much like a Frenchman, but leſs equivocally) with ſuch women as made a trade of what is improperly called love, was a thing ſo far permitted among the Greeks, that it would have been ridiculous in the moſt rigid fathers to have refuſed their ſons, even while under their direction, the privilege of having a miſtreſs of this kind.

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kind. Women and virgins enjoyed here, as well as in all other places, the particular protection of the laws, and ſecured by the cuſtoms and manners of that people, were much leſs expoſed to attempts on their virtue, than they are with us. Attempts of this kind were as difficult, as the puniſhment of ſuch a crime was rigorous. This was doubtleſs the reaſon why women of ſuch a ſtamp as a *Phryne* or a *Lais* were permitted; that others who were looked upon as ſacred in the eyes of the Grecian legiſlators, the mothers of citizens, or, ſuch as were deſtined to that honour, might be better ſecured from the attacks of impetuous youth: and how diſſolute ſoever the Athenian ladies are repreſented by the licentious wit of *Ariſtophanes*, yet it is certain that the wives and daughters of the Greeks, were in general remarkable for their modeſty; and that the manners of a wife, and of a courtezan, were

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as widely different among them, as in ſome capital cities of Europe. At preſent they are ſtudiouſly made to reſemble each other. Whether this inſtitution was entirely commendable, is another queſtion, which we have nothing to do with here: We mention it only to obviate the ſuſpicion that *Agathon*'s repentance and remorſe aroſe from the idea of it's being unjuſtifiable to have an intrigue with a *Danae*. *Agathon* thought upon this ſubject, like the other Greeks of his time. Throughout all *Greece* (*Sparta* perhaps only excepted) perſons of his age, might paſs the night with a female dancer or ſinger, without any danger of being cenſured; provided theſe amuſements did not interfere with the duties of their ſtation, and were indulged only with that degree of moderation, which in the opinion of theſe Pagans, was the exact boundary between virtue and vice. If *Alcibiades* was blamed, for having ſuffered

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fered himſelf to be painted, as repoſing from the fatigues of victory on the boſom of the fair *Nemea*; or, for having born on his ſhield the image of the God of Love, armed with the lightning of *Jupiter*; freedoms which *Plutarch* aſſures us, were only thought ill of by the oldeſt and graveſt of the Athenians; men, whoſe zeal againſt the follies of youth, often proceeds not ſo much from a love of virtue, as from the diſagreeable circumſtance of being reminded by the appearance of thoſe follies, how far they have left the days of their youth behind them, and how much nearer they approach the grave. If then theſe extravagancies were blamed in *Alcibiades*, it was not his propenſity to pleaſure that was the object of cenſure, nor his familiar intercourſe with a female, who like others of her ſituation and profeſſion, was devoted to the entertainment of the public; but it was the pride that diſplayed itſelf in this inſtance,

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the contempt of the laws of decorum, and of that kind of gravity, which in free ſtates is juſtly required of thoſe who are at the head of affairs, at leaſt, when they appear out of the circle of private life. Foibles and amuſements might have been overlooked in him, as well as in others; but it was impoſſible to forgive the parade he made of them; that exceſſive diſſoluteneſs with which he abandoned himſelf to his taſte for riot and voluptuouſneſs. That drenched in wine and perfumes, with the diſorderly and fatigued appearance of a man who has paſſed a long winter's night in debauchery, juſt warm from the embraces of ſome female dancer, he ſhould have come into the council chamber;—that in ſuch a ſituation, ſo ill prepared, he yet ſhould have thought himſelf abundantly qualified (and, perhaps, he really was ſo) to attend to the affairs of the ſtate, and preſcribe to the venerable fathers of the republic

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public what they ought to do:—This was a conduct that could not be forgiven, and which drew after it the fatal train of consequences, which became the ruin of the republic, and at length of himself.

In general it has been long since agreed, that the Greeks had different ideas of love from the modern Europeans; for we are not now speaking of the metaphysical refinements and dreams of the divine *Plato*.—Their ideas upon this point appear more conformable to nature and sound reason than our's, in which there is the strangest contrast of Scythian barbarism and Mooriſh gallantry. They honoured conjugal attachment, but they had no idea of that romantic passion, we distinguish by the name of love, a passion, which numbers of romance writers among our neighbours on the other side of the *Rhine*, and in *England*, have endeavoured to elevate into an heroic virtue;

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of this, in fact, they had no more conception, than of thoſe tragi-comic productions of ſome modern, chiefly female, writers, who refining upon the idea of the times of ancient chivalry have filled whole volumes in repreſenting a paſſion, which is kept up by ſilent admiration, by ſighs and tears, and which though unfortunate and even deſtitute of a ſhadow of hope, is yet for ever conſtant. A paſſion ſo inſipid, ſo unmanly, and which makes ſo ridiculous a contraſt with that heroiſm it is meant to be connected with, was unknown to that ingenious people, whoſe elegant and ſportive imagination created the Goddeſs of love, the Graces, and ſo many other Deities of feſtivity. They knew only that kind of love which ſports, kiſſes and is happy; or to ſpeak with more propriety, this only appeared to them under certain reſtrictions, to be natural becoming and innocent: that love which, with all the ſymptoms of a feveriſh

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iſh delirium, overpowers the whole ſoul, was in their eyes one of the moſt dangerous of paſſions, an enemy to virtue, a diſturber of family peace, the cauſe of the moſt fatal extravagancies, and moſt odious vices. Few inſtances of this kind occur in their hiſtory; and even theſe are repreſented in their tragedies in ſuch colours, as muſt excite a general abhorrence. Their comedies, on the contrary, admit of no other kind of love, than that natural inſtinct which taſte, chance, and opportunity direct to one particular object: a love, which embelliſhed by the Graces, and frequently too by the Muſes, has pleaſure only for its end, and wiſhes not to be more refined, or ſublime, than it is in reality. Such a paſſion as this, if even it ſhould break into exceſſes, which prompt us to violate any moral duty, is however always leſs dangerous in its effects, and is more eaſily reſtrained, than that tragic kind of love we before men-

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tioned: this, indeed, they considered rather as being lighted up by the torch of the Furies, than by that of the God of love, rather as the effect of the vengeance of some offended Deity, than as that sweet intoxication, which they regarded like sleep and wine as the presents of beneficent nature, to sweeten the cares of life, and enable us to support its fatigues.

We should, doubtless, have been better informed of the manners of the Greeks in this particular, if, by a misfortune the Muses will for ever lament, the comedies of an *Alexis*, a *Menander*, a *Diphilus*, a *Philemon*, an *Apollodorus*, and other celebrated Poets, who flourished in the brightest æra of the Attic taste, had not become a prey to the barbarism of Monks and Saracens. But these vouchers are not wanting to justify the observations we have made. Do we not find the venerable *Solon*, even in an advanced age, acknowledging, in verses, which are not unworthy

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thy the age of a *Voltaire*, that "he had "retired from all other employments, to "pass the remainder of his days with "*Venus*, *Bacchus*, and the Muses, the on-"ly sources of joy to mortals?" Do we not find the wise *Socrates*, accompanied by his young friends, paying a visit without scruple to the beautiful and agreeable *Theodota*, that he might have a sight of that beauty, which had been extolled by one of the company as surpassing all description? Do we not find that he thought it no impeachment to his wisdom, to teach this same *Theodota* in a jocose manner, the art of acquiring lovers? Was he not a friend, and an admirer, nay, if we may credit *Plato*, a scholar of the celebrated *Aspasia*, whose house, notwithstanding the censures she had been exposed to from the licentious insolence of the comedy of that time, was the rendezvous of men of the first genius in *Athens*? However continent he might always be, in re-

ſpect to the pleaſures of the Paphian Goddeſs with his two wives, yet we may perceive that his principles, with regard to this paſſion, were perfectly conſiſtent with the general taſte of his country. He diſtinguiſhed the appetite from the paſſion, the work of nature from that of the fancy: againſt the latter he cautions us, as we have already hinted in the fourth chapter; but with regard to the firſt, he adviſes us (as *Xenophon* declares) to ſatisfy it, by indulging a kind of love, (the word uſed by the Greeks, expreſſes the thing much better) in which the ſoul has as little ſhare as poſſible. An advice, which admits indeed of ſome reſtrictions, though it is founded upon this truth, confirmed by experience, that the love which takes entire poſſeſſion of the ſoul, deprives it generally of all power over itſelf, enervates its faculties, and renders it unfit for any noble exploits.

To

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To what purpoſe, (methinks I hear the hypocritical *Theogiton* aſk with a deep groan, and muttering a half ſuppreſſed anathema) to what purpoſe all this fine digreſſion? Is it then your deſign to propoſe the ſcandalous principles, and manners of blind and corrupt heathens, as models of imitation to our youth who are already ſufficiently prone to evil? No, Sir, that would be unneceſſary; the greateſt part of thoſe young people, who will read this book (unleſs it ſhould happen to come into a Grocer's ſhop) have already read *Horace*, *Ovid*, *Martial*, *Petronius*, *Apuleius*, and, probably, *Ariſtophanes*: and what may appear ſtill more ſtrange, their acquaintance with theſe writers, who according to your ſage principles are a very poiſon to the ſoul, began in the ſchools. Have we then ſaid any thing new to theſe young people; and ſuppoſe we had? All the world knows that different conſtitutions, different laws, and

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different forms of worship, require and produce different manners. Nor is that any reason, why it may not be useful to know upon what maxims the thoughts and actions of people beyond our little horizon, in other climates and in different ages have been regulated.—"And of what service would this be?"—Your pardon, sage Sir. You, indeed, who have engaged in a profession the end of which is to improve mankind, ought to know this; and with submission you ought to have learnt it, before you had entered upon a calling in which it is so difficult to become a proficient.—But enough, you shall hear why this little digression was necessary. It is our intention in this place to draw the character of *Agathon*, and to draw it with rather more accuracy and exactness, than characters are generally given in funeral sermons—You shake your head, *Mr. Theogiton*—Do not discompose yourself, such pictures

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are neither intended for you, nor for those pious souls, who have put themselves under your direction. You must, indeed, avoid reading *Agathon*, and to say the truth, you will do well, not to read any thing you are incapable of understanding. But, you should believe, that there are many worthy people, who are not under your direction, and that some of them will read *Agathon*. That they will consider every circumstance in that natural and true light, in which clear and unprejudiced eyes are used to view them; and will — notwithstanding your sighs — be edified by the history.—To such we have engaged to give a representation of *Agathon*, in a moral light. We mean here to give a picture of the soul.—You smile Sir—I suppose these words put you in mind of the soul as it is distinguished by points, in the *Orbis pictus* of *Commenius*. But that is not what I mean, my design is to lay open the most hidden recesses of his

his soul; that we may come to the knowledge of the secret emotions of his heart, and the latent springs of his actions—"A "most excellent knowledge this! And does "this deserve so much pains?—To know "a heart, which as I could have told you "by virtue of my system even from the "first page of your book, was perfectly "good for nothing."—No more of this, I beg of you *Mr. Theogiton*; perhaps you are not thoroughly acquainted with your system: or—at least it is merely a system! But let us put an end to this I beseech you. I perceive nature has denied you those powers, which might enable us to understand each other. I was to blame to talk to you of secret springs of action. You are only acquainted with one particular species of them, which is to be found among those pious souls, who have resigned themselves to your guidance; these indeed are a better justification of your system, than any thing you might

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might urge in its favour—Let us now return to our *Agathon*.

According to the moſt generally received opinions of his time, it would not have been very difficult to reconcile love and virtue to each other; even our young moraliſts may have a receipt for this purpoſe, or at leaſt we may meet with plenty of them in every Bookſeller's ſhop. But *Agathon* had more noble and refined notions of virtue—The ideas of a certain imaginary perfection were too eſſentially blended with the original compoſition of his mind, to be ſo ſoon or, perhaps, to be ever entirely loſt. What is love to a delicate ſoul without enthuſiaſm? What is it, without that tender ſenſibility, that ſympathy, which heightens, purifies and ennobles all its delights? What are the pleaſures of ſenſe without the Graces and the Muſes?—The Socratic Syſtem of love may be very proper for many people, but for ſuch characters as *Agathon* it is entirely

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entirely useless. *Agathon* would have wished to reconcile to virtue that kind of affection, with which he had loved the fair *Danae*, and with which he had been beloved by her; but he plainly perceived all the difficulties of accomplishing this wish. At length it appeared to him, that this entirely depended upon the object of our affection, and then his heart immediately reminded him of his dear *Psyche*. Her image presented itself to him in such strong and lively colours, as it had never appeared for a long time, except in his dream. This image, made him blush, as much as if *Psyche* herself had been present; but he found with a pleasure, the very consciousness of which was itself a new pleasure, that his heart had returned from *Danae* entire to its first love.

His imagination now composed again like a clear and deep stream reflected the image of that chaste and virtuous joy, so infinitely

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infinitely ſuperior to all other delights which he had experienced from the tender union of their ſouls in thoſe Elyſian nights he had paſſed with *Pſyche*. He felt again all he had formerly felt for her, with the addition of thoſe new ſenſations *Danae* had inſpired him with; but ſo tranquil, ſo refined, from the moral beauty of the object to which they were tranſferred, that they no longer appeared the ſame. He repreſented to himſelf, how happy he ſhould be, if he were inſeparably united to that *Pſyche*, who had inſpired him with a paſſion, which was ſo far from endangering his virtue, that it rather tended to increaſe it—He tranſported himſelf in idea with *Pſyche* into *Diana's* retreat at *Delphos*—and fancied that the God of love the ſon of the celeſtial *Venus* completed the heavenly ſcene. A ſweet preſaging hope diffuſed itſelf over all his ſoul; it ſeemed as if a ſecret voice whiſpered to him that he ſhould find

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find her in *Sicily*. *Pſyche* was exactly formed for the plan he had laid for his future life—What a proſpect, did not the connection of his own private happineſs, with that of the public, to which he had reſolved to dedicate his utmoſt abilities, preſent to him. But he would firſt deſerve to be happy.—And now my fair readers tell me, does not a man of ſuch generous ſentiments deſerve to be happy?—Does he not deſerve the beſt of wives?—Be contented, he ſhall have one as ſoon as we can meet with her.

AGATHON

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AGATHON.

BOOK IX.

CHAPTER I.

A Change of Scene; Character of the Syracuſans; of Dionyſius, and of his Court.

AS we propoſe to attend our hero to a new ſcene of action, it will not be improper to give thoſe, who may not be ſo converſant in ancient hiſtory, as they probably are in fairy land, ſome previous accounts of the perſons they will be made acquainted with in this and the following books.

Syracuſe,

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Syracuse, the capital of *Sicily*, deserved in several respects the name of the second *Athens*. The character of the inhabitants of both cities was perfectly similar. Both were in the highest degree jealous of a liberty, they never knew how to preserve for any length of time, because they loved indolence and amusements still better than that liberty; and it must be allowed, that by the abuse they made of it, they had done themselves more injury, than they had received from all their tyrants together. The *Syracusans* were formed by nature for the arts and sciences; they were lively, ingenious, inclined to wit and raillery; violent and impetuous in their passions, but so inconstant, that in the space of a few days they would change from the utmost fondness to the utmost hatred, from the most active enthusiasm to the most passive indifference: these, as we know, are all striking characteristics, by which, the Athenians were distinguished from all the other inhabitants

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inhabitants of *Greece*. Both theſe ſtates were as ready to revolt againſt the good adminiſtration of any ſingle man in poſſeſſion of authority, as they were capable of enduring with the moſt abject ſubjection the yoke of the worſt of tyrants. Both were ever ignorant of their true intereſts, and turned their own ſtrength againſt themſelves. Brave and magnanimous in adverſity, in proſperity always inſolent, and like *Æſop*'s dog in the *Nile*, continually prevented by viſionary objects from making a right uſe of the advantages that were before them. From their ſituation, form of government, and inclination to commerce, incapable of adopting the Spartan equality, but not leſs impatient of ſuperiority in ſervices, authority or riches in any citizen: hence they were continually at variance among themſelves, ever diſtracted by parties and factions; till after a conſtant alternate tranſition from freedom to ſlavery, and from ſlavery to freedom; both of them ſubmitted

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ſubmitted at laſt patiently to wear the chains of the Romans; and wiſely contented themſelves with the honour; one, of being the ſchool, the other, the granary of this imperial miſtreſs of the world.

AFTER a ſeries of tyrants as they were called, that is of governors, who without waiting for the voice of the people, had ſeized upon the ſole and abſolute power in the ſtate; *Syracuſe*, together with a great part of *Sicily*, at length became ſubject to *Dionyſius*; and from him, after a long reign, during which the Syracuſans had ſhewn what they were capable of ſuffering, the government devolved in ſucceſſion to his ſon the younger *Dionyſius*. The right this young man had to the throne, he ſeized upon after his father's death (which he himſelf had haſtened by a ſoporific potion) was more than doubtful: for his father could not bequeath to him a right, that he had not poſſeſſed himſelf. But a ſtrong guard, a well fortified citadel, and a treaſury

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ſury filled with the ſpoils of the richeſt Sicilians, ſupplied the want of a right, which otherwiſe, derives all its influence from power, that muſt confirm, and for that very reaſon can eaſily diſpenſe with it. To this may be added, that in a ſtate where the ſpirit of political virtues is already loſt, where an unbounded purſuit of wealth, and the flattering privilege of doing every thing which can gratify the ſenſual appetite, (the only privilege which is as much encouraged by abſolute power, as it is inconſiſtent with true civil liberty) in ſuch a ſtate, where theſe had gained the aſcendant; a diſſolute ſet of young people addicted only to the gratification of their paſſions, had good reaſon to expect infinitely greater advantages from the abſolute government of one ſingle perſon of their own turn, than from an ariſtocracy, in which the oldeſt and moſt deſerving are employed in the affairs of ſtate; or, from a democracy in which a dependant and precarious authority muſt

must be purchased with so many difficulties, cabals, disquietudes, and dangers, and frequently at the expence of one's fortune, that it seems not to be worth the pains it costs in the acquisition.

THE young *Dionysius*, by a concurrence of favourable circumstances, settled himself peaceably in possession of the supreme power at *Syracuse*; and it may be easily conjectured how a prince so ill educated, hurried on by the warmth of his constitution to every excess of youth, and surrounded with parasites, would make use of this power; sports, entertainments, amorous intrigues, festivals which continued for whole months; in a word, perpetual intoxication and debauchery, were the occupations of a court composed of trifling young men, whose principal object was to maintain themselves in the favour of the Prince, by the invention of new pleasure, and at the same time prevent him from ever returning to himself, and from perceiving the abyss, on the flowery borders

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ders of which he danced with ſuch frantic ſecurity.

THE method in which voluptuous Princes govern, is too well known from ancient as well as modern examples, to make it neceſſary for us to expatiate any farther upon this point. What kind of government can be expected from a riotous youth, whoſe life is one continued feſtival of *Bacchus?*—who is unacquainted with the important duties of his ſtation, and who diſſipates thoſe powers, which ought to be exerted in the fulfilling them, in nocturnal revels, and in the venal arms of a voluptuous courtezan?—who is careleſs of the good of the ſtate, and is ſo inattentive to his own private intereſt, that he ſuſpects and hates real merit, and laviſhes rewards on thoſe, who under the maſk of the moſt zealous attachment, and moſt abſolute devotion to him, are the moſt dangerous of his enemies? Who diſpoſes of the moſt important offices in the ſtate, at the recommendation of a

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female dancer, or of a ſlave who attends his perſon, who dreſſes and undreſſes him? What can be expected from a Prince who imagines a courtier that dances well, that knows how to ſet out a ſupper to the beſt advantage, and poſſeſſes the engaging talent of recommending himſelf to the favour of the ladies, muſt infallibly have alſo the qualifications of a miniſter or a general; or, that he who has the gift of pleaſing the Prince, is fit for every office in life?—What is to be expected from ſuch government, but a contempt of all laws human and divine, an abuſe of the forms of juſtice, oppreſſions, mal-adminiſtration of finances, extortions, neglect and perſecution of virtue, and a general depravity of manners?—And what policy can there be, where paſſions, caprices, tranſient fits of ridiculous ambition, the childiſh pleaſure of being talked of, the accommodation of a favourite, or the intrigues of a miſtreſs,—are the ſprings of ſtate affairs, of the union or rupture with foreign

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foreign powers, and of every public tranſaction? Where, without knowing the true intereſts of the ſtate, or its powers, without any plan, without a prudent choice and connection of means—but—we inſenſibly fall into the ſtile of declamation, which is not pardonable upon a ſubject ſo trite and ſo long ſince exhauſted. May no man, who reads this, ever know from the experience of his native country, in what manner a people may be treated, who have the misfortune to fall a ſacrifice to the arbitrary ſway of a *Dionyſius!*

AFTER what has been ſaid, our readers will look upon *Dionyſius* as one of the worſt of tyrants, ever ſent by heaven to chaſtize a people loaded with ſecret crimes, and thus indeed he is repreſented by hiſtorians. But a man intirely compoſed of bad qualities, is a monſter that cannot exiſt. Even this *Dionyſius* might have been capable of becoming a good prince, had he been fortunate enough to

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be brought up in a manner suitable to the rank for which he was destined; but he was so far from having received an education fit for a prince, that he had not even such as is generally given to every young man in a middling station. His father, the most dastardly tyrant that ever existed, suffered him to be brought up among inferior slaves, excluded from all good company, and the presumptive heir to the throne had no other means of amusing himself, but by making little coaches, wooden candlesticks, stools and tables. We should form a wrong judgment, were we to consider this chosen occupation of the Prince, as the consequence of a natural disposition; it was rather owen to the want of objects and examples, that might have given a different turn to that innate inclination which every man hath and which displayed itself in him, of employing his genius and industry. Probably, if he had had a Homer given him to read, he might have

have made verſes better than his father, who, among other follies, had the extravagance of deſiring to be a poet. How many Princes have we not ſeen, who, with the diſpoſition of an *Auguſtus* and a *Trajan*, have degenerated into a *Nero* and *Heliogabalus*, through the fault of thoſe who had the care of their education, or through the incapacity of ſome ſtupid Monk, filled with the prejudice of the cloyſter, to whoſe tuition they were committed?—Accurately, and fully to inveſtigate the cauſes whence this proceeds, how it comes, that under certain particular circumſtances, it is impoſſible, but that the beſt diſpoſition, by ſuch an erroneous method of education, muſt be diſtorted into ſuch a miſhapen caricature of morality,—this, we imagine, would be a very uſeful taſk, and therefore recommend it to the attention of ſome man of genius, who, to the lights of philoſophy, joins a ſufficient knowledge of the world. Our refined and

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polished age is not arrived to such a degree of perfection, as to render a work of this kind unnecessary; and if the execution of it were answerable to the importance of the subject, we make no doubt, but that it might be fortunate enough to preserve many nations from that train of evils, which probably threatens them in succeeding centuries, from the vicious educations their governors yet unborn will receive.

CHAP. II.

Character of Dion. Remarks upon him. A Digression.

THE Syracusans were already too well accustomed to the yoke, to make an attempt to shake it off after the death of the elder *Dionysius*. There was not even so much virtue remaining among them, as to inspire those who had better sen-

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ſentiments than the common people and the contemptible herd of paraſites, with reſolution to make their way to the ear of the young Prince, and acquaint him with thoſe truths on which his own happineſs, as well as the welfare of *Sicily* depended. In all *Syracuſe*, there was but one man, who had courage enough for this undertaking; and he would probably have taken refuge in that ſame ſecure, though inglorious obſcurity, in which men of integrity are apt to conceal themſelves under a government which promiſes nothing good, if his rank had not given him a right, and his intereſt obliged him to concern himſelf with ſtate affairs.

THIS man was *Dion*, a brother to the ſtep-mother of *Dionyſius*, and married to his ſiſter: he was next to him in rank, and the only one whom great abilities, authority with the people, and immenſe riches had rendered formidable; and who might be ſuſpected either of a de-

ſign to ſupplant him, or to re-eſtabliſh the republican form of government. If we may implicitly believe hiſtorians, and particularly the virtuous and honeſt *Plutarch*, we muſt rank *Dion* among thoſe few heroes and champions of virtue, who (to borrow an expreſſion of *Plato*) have raiſed themſelves to the honour and dignity of *good Dæmons*, or tutelary Genii, and benefactors of the human race;—who are capable of acting from the ſublime motives of a pure love of moral order, and the general good, and of ſacrificing themſelves, in attempting to promote the happineſs of others; ſince beneath that mortal covering which is viſible to the ſenſes, they bear a nobler ſelf, which more ſtrongly unfolds its innate perfection, the more the animal ſelf is ſubdued;—who, equally great in proſperity and adverſity, neither depreſſed by the one, nor borrowing any luſtre from the other, but always collected in themſelves, maſters of their paſſions, and elevated above

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above the wants of common ſouls, are a kind of ſublunary deities. Such a character is certainly very ſtriking, it flatters the moral ſenſe (if we may be allowed this expreſſion, without being obliged to believe with *Hutcheſon*, that the ſoul has a peculiar intellectual mode of diſcerning moral things) and induces us to wiſh that it might prove ſomething more than a pleaſing chimera. But we confeſs, that from important reaſons, joined to conſtant experience, we are apt to diſtruſt human virtues, — how much more then ſuch as tranſcend humanity.

THE life of *Dion* it is true, affords proofs of great abilities, and eſpecially of a certain elevation and ſtrength of mind, which is obſerved uſually to accompany fibres of a groſſer and leſs delicate ſtructure, and is connected with a kind of conſtitution, that diſpoſes us to be unſociable, ſevere, haughty and reſerved. A conſtitution of this caſt is nearly allied, we know, to ſome virtues; and if, as it un-

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folds itſelf, by a concurrence of favourable circumſtances it ſhould be directed to thoſe virtues; nothing is more natural, than that it ſhould produce a character eminent for certain brilliant qualities, which finding no reſiſtance from within to oppoſe their progreſs, attain a more than ordinary perfection. *Dion* poſſeſſed the virtues of this claſs in a conſiderable degree: but to ſuppoſe that any merit ought to be aſcribed to him or any other perſon on that account, would be the ſame thing, as to impute to a wreſtler the elaſticity of his nerves, or to a healthy blooming girl, her colour, and the fine ſwell of her boſom, as merits which ſhould entitle them to general eſteem. Nay, if *Dion* had diſtinguiſhed himſelf by thoſe virtues, to which he was not inclined by nature; and had made ſuch a proficiency as to practiſe them with as much eaſe and grace as if they had been conſtitutional;--but—how far he was from doing ſo much honour to the philoſophy of

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of his friend and master *Plato*, sufficiently appears from the letters of this philosopher, and the conduct of *Dion* himself in the most important scenes of his life: this he never could accomplish, or perhaps, (which is the same thing) he never chose to attempt correcting that austerity, that inflexible disposition, that want of affability in conversation, which is so disgusting to every body. In vain did *Plato* advise him to sacrifice to the Graces, and remind him that harshness suited only the character of a hermit; *Dion* shewed by his indocility in this point, that in general, philosophy makes us only avoid those faults to which we are not naturally inclined, and confirms us only in such virtues, to which we should have been disposed without it.

But notwithstanding this he was the man whom all *Sicily* looked up to. The propriety of his conduct, his aversion to all kinds of sensual pleasures, his moderation, temperance and frugality made

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him the more eſteemed, the more ſtrongly they were contraſted with the licentious debauchery and diſſipation of the tyrant. Every body was ſenſible that he was the only man capable of reſtraining, him, and the greateſt expectations were formed, if he would but take the government into his own hands, or give it to his ſiſter's ſon, or content himſelf with being the *Mentor* of *Dionyſius*.

THE natural inſenſibility of *Dion* to the charms of pleaſure, which had induced the Syracuſans to place ſo much confidence in him, ſecured him afterwards the favour of the Greeks on the continent, where he was obliged to take refuge from the tyrant. Even the academy itſelf, the celebrated ſchool of philoſophy at that time, ſeemed to glory in the privilege of enrolling in the liſt of her diſciples, a man ſo nearly related to him, who poſſeſſed however illegally, the ſovereignty of *Sicily*. The pomp of royalty he affected in his manner of living (ſo certain

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is it, that even philoſophers are frequently deluded by vanity) was in their eyes a mark of the internal dignity of his ſoul. They reaſoned much in the ſame manner, as the lover, who from the perſonal charms of his miſtreſs infers the goodneſs of her heart: they ſaw not, or at leaſt would not ſee, that even this pomp, ſo different from the manners of a republic, was an indication, that his indifference to the pleaſures of ſenſe, was leſs to be aſcribed to his ſuperiority to the common foibles of the great and affluent, than to his want of inclination; ſince he ſuffered himſelf to be ſeduced by vanity, into a parade of riches, which being acquired by his connection with the tyrant's family, he ought to have conſidered among a free people, rather as marks of ſhame than diſtinction.

But whilſt I embrace this opportunity of leſſening the extravagant commendations uſually beſtowed upon the favourites of fortune, whenever they ſhew the leaſt

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leaſt ſpark of virtue, I do not mean to deny, that *Dion*, with all his imperfections, would have been worthy of a throne, though he was incapable of managing a people with that gentleneſs, neceſſary to give his undertaking a favourable iſſue for himſelf and for them;—a people, enervated by a long continuance in bondage; a people, he himſelf, by the baniſhment of *Dionyſius*, had placed in an intermediate ſtate between ſlavery and freedom. *Plutarch* happily compares this nation, at the time it began to ſhake off the yoke of deſpotiſm, to perſons who juſt recovered from a tedious illneſs, and apt too ſoon to conſider themſelves as reſtored to perfect health, are impatient of ſubmitting to have their diet regulated by the advice of a prudent phyſician. But we cannot agree with him, that *Dion* was qualified to be that phyſician. It is probable, that thoſe ideas of morality and government he ſo much admired in the Platonic philoſophy,

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phy, contributed in a great meaſure to make him much leſs qualified to be the reformer of an extremely corrupted people than another man would be, who had never acted according to ſuch abſtruſe principles. The manifold experience of different ages and different nations has fully ſhewn us, that a *Dion*, a *Cato*, a *Brutus*, an *Algernon Sidney*, will always be unfortunate whenever they attempt to reſtore to it's ancient vigour a ſtate long weakened and decayed by diſorders of the moſt pernicious nature. To effect this, requires the aſſiſtance of ſeveral; and among a million of men we ſeldom meet with more than one of ſo extraordinary a caſt. It is enough, if the end, (as *Solon* ſaid of his laws) is the beſt that may be obtained in the circumſtances that preſent themſelves; if ſuch men always aim at the beſt they can poſſibly deviſe, all means tending to accompliſh this end, moſt certainly and expeditiouſly are the beſt; and it is ſufficient if theſe men will employ

employ only ſuch as are agreeable to the ſtricteſt rules of juſtice and integrity, which however, are often too much refined. Great, excellent, divine!—exclaims the enthuſiaſtic admirers of heroic virtue. —We would willingly join with them in this exclamation, if it could only once be proved to us, of what ſervice this high-flown virtue has ever been to mankind.— *Dion* for inſtance, prepoſſeſſed with the ſublime ideas of his maſter, was deſirous of introducing into *Syracuſe*, reſtored to liberty, a form of government, which approached as near as poſſible to *Plato*'s commonwealth, and by this means to his own ruin, and omitted to give it that form it was capable of receiving. *Brutus* was concerned in the murder of the greateſt of men, of one who was the beſt qualified to govern the whole world; becauſe he came under the definition of a tyrant, with reſpect to the means he had made uſe of, to obtain the ſupreme power. It was *Brutus*'s intention,

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intention to reſtore the republican form of government. Yet another dagger for *Marc Anthony* (as *Caſſius* with leſs greatneſs of ſoul, but with more propriety demanded) and ſtreams of blood, the nobleſt blood of *Rome*, the valuable lives of the beſt citizens would have been ſpared, and the ſucceſs of the whole enterpriſe ſecured. Should he, who had made the ſacrifice of a *Cæſar*, to his own ideas of his country's good, ſhould he have ſcrupled to have diſpatched an *Anthony* after his majeſtic ſhade?—Should he have ſcrupled this, to have formed an enterprize as glorious as ever inſpired the great ſoul of a Roman, of an action which unſucceſsful as it proved, was condemned by his cotemporaries as a deteſtable aſſaſſination, and muſt be conſidered by impartial poſterity, though viewed in the moſt favourable light, as the effect of frantic enthuſiaſm. But *Brutus* had his ſcruples, which aroſe from an ill-timed generoſity; his authority decided; *Anthony*

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thony thanked him for his life, and the platonic *Brutus* was buried in the ruins of of a republic fallen beyond a poſſibility of recovery. Of what uſe therefore was his Platoniſm to his native country? We have, perhaps, dwelt too long on this reflection, but the obſervation that introduced it, old as it is, appears to be of importance, and to ſuggeſt ſeveral practical conſequences; whoſe utility extends to men in all ſituations, and which, if more attentively conſidered, and applied with as much integrity as prudence, would appear ſtill more uſeful to thoſe in particular who are engaged in the work of government, and the regulation of human manners. If theſe things had been duly attended to, probably the eyes of thoſe who neither ſee through a cloud, nor through a coloured medium, would have been ſpared the view of thoſe tragi-comic ſcenes exhibited by many well-meaning people, who exert all their powers with the moſt ſolemn ſerioufneſs in threſhing mere chaff,

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and after the labour of a whole year, are amazed to find that nothing but chaff remains at laſt;—the patriotic *Phlegon* would not have drawn upon himſelf ſo much uneaſineſs, which together with the ill ſucceſs of his fruitleſs labours made him drink—himſelf to death,—had not his too violent zeal prompted him to attempt, by as violent a method, the ſudden reformation of a republic ſo totally corrupted.—The honeſt *Macrinus* would not, at the expence of his liberty, perhaps, too of his life, have conceived the deſign of making a *Marcus Aurelius* of a *Caligula*. —The well-intentioned *Diophantus* would have perceived, what little reaſon he had to hope, by the powers of declamation, to bring people, who were even far from being tolerable men, to the perfection of angels.—But enough of a ſubject, which to be properly treated, would require a particular treatiſe.

How eaſy it is to lead the unſuſpecting reader into a labyrinth of parentheſes and

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and digreſſions, when once a writer deviates from a ſcrupulous attachment to regularity! We have long ſince apprized our readers, that we ſhould occaſionally indulge ourſelves in this freedom, —and yet we are honeſt enough to confeſs, that neither in this, nor, indeed, to ſay the truth, in any other point, are we deſirous of imitators. Not, that we are apprehenſive, any one ſhould complain of the want, order and connection in this critical moral hiſtory of our's; but becauſe it is in fact, infinitely eaſier to write miſcellanies, than a regular work, and hence it might probably happen, that a young writer, who for his own convenience ſhould make uſe of our method, might expoſe himſelf to that queſtion of *Horace*: *Currente rotâ cur urceus exit?* And if even this were not to be apprehended, yet there are ſeveral very honeſt people, who find it difficult to extricate themſelves out of ſuch wandering digreſſions, and to return whenever the author pleaſes,

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pleaſes, to the point from whence they ſet out with him. Such readers, for inſtance, will ſay, what is it properly that has been ſaid to us in this whole chapter?—Obſerve, Sirs, it is this;—that this *Dion* we have been ſpeaking of, and for whom, I fancy, you care very little, would have been a very good kind of Prince, though not quite ſo great a hero of virtue, as a certain honeſt High-prieſt of *Chæronea* had conceived—or, if we ſhould allow, even this, he would not ſtill have been as uſeful in his ſituation, as you my readers are in your's, ſo long as you manage your houſhold affairs properly; behave well to your wives, keep your accounts in good order, and attend to all other buſineſs of the ſame kind.—At laſt, I hope we underſtand each other.———

CHAP.

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CHAP. III.

A Proof, that Philosophy has as great a Power of Inchantment as Love.

THE previous information we are to give our readers, obliges us to lose sight of our Hero for a considerable time; but, in the first place, this is absolutely necessary for the right understanding of what follows; and, in the next place, we have nothing at present of more consequence to say of him, but that he is going to offer a pious libation to the *Penates* of his friend the merchant, to be introduced to the acquaintance of his family, and after a slight supper, to repose himself from the fatigues of his voyage.

Dion viewed the extravagancies of *Dionysius* with the contempt of a mere speculative philosopher, who had no desire to partake of them, and with the discontent of a statesman, who perceived the danger

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danger he was in of being gradually excluded from all authority and ſhare in the government to which he had ſo juſt a claim, by a troop of young voluptuaries, buffoons, players, fools, who had no other merit but that of amuſing the Prince. In ſuch a ſtate of things, patriotiſm had the faireſt play; and the important motives of general good, the diſintereſted conſideration of the pernicious conſequences, which the whole ſtate muſt be expoſed to from the diſſolute principles of ſuch a court, concurred ſo powerfully with other private incitements, that *Dion* came to a fixt reſolution of uſing every poſſible means to reclaim the Prince.

He judged according to the principles of *Plato*, that the ignorance of *Dionyſius*, and the habit he had acquired of living with people of the loweſt turn of thinking (though even among theſe there were ſome young men of family) might be the principal cauſes of his vitiated inclinations.

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clinations. He thought himſelf, therefore, certain of his reformation, if he could but engage him in the beſt company, and inſpire him with that noble deſire of knowledge, which generally tends, if not wholly to ſuppreſs, yet certainly to blunt and moderate the ſenſual appetites of thoſe who are animated by it. He therefore neglected no opportunity (and the innumerable faults daily committed in the adminiſtration afforded him enough) to repreſent to the tyrant the neceſſity of having about him men of the moſt acknowledged abilities; and he alledged ſo many reaſons in ſupport of his opinion, that among ſeveral ſublime reflections, which were thrown away upon *Dionyſius*, he at laſt hit upon the only idea which intereſted his vanity. This, however, engaged his attention but lightly, and though he conſtantly allowed the juſtice of *Dion's* obſervations, and always concluded the particular converſations they held upon ſubjects of this kind,

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kind, with aſſurances, that he would not fail of making uſe of ſuch good advice; yet would he with difficulty ever have been induced to conſider them ſeriouſly, had not a trifling phyſical circumſtance contributed to give to the repreſentations of the ſage *Dion* that force which they would otherwiſe have wanted.

Dionyſius, on what occaſion is not known, had given to his court, which in ſplendor, luxury and profuſion, might vie with the Aſiatics, an entertainment which hiſtorians tell us, laſted during three whole months. The moſt extravagant imagination cannot conceive any thing beyond the magnificence and expence on the one hand, and the riot and licentious freedom on the other, that were diſplayed during this long Bacchanalian feſtival; for ſo it might moſt properly be called, ſince after all other pleaſures were exhauſted, the laſt days, which happened in the ſeaſon of the vintage, were taken up in repreſenting the triumph

of *Bacchus*, and the whole of his fabulous hiſtory. *Dionyſius*, who from the alluſion to his name, repreſented the character of *Bacchus*, carried the imitation ſo far beyond the original itſelf, that it would have been impoſſible for the pen of an *Aretine* or the pencil of a *La-Fage* to excell him. The ſources of nature were exhauſted, and the vain deſires of enlarging her limits—But we will not draw a picture, which in objects of this kind, with many perſons, might not anſwer the end of exciting horror. Let it ſuffice, that *Dionyſius* with the Sileni, Nymphs, Fauns and Satyrs his companions, made it impoſſible for any *Tiberius* or *Nero* of later ages to be any thing more than imitators of him. Who would imagine, that from a ſource ſo impure, the moſt ardent love of philoſophy, and a reformation, which was the aſtoniſhment of all *Sicily* and *Greece*, could poſſibly have ariſen?—But,—

"*There are more things in heav'n and earth—*
"*Than are dream'd of in our philoſophy,*"

ſays

ſays *Shakeſpear's Hamlet* to his friend *Horatio.*

THE moſt licentious diſpoſition may at length be ſubdued in the ſame manner as that of *Dionyſius.* Our Bacchanalians found themſelves ſo totally exhauſted by the intemperance with which they had ſacrificed for ſo long a time to the Deities of feſtivity, and by the fury with which they had concluded their Orgies, that they were obliged to deſiſt. *Dionyſius* in particular, was reduced to ſo languid a ſtate, that he neither hoped nor deſired to act the ſame part again. For the firſt time ſince that inchanting moment when he ſaw himſelf in poſſeſſion of a power, that enabled him to give a looſe to all his paſſions, he now felt a void within himſelf, which he beheld with horror.—For the firſt time he now felt himſelf inclined to make reflections, if he had been able to purſue them. But he perceived with a lively ſenſe of diſpleaſure againſt himſelf, and againſt all thoſe who had contributed

to degrade him to the ſtate of a brute, that he had no reſource within himſelf, to oppoſe to that diſguſt for all ſenſual pleaſures, and that laſſitude which preyed upon him. In the mean time, what mortified him the moſt was, that amidſt thoſe glaring objects which announced his apparent greatneſs and felicity, his preſent condition was a moſt wretched contraſt with himſelf. In ſhort, all the nerves throughout his frame were entirely relaxed, he fell into a kind of ſtupid melancholy, which all his courtiers could not laugh, nor his female dancers dance him out of.

In this deplorable ſituation, which the natural impatience of his temper rendered inſupportable, he had recourſe to *Dion*, who during the three laſt months, had retired to a diſtant country ſeat: he liſtened to his propoſals with an attention which on other occaſions he never had been capable of, and received the advice of this philoſopher with a deſire of becoming

becoming as great and happy, as he was now contemptible and wretched in his own eyes. We may eaſily conceive, therefore, that he made not the leaſt ſcruple of inviting *Plato* to his court, which among the other ſchemes his friend *Dion* propoſed to him, was the one chiefly inſiſted upon: for in his preſent ſituation he might have been perſuaded by the firſt prieſt of *Cybele* he had met with, to have ſacrificed the better half of himſelf to become one of the Corybantes.

Dion was not a little deceived by his philoſophy, in theſe plauſible appearances of a perfect change of ſentiments in the tyrant. He rightly concluded, indeed, that the phrenſy of the laſt feſtival, had given occaſion to this; but, from the prejudices peculiar to a philoſophy, which is uſed to conſider the ſoul and what paſſes in it too independently of the machine in which it reſides, he erred greatly in not being aware that the good diſpoſitions of *Dionyſius*,

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aroſe entirely from a phyſical diſguſt for thoſe objects in which he had before placed his ſole delight. He conſidered the natural conſequences of ſatiety, as the effects of a conviction the tyrant now experienced, that ſenſual joys could not render a man happy; he took it for granted, that many reflections were now paſſing in his mind, which he neither had, nor was ever capable of having the leaſt conception of; in a word, he judged, as we are always apt to do of the mind of another, by his own, and on this ſuppoſition, he raiſed an ideal ſtructure of hopes, which to his great aſtoniſhment fell to pieces, as ſoon as *Dionyſius*—had recovered his ſpirits.

THE invitation of *Plato* to court was a point, which had already been laboured for a conſiderable time; but the ſage had formed many difficulties, and notwithſtanding the interpoſition of his friends the Pythagorean philoſophers in *Italy*, who had ſeconded the intreaties of *Dion*, he would

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would have perſiſted in his refuſal, had not the agreeable intelligence, which *Dion* gave him of the happy change of mind in the tyrant, together with the preſſing invitations he received in his name, given him hopes of becoming the tutelary Genius of the Sicilians, and, perhaps, the founder of a new republic upon the plan of that he has left us in his writings.

Plato appeared then at the court of *Syracuſe* with all the dignity of a philoſopher, who from the ſuperiority of his genius has a right to conſider the great men of the world, as ſomething leſs than his equals. For though at that period the ſect of the Stoics did not exiſt, yet the profeſſors of philoſophy already gave the world to underſtand with great modeſty, that they conſidered themſelves as a claſs of beings ſuperior to other mortals. In this inſtance philoſophy had the good fortune to make an appearance, the ſplendour of which anſwered the moſt elevated imagination of her votaries.

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Plato was received as a God, and his mere preſence wrought a change, which in the eyes of the aſtoniſhed Syracuſans, a God alone ſeemed capable of effecting. In fact, the ſcene that now preſented itſelf to any one who had ſeen the court a few weeks before, reſembled a work of inchantment—But—O! *cæcas hominum mentes!* How natural do the moſt miraculous events appear, as ſoon as we become acquainted with their true ſprings!

THE firſt entrance of the divine *Plato* into the palace of *Dionyſius* was celebrated by a ſolemn ſacrifice, and the firſt hours they converſed together were ſignalized by a reformation which immediately ſpread itſelf through the whole court. In a few days, *Plato* himſelf fancied he was in his Academy at *Athens*, ſo moderate and œconomical did every thing appear in the Prince's houſhold. A philoſophical ſimplicity ſucceeded at once to the luxury of *Aſia*. The anti-chamber which was before crouded with gay coxcombs,

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combs, and buffoons of every kind, now reſembled an Academic-hall, where none but bearded ſages were to be met with, who either alone, or in pairs, with heads hanging down, and wrinkled brows, walked to and fro, wrapped up in themſelves and in their mantles, ſometimes ſpeaking all together, ſometimes ſilent, ſometimes talking only to themſelves, and when, perhaps, they thought of nothing, putting on as conſequential an air, as if the meaneſt of them was taken up with things of no leſs importance than the diſcovering the beſt ſyſtem of government, or conducting the ſtars in a more regular courſe. The riotous banquets, in which *Comus* and *Bacchus* ruled all night with deſpotic ſway, were changed into Pythagorean repaſts, where with a ſingle diſh and a ſallad, the time was paſt away in ingenious converſation on the moſt ſublime objects of human underſtanding: Inſtead of licentious Pantomines, and the voluptuous ſound of flutes, hymns

might be heard in praise of the Gods, and of virtue; and when they had occasion to refresh their palates, they drank out of small Socratic goblets, wine mixed with water.

Dionysius conceived a kind of passion for the philosopher; *Plato* must be always with him, accompany him every where, and give his opinion on every subject. The inspired imagination of this extraordinary man, which by the contagious influence of enthusiasm communicated itself also to his hearers, wrought so powerfully upon the soul of *Dionysius*, that he never was tired of hearing him: when *Plato* spoke, whole hours appeared shorter to him than they had ever done before in the embraces of the most practised courtezan. Every thing the philosopher said was so excellent, so sublime, so admirable—raised the mind so much above itself—cast such beams of divine light on the obscurer parts of the soul! To say the truth, it was impossible but

but that the moſt familiar ideas of philoſophy muſt have had the charms of novelty for *Dionyſius*. To this we may add, that although like many others of his equals he was too vain to let it be obſerved, there was little of it he rightly underſtood, nor, indeed, could he have underſtood the whole, as even the inſpired *Plato* did not always entirely underſtand himſelf. Let us farther conſider the aſtoniſhing effect ſuch rhapſodies conveyed in elegant language uſually have on the ignorant, and we ſhall readily underſtand that nothing was more natural than that extraordinary attachment which *Dionyſius* found in himſelf for this God of philoſophers, as *Cicero* calls him, eſpecially as he was handſome, majeſtic, and well acquainted with the world.

The ſudden deſire of knowledge which appeared in *Dionyſius*, diffuſed itſelf as ſuddenly among all his courtiers, when it was evident that he was in earneſt,

though neither the oratory of the divine *Plato*, nor the epidemic influence of philoſophic enthuſiaſm had any ſhare in this revolution; not that they were really diſpoſed to form their little apiſh minds according to the *Divine ideal model*, or that they were in any degree anxious to know what might be contained in the *Celeſtial regions*, but they pretended to be ſo; the taſte for philoſophy was the faſhion; to pleaſe the Prince, it was neceſſary to talk metaphyſics in mathematical language. None but philoſophic mantles were worn throughout the court; all the ſaloons of the palace were in imitation of the Gymnaſia, ſtrewed with ſand, on which might be deſcribed triangles, ſquares, pyramids, octagons, and icoſaedrons; the figures *Plato* ſuppoſes his God to have made uſe of in the framing of this beautiful round world. Every claſs of men, even to the menial ſervants, talked philoſophy, ſcrewed up their faces into ſome kind of geometrical figure, diſputed concerning matter

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ter and form, entities and non-entities, the limits of good and evil, and the beſt model for a republic. All this, indeed, exhibited a very extraordinary appearance, and might have created a ſuſpicion, that *Plato* rather appeared in the character of a vain pedant among a troop of beardleſs ſchool-boys, than in that of a wiſe man, who has ſketched out a great deſign, and knows how to adjuſt with prudence the means to carry it into execution, conſiſtently with the circumſtances of place, time, and perſon. But, this would be a miſtake: *Plato* had little concern with the ridiculous extravagancies of the courtiers, though he ſaw with ſatisfaction that this uſeleſs buſtle which he could not at once ſuppreſs, led them to amuſements that might be conſidered as a kind of introductory exerciſes, by which they would inſenſibly be drawn off from their former cuſtoms, and by acquiring a taſte for knowledge, be prepared for that general reformation he hoped

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hoped to effect. But his chief endeavours were directed immediately to *Dionyſius* himſelf; and as he meant to humanize and ſubdue him by the charms of his converſation and his eloquence, he endeavoured (without making it too manifeſtly appear) to fill him with a contempt of his former condition, to animate him with the love of virtue, and the thirſt of glory; in a word, to inſpire him with ſuch ſentiments, as would inſenſibly lead him of his own accord to think of throwing off a crown unjuſtly acquired, and content himſelf with the honour of being the firſt among his equals. Appearances promiſed him the moſt favourable ſucceſs. *Dionyſius*, in a few days, was quite a different man. His deſire of knowledge, his docility in complying with the advice of the philoſopher, the mildneſs and gentleneſs of his conduct ſurpaſſed all that *Dion* had expected from him. All *Syracuſe*, at the ſame time, experienced the effect of this happy change.

He

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He passed with an incredible celerity from the highest pitch of tyrannic arrogance, to the popularity of an Athenian Archon; he set apart some hours every day to give audience to every person with the most engaging affability, called them fellow citizens, and wished he could make them all happy: he actually began to establish several good regulations, and by so many favourable signs, excited the general expectation of a happy change, which was at present the object of every wish, and the topic of every conversation.

To such persons as may imagine so great and sudden a conversion of a Prince, whom we had represented as a monster of vice and extravagance, to be a thing beyond belief, it is sufficient for us to refer them to the unanimous consent of historians on this point; but we can even do more; we can make them comprehend not only the possibility but even the probability of it. Attentive readers, who.

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who have any knowledge of the human heart, will already have discovered the reasons of it in the former part of this narrative. In a situation of mind, when the passions are silent, when we are satiated with the delights of sense, when the want of pleasing impressions sinks us into a disagreeable medium between existence and non-existence,—in such a situation as this, the soul is anxious to lay hold of any object which can recover it from this insupportable cessation of it's powers, and is therefore more disposed to become sensible to the charms of moral and intellectual beauty. A dry analyser of metaphysical ideas could not certainly have contrived to render such objects agreeable to a man, who was as impatient, as incapable of close attention. But the eloquence of the *Homer* of philosophers could cloath his ideas in a dress so alluring to the imagination, knew how to interest the passions, and touch the most secret springs of the human heart with

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with ſo much ſkill, that it could not but be pleaſed and captivated. To this may be added the tyrant's youth, which made his ſoul, as yet not entirely hardened, ſuſceptible of new impreſſions. Why then, might it not have been poſſible in a few weeks to inſpire him, under ſuch circumſtances, with a love of virtue, ſince nothing more was neceſſary for this purpoſe, than inſenſibly to ſupply his inclinations with other objects in the place of thoſe he was now diſguſted with—for in fact, his converſion was nothing more than that he now embraced a fair phantom of virtue, inſtead of a voluptuous nymph, intoxicated himſelf with platonic ideas, inſtead of Syracuſan wine—and that the ſame vanity, which a few days before had excited him to rival *Bacchus*, and another Deity whom we dare not name, now flattered him with the idea of eclipſing as a governor and legiſlator, the ſplendour of the moſt celebrated men, of drawing the eyes of the whole world upon

upon him, of being admired by all, and deified by philoſophers themſelves?

THAT this idea of the converſion of *Dionyſius* is a juſt one, was actually evinced by the conſequences; and we think it might eaſily have been foreſeen without the faculty of divination, that ſo ſudden a change could not be of long duration. But how is it poſſible for men, who are concerned in any important action to judge of it with ſuch coolneſs and impartiality, as ſpectators at a diſtance, who having the whole tranſaction laid before them, may, by a diſpaſſionate enquiry into the connecting circumſtances, very eaſily prove with great certainty, that it could not have happened otherwiſe, than they knew it did? Even *Plato* ſuffered himſelf to be deceived by appearances, becauſe they were conformable to his wiſhes, and ſeemed to demonſtrate to him how much he was capable of effecting. His premature joy at the idea of a ſucceſs, which he already looked upon as certain, did not

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not allow him to repreſent to himſelf the full force of all thoſe obſtacles that might fruſtrate his endeavours, or to conſider in time how he might prevent them. In the ſtill walks of his Academy, ſurrounded with his docile ſcholars, accuſtomed to build up his ideal republic, he conſidered the part he had undertaken at the court of *Syracuſe*, as more eaſy to perform than it really was. His concluſions were always juſtly deduced from his premiſes; but theſe ſuppoſed too much; and his example proves, that no people are more deceived by the appearances of things, than ſuch as paſs their whole life *inter Sylvas Academi* in the inveſtigation of *Truth*. In fact, we have ſeen in all ages, how little ſpeculative men have ſucceeded, when they have ventured to deſcend from their philoſophical ſphere, and appear upon the great ſtage of the buſy world. Nor is it poſſible to be otherwiſe, as they firſt accuſtom themſelves to invent laws for their *Utopia* and their *Atlantis*; and having

having ſettled ſuch a ſyſtem of legiſlation, they then form men, as they call them, who are compelled to act as conformably to theſe laws, as a watch from the internal power of its mechaniſm, is obliged to execute whatever motions the artiſt pleaſes. It was eaſy enough to perceive (and yet theſe ſages were not ſenſible of it) that in real life things are quite different. Here men are always the ſame; and the chief point is, to conſider thoſe things that are before us according to all circumſtances and relations, till we are capable of determining with the greateſt poſſible accuracy what they are. As ſoon as you are acquainted with this, the laws by which you muſt regulate them, in order to obtain your end, occur of themſelves—then is the time to make moral projects—but when, ye great luminaries of the preſent moſt enlightened century, when do ye imagine, that this time will come for human ſociety?

CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.

Philiſtus and Timocrates.

DURING the time that philoſophy and virtue, by the eloquence of a ſingle man, had produced ſo remarkable a change of ſcene at the court of *Syracuſe*, the former intimates of *Dionyſius*, were very far from being inclined to relinquiſh the advantages they had derived from this Prince's former character ſo readily, as their external behaviour might give reaſon to conclude. As ſubtle courtiers, they very artfully concealed their diſſatisfaction at the ſignal favour he enjoyed with the Prince. Accuſtomed to ſuit themſelves to his taſte, and to take up every form that might be agreeable to him, or beſt anſwer their ſecret deſigns, they no ſooner perceived this new caprice of their maſter, than they aſſumed all the outward appearance of a philoſophical

ſophical enthuſiaſm with the ſame eaſe as they would have put on a maſquerade-habit. They were the firſt who ſat the example to the reſt of the court; they redoubled their attention to *Dion*, whoſe authority ſince the arrival of *Plato* was greatly increaſed; they profeſſed themſelves the admirers of the philoſopher, and teſtified their approbation before ever he ſpoke; all his plans and meaſures were wonderful; and they found nothing to object to them; or if they made any objection, it was only for the ſake of information, and that they might have an opportunity of acknowledging themſelves convinced by the firſt reply he ſhould make of the ſuperiority of his wiſdom. They courted his friendſhip with a zeal that rather implied a neglect of the Prince; and were particularly ſtudious to obviate thoſe prejudices which had been entertained againſt their former preceding adminiſtration. By theſe artifices they did not, indeed, entirely gain their end

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end of making the wife *Plato* ſo perfectly ſecure, that he ſhould not always entertain a juſt ſuſpicion of the ſincerity of their conduct; he obſerved them carefully, and though indeed they did not doubt that he would, yet it was eaſy for them to contrive, that all his penetration ſhould be of no uſe to him in this point. They avoided every thing that might ſeem to give their actions an air of reſtraint, ambiguity and myſtery, and aſſumed ſo natural and eaſy a behaviour, that a man muſt either be like them, or be deceived. This noble art is one of thoſe, in which courtiers only excell. We may defy virtue herſelf to appear with greater dignity and decorum than theſe people have the addreſs to diſplay, whenever they find it conducive to the ſucceſs of their deſigns, to aſſume her peculiar air, complexion and outward graces.

THIS obſervation relates more particularly to two perſons, who were the greateſt loſers by this change in the tyrant.

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rant. *Philistus* had hitherto been the minister in whom he had placed the greatest confidence, and *Timocrates* his favourite. Both of them, with unanimity that did honour to their prudence, had shared in his affections, in the supreme authority, to which he only lent his name, and in a considerable part of his revenues. Their mutual friendship was now more firmly cemented by the common danger. They disclosed to each other their apprehensions, their remarks, and their designs; they concerted together the proper measures to be pursued at so critical a juncture; and as they were fully acquainted with the tyrant's foibles, they proceeded with so much art, that they gradually succeeded in prejudicing him against *Plato* and *Dion*, without his observing that they had any such intent.

We have already mentioned, that the Syracusans, from a disposition which characterizeth the people of all nations, had given themselves up with precipitate joy

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to the hope of recovering their antient liberty by *Plato's* means, and that the preſent change in the ſtate was the ſubject of all converſations. To ſay the truth, *Dion's* views were directed to nothing leſs than this, in calling in the aſſiſtance of his friend. They were equally declared enemies both of tyranny and of democracy, and thought (with what reaſon we will not at preſent determine) that, under different forms and by different ways, they both terminated at laſt in the ſame point, namely, in want of order and ſecurity, in oppreſſion and ſlavery. They were inclined to that kind of ariſtocracy, in which the people are ſufficiently ſecured from every oppreſſion, and conſequently the power of the nobles, or as the Greeks would ſay, of the better ſort, is reſtrained by indiſſoluble ties; in which the proper adminiſtration of the ſtate is committed to a few, who are obliged to give the moſt exact account of their conduct. It was, there-

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fore, their design to abolish tyranny, or, as it is called in modern times, a despotic government, from all *Sicily*, and to change the constitution of that island into an aristocracy. With a view of pleasing *Dionysius*, or in conformity to *Plato's* idea, that the most perfect form of government must be composed of a monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, they intended to appoint two kings over their new republic, who were to be invested with the same powers as the kings of *Sparta*, and *Dionysius* was to be one of them. These were nearly the outlines of their plan. They omitted no opportunity of extolling to the prince, the advantages of a legal government; but they were too prudent to speak precipitately on so delicate a point as the introduction of a republican system, or, by an untimely discovery of their design, to force the tyrant back into that wildness of disposition, which was natural to him before

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before *Plato* had fully inſpired him with ſentiments of gentleneſs and humanity.

Unfortunately, the people were not capable of ſo much moderation, and thought very differently of the uſe they ſhould make of their freedom. Every one had a certain deſign that he kept to himſelf, the object of which was ſome kind of private advantage. Every one conceived his abilities as more than equal to ſerve the republic in thoſe poſts for which he was the leaſt qualified; or had ſome ſmall pretenſions to urge, which he abſolutely inſiſted ſhould be complied with. The *Syracuſans*, therefore, wiſhed for a democracy, and when they imagined themſelves juſt on the point of attaining their wiſhes, they ſpoke of it ſo openly, that *Philiſtus* and his friend had an opportunity of recovering the tyrant from his agreeable Platonic enthuſiaſm.

The firſt thing they did, was to repreſent to him in very lively colours, and probably with circumſtances exag-

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gerated, the ſentiments of the people, and their commotions, which though not outwardly apparent, yet fermented internally with ſo much the greater force. This they did with great precaution, at proper times, by gradual inſinuations, and in ſuch a manner, that it muſt appear to *Dionyſius*, as if he himſelf had at laſt made the diſcovery: and at the ſame time they omitted no opportunity of beſtowing the moſt extravagant commendations upon *Plato* and *Dion*, which they took care to couch in terms choſen with the moſt malicious artifice, to convey the idea of the extraordinary eſtimation in which they were held by the people. More effectually to engage the tyrant's attention, they contrived to inſinuate in a variety of ways, though they did not appear to do it, that numerous private meetings were frequently holden in the city, to which *Dion* and *Plato* himſelf, or ſome one of their moſt intimate friends, were always invited. Theſe meet-

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meetings were only conſidered indeed as friendly and ſocial entertainments; but yet they gave *Philiſtus* occaſion to ſpeak of them in ſuch a manner, as if they had the appearance of political combinations, and this was all that was deſired.

By theſe and ſuch like artifices, they at length ſucceeded in exciting ſuſpicions in *Dionyſius*. He began the rather to diſtruſt the ſincerity of his new friend, as he was jealous of the particular connection between him and *Dion*; and that he might the ſooner know the truth, he thought it ſafeſt to engage afreſh in his intereſt the long neglected *Timocrates*; and when he had aſſured himſelf that he might depend upon his attachment as before, to diſcloſe to him the remarks he had made, and his ſecret apprehenſions. The artful favourite affected at firſt to have no conception, that the *Syracuſans* could ſeriouſly entertain ſuch a deſign; at leaſt (he ſaid with an appearance of the greateſt ſincerity) he could not imagine that

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Plato and *Dion* had the leaſt ſhare in it; though he muſt confeſs, that ſince *Plato's* arrival at court, the *Syracuſans* were inſpired with a ſingular ſpirit, and probably ſeduced by the Philoſopher's extraordinary credit with the Prince, into thoſe extravagant ideas they ſeemed to entertain. It might not, he obſerved, be impoſſible, that the favourers of a republican conſtitution, might hope to find an occaſion, while the court had the form of an academy, inſenſibly to give the ſtate that of a democracy; but he was obliged to confeſs, that he could not entirely rely on his own penetration in the counſel he ſhould give to his maſter and friend in ſuch delicate circumſtances; but that *Philiſtus*, whoſe fidelity had been long known to the Prince, would from his experience in the buſineſs of the ſtate, be infinitely better qualified to ſift an affair of this kind to the bottom.

Dionyſius was ſo little inclined to reſign a power, the value of which he began

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gan daily to be more ſenſible of, in proportion as his fibres recovered their elaſticity, that the inſinuations of his favourite had their intended effect. He charged him to uſe every precaution to introduce *Philiſtus* into his cloſet the ſame night with all the ſecrecy imaginable, that he might converſe with him on theſe ſubjects, and hear his opinion. *Philiſtus* came, and completed what *Timocrates* had begun. He laid open to the Prince every thing he pretended to have diſcovered, and ſaid juſt as much as was neceſſary to confirm him in the idea, that a ſecret conſpiracy was entered into to change the government; which though probably not come to its height, was yet ſo far advanced, that it deſerved attention. And who, ſaid *Dionyſius*, can be the author or chief of ſuch a conſpiracy?—Here *Philiſtus* ſeemed embarraſſed—he hoped that it was not yet ſo far advanced, *Dion* diſcovered ſuch favourable inclinations to the Prince—" Diſcloſe thy ſenti-

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ments freely, replied *Dionyſius*; what is thy opinion of this ſame *Dion?* But no compliments, for thou needeſt not remind me that he is the husband of my ſiſter; I know it but too well;—but I do not confide in him the more on that account,—he is certainly ambitious." — Ever gloomy, reſerved, concentred in himſelf.—"To ſay the truth, he undoubtedly is ſo, replied *Philiſtus*, and whoever has ſufficiently obſerved him, unleſs he had previouſly entertained a better opinion of him, could ſcarce help ſuſpecting that he was diſſatisfied, and was revolving in himſelf ſome project, which he did not think proper to communicate."—"Doſt thou think ſo, *Philiſtus*? replied the tyrant; I have always had the ſame opinion of him; if ever *Syracuſe* is diſturbed and buſied with innovations, you may be aſſured that *Dion* is at the head of all.—We muſt obſerve him more cloſely"—"At leaſt it is ſingular, continued *Philiſtus*, that for a conſiderable

able time paſt he ſeems to have made it his buſineſs to ſecure to himſelf the friendſhip of the moſt reſpectable citizens"—(here he introduced ſome circumſtances, which by the turn he gave them, might confirm his obſervation) "when a man of ſuch weight as *Dion* condeſcends to affect popularity which is ſo totally inconſiſtent with his character, it may be preſumed that he has deſigns—and if *Dion* has deſigns, they certainly are not for trifles.—Be this however as it may, yet I am clear, added he, that *Plato* notwithſtanding the ſtrict friendſhip that ſubſiſts between them, is a man of too much integrity to be concerned in any ſecret contrivances againſt a Prince who loads him with ſo many honours and marks of his favour."—"To tell thee my opinion, *Philiſtus*, I imagine that theſe philoſophers who make ſo much noiſe in the world, are a very inoffenſive kind of people; in reality I perceive nothing ſo dangerous in their philoſophy, as is commonly imagined.

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I am fond, for inſtance, of this ſame *Plato*, becauſe he is agreeable in converſation; he maintains indeed ſingular opinions; a man cannot indulge a more pleaſing dream; but even this diverts me; and beſides one cannot deny him the merit of being an orator; it is pleaſing to hear him talk of the iſland *Atlantis*, and of things in the other world, as circumſtantially, and with as much certainty as if he had juſt arrived in the laſt ſhip that came from the moon." (Here both laughed immoderately at ſo ingenious a conceit, and *Dionyſius* laughed with them) "You may laugh as long as you will, continued he, but you ſhall give me up my *Plato*, he is the beſt creature in the world, and if we conſider at once his philoſophy, his beard, and hieroglyphical face; we muſt allow, that upon the whole, he is that kind of perſon one may amuſe one's ſelf with for want of a better." —(O! divine *Plato*! Thou who didſt imagine that the heart of this Prince was

was in thy power! Thou who didſt think thyſelf capable of the great work of making him, a wiſe and virtuous Prince! —Why didſt thou not, at this inſtant, ſtand concealed ſo as to have heard this flattering commendation, by which he attempted to apologize to his courtiers for the partiality he entertained for thee!) "It is true, replied *Timocrates*, the Muſes themſelves could not ſpeak more agreeably than *Plato*; he might, I believe, perſuade one to any thing, if he was reſolved upon it."—"You will laugh, perhaps, replied the Prince; but I aſſure you he had lately almoſt perſuaded me to quit *Sicily*, and undertake a philoſophical journey to *Memphis*, and the Pyramids, to ſee the Gymnoſophiſts, who, from his deſcription of them, muſt be a ſtrange kind of beings;—if their women are as handſome as he pretends, it would be no diſagreeable thing to join with them in the dance of the ſpheres; for they live in a ſtate of perfect beautiful

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nature, and appear adorned only with their own proper charms, that is, naked as Sea-nymphs, with as triumphant an air as the moſt beautiful Syracuſan ladies in their richeſt feſtival attire."—*Dionyſius*, as it ſeems, was in a humour not very favourable to the ſublime views of his court philoſopher; *Timocrates* perceived it, and inſtantly formed a ſmall project from which he expected particular ſucceſs. But the more acute *Philiſtus* did not think it proper to encourage this volatile diſpoſition in his maſter. He therefore interrupted *Timocrates*;—"You jeſt, ſaid he, upon the effect of *Plato*'s eloquence; it is but too certain, that in this art he has no equal; but even this would give me no ſmall apprehenſions, if he was a man of leſs integrity than I think he is. The power of eloquence is ſuperior to every other power, it is able to ſet fifty thouſand ſoldiers, at the pleaſure of a ſingle unarmed man, in commotion, or to enervate them. If *Dion*, as it ſeems, is meditating

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ditating any dangerous design, and should find means to engage this insinuating Sophist on his side, *Dionysius* I fear will dearly pay for the pleasure of his ingenious conversation. The influence of eloquence at *Athens* is well known, and the Syracusans want only two such orators to inflame their imagination with figurative and lively images, and they would soon wish to be Athenians themselves; the first man who would then place himself at their head might make what he would of them."

Philistus perceived that his master immediately became thoughtful at these words; he concluded, therefore, that something was revolving in his mind, and checked himself. "What a fool I was, exclaimed *Dionysius*, after he had seemed for a time pensive with his head inclined. It was certainly my good Genius that inspired me with the thought of sending for you this evening. My eyes are opened at once—to what have these people, with

with their triangles and syllogisms brought me! Canst thou easily conceive that *Plato* with his engaging talk had nearly persuaded me to dismiss my foreign troops and my guards? Ah! now I see to what all those fine comparisons of a father in the midst of his family, and of a child on the breast of its nurse, and I know not how many others tend! The traitors would first have lulled me to sleep with these childish tales, they would then have disarmed me, and at last, when they had so far fettered me by their pernicious maxims, that I should have lost all my powers, they would in good earnest have made me their child, their puppet, and whatever else they had thought proper! But, they shall pay dear for their imposition! This traitor *Dion*, I must——Is it possible then, *Philistus*, that thou canst be so simple as to imagine that he means only to dream of setting his fellow citizens at liberty. *Philistus*, he wants to govern, that is what he aims at, and for this

this reaſon he has invited *Plato* to my court, that while he is exciting the people to revolt, and forming a party in his intereſt, the philoſopher might ſo frequently detain me in converſations upon juſtice, benevolence, golden times, parental government, and ſuch like fancies, that I ſhould be perſuaded to diſarm my galleys, diſmiſs my guards; and at laſt, accompanied by one of thoſe beatded boys he has brought with him, ſuffer myſelf to be ſent to the Academy at *Athens* as a new diſciple; and there, among a troop of young coxcombs diſpute whether *Dionyſius* has done right or not, in being ſurprized by ſo poor a ſnare." "But is it poſſible, replied *Philiſtus*, with an affected air of aſtoniſhment, that *Plato* could have been ſo weak as to give my Prince ſuch an advice?"—"It is poſſible, ſince I tell you that he has—I am at a loſs to conceive, how I could let myſelf be inchanted by ſuch a babbler."—"That, replied the inſinuating *Philiſtus*, ſhould not give you

you any uneaſineſs; *Plato* is indeed a great man in his way, an excellent man, to give a ſyſtem of the world, or to prove that ſnow is not really white; but his maxims of government are, as it ſeems, rather dangerous in their application. This, indeed, would have furniſhed the Athenians with ſomething to ſay, and would have been no ſmall triumph to philoſophy, if a ſingle Sophiſt, without ſtriking a ſtroke, by the mere magic of his eloquence ſhould have effected, what the Athenians, with all their great fleets and armies, have attempted in vain."— "I cannot bear to think, replied *Dionyſius*, what a ſimple figure I have made for this fortnight among theſe capricious dreamers; have I not given *Dion* himſelf an opportunity of deſpiſing me? What idea muſt they entertain of my compliance and docility?—But they ſhall ſoon ſee, that notwithſtanding all their knowledge of myſtic numbers, they have been greatly deceived in their calculations. It

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is time to put an end to the farce."—"Pardon, my gracious ſovereign, interpoſed *Philiſtus*, we are ſtill only ſpeaking of bare conjectures: *Plato*, perhaps, however ill-judged his counſel may be, is innocent; *Dion*, perhaps, is ſo too, at leaſt we have not as yet any proofs againſt them. They have their admirers and friends in *Syracuſe*; the people are prejudiced in their favour, and it might be dangerous, by any premature ſtep, to lay them under a neceſſity of having recourſe to the protection of this people, who are now dreaming of liberty. Let them yet remain for ſome time in the pleaſing imagination, that they have ſecured *Dionyſius*: give them, by an artfully diſſembled confidence, an opportunity of diſcovering their ſentiments more clearly.—Suppoſe *Dionyſius* ſhould pretend, he had an intention of reſigning his crown, and was prevented by no other conſideration, than his doubts what form of government would make *Sicily* moſt happy:

happy: such a proposal would oblige them to betray themselves; and while we amuse them with Academical questions and projects, we might find a proper opportunity of dispatching the ambitious *Dion*, accompanied by his counsellor, on a journey to *Athens*, where, in peaceful tranquillity, they might lay the plan of republics, and give them every day what new form they pleased."

Dionysius was naturally passionate and impetuous; every idea that seized upon his imagination possessed him so strongly, that he entirely abandoned himself to the mechanical impulse it produced; but those who knew him as thoroughly as *Philistus*, seldom found much difficulty, in giving a new turn to his passions by a single word. On the first sallies of his inconsiderate fury, the most violent measures were the first that occurred to him; but he need only be made sensible that there was a shadow of danger, and the rising flame soon subsided; and he was as soon

ſoon perſuaded to fix upon ſuch methods as were moſt ſecure, though at the ſame time they were the baſeſt.

As we have before laid open the true ſprings of his pretended reformation, it will not appear ſurpriſing, that from the inſtant his paſſions were re-excited, he ſhould relapſe into his natural ſtate. What in him had been conſidered as a love of virtue, and what he himſelf had looked upon as ſuch, was the effect of accidental and mechanical cauſes; but that he ſhould lay the leaſt reſtraint on his inclinations, this was what his enthuſiaſm for virtue could not carry him to. The licentious freedom in which he had formerly lived, repreſented itſelf to him again with the moſt lively attractions; and he now looked upon *Plato* as a diſagreeable tutor, and curſed the weakneſs of an attachment, that had transformed him into a figure ſo very different from his own. He was now but too ſenſible, that he had deceived himſelf, by a ſuppoſed

poſed obligation he had thought himſelf under, of perſiſting in the ſentiments with which this Sophiſt, as he now called him, had inſpired him: he now repreſented to himſelf, that *Dion* and the Syracuſans would think themſelves authorized in expecting him to fulfill the promiſe, he had in ſome degree made, that he would for the future adopt a legal kind of government. Theſe ideas were intolerable, and, by a natural conſequence, his partiality to the Athenian Philoſopher, which, independent of this, was already much abated, was changed into diſguſt, and *Dion*, whom he never loved, became doubly odious to him. Such were the ſecret diſpoſitions which facilitated the admiſſion of the inſinuations of *Timocrates* and *Philiſtus* into his mind. He now went ſo far, that to his former confident he confeſſed himſelf aſhamed of the part he had played for ſome weeks paſt, as it were under the tutelage of *Plato*; and it is probably owen to his falſe

falſe and vicious ſhame, that he ſpoke in ſuch diſhonourable terms of a man, whom, at firſt, he had almoſt deified; and endeavoured to give ſuch a ludicrous turn to the affection he had entertained for him: he therefore embraced the propoſal of *Philiſtus* with the anxious impatience of a man, who wiſhed to free himſelf as ſoon as poſſible from the effects of a diſagreeable reſtraint; and that he might loſe no time, he began to put it in execution the very next day. He ſent for *Dion* and the Philoſopher into his cloſet, and told them, with all the appearance of the moſt implicit confidence, at the ſame time flattering them exceedingly, that he was determined to reſign the crown, and leave the *Syracuſans* at liberty to chooſe the kind of conſtitution that would be moſt agreeable to them.

So unexpected a declaration aſtoniſhed them both; but they ſoon recovered themſelves. They looked upon it as the overflowing of an unſettled virtue, which com-

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commonly falls into agreeable extravagancies, and they hoped, therefore, that it would be eaſy for them to bring him to a ſounder judgment. They commended, indeed, his good intention, but repreſented to him, how ill it would ſucceed, if he meant to make the people, which ought ever to be kept in a ſtate of reſtraint, maſters of a liberty, which in all probability they would abuſe, to the great prejudice of themſelves. On this ſubject they urged every thing that ſound politics can ſuggeſt; and *Plato* in particular, proved to him, that the happineſs of a ſtate depended not upon the form of it's conſtitution, but upon the internal excellence of it's ſyſtem of laws, it's good morals, and the wiſdom of thoſe to whom the diſpenſation of the laws was intruſted. It was his opinion, that there was no neceſſity *Dionyſius* ſhould reſign the ſupreme authority, as it was entirely in his power, by obſerving exactly all the duties of a wiſe and virtuous Prince, to change

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change an arbitrary government into a mild, limited monarchy; to which the people would the more eaſily ſubmit, as from a conſciouſneſs of their own inability to govern, they would readily let themſelves be governed, and even honour as a God, the man who protected them, and laboured for their happineſs.

Dion did not entirely agree with his friend in this particular. The truth was, that he was better acquainted with *Dionyſius*, and as he had little hopes that his good diſpoſitions would be of long continuance, he wanted him as ſoon as poſſible to make ſuch an uſe of them, as would deprive him of the power of doing ill, in caſe he ſhould ever again have the inclination. He enlarged therefore with great force upon the ſuperior advantage of a well-regulated ariſtocracy, to thoſe of a monarchy, and proved, how dangerous it might be to let the welfare of a whole country depend on the accidental and hazardous circumſtances

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of the monarch's being a virtuous man, or not. He proceeded so far as to maintain, that to expect a man in possession of supreme authority should never abuse it, was to require what was beyond the power of humanity; that we might as reasonably expect the wisdom and virtue of a God, from a being full of wants and imperfections who cannot depend one moment on himself. He therefore highly approved of the tyrant's intention of divesting himself of the regal power; but agreed with his friend, that instead of committing the regulation of the state to the choice of the people, he himself, with the assistance of the worthiest men in the kingdom, should immediately undertake the trouble of projecting a constitution that might be durable, and tend in the highest possible degree to the general good; in the execution of which he promised to lend the Prince all the assistance in his power. *Dionysius* seemed to approve of this proposal.

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poſal. He begged of them to reduce their thoughts on this important ſubject into a complete plan, and aſſured them, that as ſoon as they had agreed in their opinion what he ought to do, he would immediately ſet about the execution of a work, which he pretended was always in his thoughts.

THIS ſecret conference had a double effect on the tyrant. It completed his hatred to *Dion*, and reſtored *Plato* to his favour. Though he no longer heard him ſpeak with the ſame pleaſure as at firſt on the duties of a good Prince, yet it gave him great ſatisfaction to find that *Plato* was a profeſſed enemy to popular government, and a friend to monarchy. He conſulted again with his confidants; and told them, that the only queſtion at preſent was how to get rid of *Dion*. *Philiſtus* was of opinion, that before ſuch a ſtep could be ventured on, the people ſhould be quieted, and the wavering authority of the Prince firmly re-eſtabliſhed.

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He propoſed the means to accompliſh this with the greateſt certainty; and in truth there was no great difficulty in it; for both he and *Timocrates* had repreſented the commotion in *Syracuſe* as far more dangerous than it really was. *Dionyſius* by his advice continued to expreſs a particular regard for *Plato*; a man, who was conſidered by the people, as a kind of prophet, who converſed with the Gods, and was inſpired. Such a man, ſaid *Philiſtus*, muſt be retained as a friend as long as he can be any ways uſeful. *Plato* does not want to govern; he has therefore a different intereſt from *Dion*, his vanity is ſatisfied if he is treated with reſpect, and fancies he has ſome influence with the perſon who is at the head of the ſtate. It is eaſy to entertain him in this idea as long as it may be neceſſary, and this will at the ſame time be the means of preventing him from forming a more intimate connection with *Dion*. The tyrant, who independant of this,

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this, felt himself attached to the philosopher by a kind of instinct, followed this advice so well, that *Plato* was deceived by it. He affected in particular to have him always with him when he appeared in public, and to quote his maxims on all occasions, where they might produce any effect. Whenever he had done any thing, by which he hoped to make himself agreeable to the Syracusans, he pretended that it was in consequence of the philosopher's advice, though it was entirely owen to the suggestions of *Philistus*, who without his being aware of it, had regained a complete ascendant over him. He appeared particularly affable and gracious to the people; he abolished some taxes which were mostly oppressive to the lowest class of the citizens; he amused them with public feasts, and sports; he promoted to profitable posts of honour those whose credit was most to be dreaded; and cajoled the rest with promises which cost him nothing, and had the

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ſame effect; he decorated the city with temples, gymnaſia, and other public edifices. Theſe ſeveral changes were carried on with the aſſiſtance of his two confidants in ſo proper a manner, that *Plato* employed all his authority to gain over the hearts of the whole people to a Prince, who had raiſed ſuch pleaſing expectations of himſelf, and had beſides flattered the philoſopher's vanity (a motive this worthy ſage would not perhaps have readily confeſſed) by ſo many public marks of ſuperior eſteem.

THIS plan ſucceeded entirely. The people, who not only in *Greece*, but in all other places, live in a kind of perpetual infancy, ceaſed to murmur; they loſt in a ſhort time even the very deſire of a change; conceived a violent attachment for their Prince; extolled the happineſs of his government; admired the magnificent cloathing and arms he had given to his guards; intoxicated themſelves with drinking his health; and were ready fool-

iſhly

ishly to applaud whatever he meant to undertake.

THIS fortunate turn restored *Philistus* and *Timocrates* to favour, and re-established their interest with their master, but they were not satisfied as long as they were obliged to share it with *Plato*, for whom the Prince had yet a kind of partiality, arising perhaps from the natural superiority of a great to a little mind. *Timocrates* hit upon an expedient first suggested to him in a private conversation he had with the Prince in his bed-chamber, by which he hoped at the same time to ingratiate himself with the tyrant, and destroy the influence the philosopher had with him.

Dionysius at the instigation of *Timocrates* had insensibly begun to introduce a greater freedom at his table; the number and rank of the guests who were almost every day invited afforded a pretence for this; and *Plato*, who notwithstanding all the sublime severity of his principles, had

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rather a propenſity to be a courtier, did as many reſpectable men are apt to do at certain courts; he took every opportunity of commending the advantages of ſobriety and temperance, and in the mean time eat and drank like other people.

THIS little deviation from the too confined boundaries of Academical frugality, which the founder of the Academy himſelf muſt allow was not calculated for a court, gave occaſion to the principal Syracuſans, and to every one who wiſhed to ingratiate himſelf with the Prince, to make ſumptuous entertainments for him, in which an unreſerved feſtivity prevailed, though ſeemingly reſtrained by the company of the Muſes and Graces, the better to reconcile it to the auſterity of philoſophy. *Timocrates* turned this circumſtance to advantage. He invited the Prince, all the court, and the firſt men of the city, to his country-houſe, to celebrate the return of the ſpring, whoſe all-

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enlivening power, unfortunately for the platoniſm of *Dionyſius*, which was otherwiſe but half eſtabliſhed, ſeemed to revive the deſires and powers of his youth. The moſt artfully contrived voluptuouſneſs concealed under the moſt dazzling magnificence was diſplayed at this feſtival. *Timocrates* laviſhed his wealth with the greateſt profuſion, and the more chearfully, as he was certain that by this means he ſhould double it. Every one admired the invention and the taſte of this favourite; *Dionyſius* acknowledged that he had never been ſo well entertained; and the divine *Plato* who had never ſeen any thing like it, either in his travels to the Pyramids and the Gymnoſophiſts, or even at *Athens*, was ſo betrayed by his poetical imagination, that he ſeemed not to be apprehenſive of the dangers that lay concealed under the inchantments of this ſcene, and this variety of incitements to pleaſure. *Dion* alone maintained his uſual gravity, and by the ſtrik-

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ing contraſt of his gloomy appearance with the general feſtivity, made ſuch impreſſions upon every mind, as did not a little contribute to haſten his future fall. But no one ſeemed to take any notice of this at the time; and indeed the attention of *Timocrates* to make every hour and almoſt every inſtant bring on ſome new delight, allowed little leiſure for obſervation. This artful courtier had diſcovered a method of flattering in a very refined manner *Plato* himſelf, upon an occaſion, where it was ſo little to be expected. This was done in a grand pantomime dance, in which the hiſtory of the human ſoul was repreſented in an allegorical manner, agreeably to the principles of this philoſopher, under images borrowed from ſome of his writings. *Timocrates* had for this purpoſe choſen the moſt youthful and moſt beautiful figures which he could collect at *Corinth*, and in all *Greece*. Among the female dancers there was one in particular, who ſeemed well calculated

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calculated to deſtroy in a few moments every thing that the good *Plato* had been labouring for ſome months to produce in the mind of the tyrant. Among the different characters in the dance, ſhe repreſented that of ſenſual pleaſure, and her figure, her air, her look, her ſmile, every thing was ſo perfectly ſuited to this part, that *Anacreon's* epithet, *breathing pleaſure*, ſeemed expreſsly made for her. Every man was inchanted with the fair *Bacchidion*, but *Dionyſius* more than any other. He did not once think of reſiſting pleaſure, which had aſſumed ſo ſeducing a form, to re-kindle his languid inclination for her; ſcarce had he power to prevent the workings of his mind from being too plainly ſeen, for ſtill he did not imagine himſelf to be entirely *Dionyſius*, though at times ſome little ſtrokes eſcaped him, which proved to the ſagacious *Dion*, that he ſtill was now only reſtrained by ſome remains of ſhame, the laſt efforts of expiring vir-

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tue. *Timocrates* exulted in the ſucceſs of his deſign; the too inchanting *Bacchidion* had made herſelf miſtreſs of the deſires, the taſte, and even the heart of the tyrant, who ſaw the neceſſity that *Timocrates* ſhould be the negotiator of his paſſion, which for a time he meant to keep ſecret; and from that inſtant this courtier again became his greateſt favourite. The wiſe *Plato* deplored too late, that he had ſhewn too much indulgence to the propenſity this Prince had to pleaſure; he was now but too ſenſible that the ſtrength of his metaphyſical enchantment, was diſſolved by a much ſtronger magic, and that he might not give himſelf needleſs trouble, viſited the court leſs frequently. *Dion* went farther ſtill, he ventured to reproach *Dionyſius* with his ſecret connection with the fair *Bacchidion*, and to remind him of his obligations, with a zeal, which the tyrant could no longer bear. *Dionyſius* ſpoke in the ſtile of an Aſiatic deſpot, and *Dion* replied to him

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him as a discontented man, who finds himself bold enough to set at defiance the threats of a haughty tyrant. *Philistus* restrained the Prince, who, when transported with rage, was capable of carrying every thing to extremity; but, as things were circumstanced with regard to the injured *Dion*, a sudden resolution was to be taken. *Dion* disappeared, and it was not till a few days after, that *Dionysius* declared publicly, that a dangerous conspiracy against his person, and the tranquility of the state, in which *Dion* was secretly concerned, had obliged him to remove him for some time out of *Sicily*. This was really the fact, that *Dion* had unexpectedly been taken into custody, put on board a vessel, and set on shore in *Italy*. To give an appearance of probability to this pretended conspiracy, some of *Dion's* friends, and a still greater number of the creatures of *Philistus*, who were bribed to accuse that Prince, were secured. Nothing

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was omitted that could make his trial appear to be carried on according to the proper forms of justice; and after he had been convicted on the deposition of a number of witnesses, his banishment was decreed by a formal sentence; and he was forbidden, under pain of death, ever to return to *Sicily*, without the particular permission of *Dionysius*. The tyrant pretended, that he signed this decree much against his will, compelled only by his concern for the public tranquillity, and to evince to the world, how desirous he was to spare a Prince, whom he had always particularly esteemed; instead of confiscating the whole of his estate, he limited the penalty to the seizure of his revenues. But no one was deceived by these pretences, as it was soon after known, that he had forced his sister, the wife of *Dion*, to give herself up as a recompence to the unworthy *Timocrates*.

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THIS unexpected catastrophe obliged *Plato* to act a very degrading part. *Dionysius* affected, indeed, to be still a great admirer of his knowledge and eloquence; but his influence was so totally lost, that he was never allowed to plead in behalf of his friend's innocence. He was daily invited to the Prince's table, but only to hear with his own ears, how the principles of his philosophy, how virtue itself, and whatever is worthy of sound reason, was become the object of wanton raillery, which is often as offensive to good sense as it is to virtue; and that he might be prevented from having any opportunity of effacing the unfavourable impressions the Syracusans had received against *Dion*, a guard, under the pretence of a particular mark of respect, was set over him, which watched and confined him as a prisoner of state. The Philosopher had not so totally subdued that part of his soul, whose situation he himself has fixed between the breast and dia-

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diaphragm, but that his indignation must be excited at this behaviour of the tyrant. He began to speak with the liberty of a free-born Athenian, and requested his dismission. *Dionysius* pretended surprize at this request, and seemed to use every argument to retain so valuable a friend; he even offered him the most distinguished post in his kingdom, and, if we may believe *Plutarch*, all his treasures, if he would lay himself under an absolute obligation, never to quit him; but the condition he annexed to these offers, proved how little he expected that they would be accepted; for he required that *Plato* should sacrifice his friendship for *Dion* to him, and the Philosopher understood the tacit meaning of this proposal. He therefore persisted in asking his dismission, and obtained it, after having given his promise, that he would return, as soon as *Dionysius* had concluded the war, he was preparing to wage against *Carthage*. *Dionysius* used all his endeavours

vours to convince the world that they parted from each other as good friends: and *Plato's* vanity (if we can poſſibly ſuppoſe that there is ſuch a paſſion in a Philoſopher) was ſo well gratified by this, that he gave himſelf no concern to convince the world to the contrary. He went, as he ſaid, to reconcile *Dion* and *Dionyſius* to each other. The tyrant teſtified his approbation of this, and as a proof of his favourable ſentiments, ſuſpended the order he had made for ſeizing *Dion's* revenues. *Plato*, on the other hand, became ſecurity for his friend, that he would not do any thing in oppoſition to *Dionyſius*. The ſeparation afforded ſo melancholy a ſcene, that the ſpectators, (except thoſe few who knew what was concealed under this maſk) were much affected with the Prince's benevolence. He accompanied the Philoſopher to his galley, almoſt ſtifled him with his embraces, wetted his venerable cheeks with tears, and fixed his eyes upon him as long as he could ſee him:

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him: and thus they both returned with hearts perfectly at eaſe, *Plato* to his beloved Academy, and *Dionyſius* to the arms of his *Bacchidion*.

THE tyrant, whoſe natural vanity was, by diſcourſing with the Athenian ſage, inflamed to an immoderate thirſt after praiſe, had, among other follies, taken it into his head to paſs for a protector of learned men, a connoiſſeur, and even one of the beaux eſprits of his time. He was extremely anxious, leſt the Greeks, whom it was his principal ambition to pleaſe, ſhould be induced by *Plato* and *Dion*, to change thoſe favourable ſentiments they had begun to entertain of him; and this apprehenſion appears to have been one chief reaſon, why he had loaded *Plato* with ſo many favours at parting. Nor did he ſtop there. *Philiſtus* told him, that *Greece* abounded in ſpeculative idlers, of as great reputation as *Plato*, who were in ſome degree more capable of amuſing a Prince at his table,

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or in his moments of leiſure, than one, who was weak enough to exhibit a ridiculouſly venerable compoſition of an Egyptian prieſt and a ſtateſman, and to deal out his unintelligibly ſublime chimeras, as principles by which the world ought to be governed. He proved to him from the examples of his anceſtors, that a Prince cannot by any means more eaſily obtain the reputation of an excellent ſovereign, than by taking Philoſophers and Poets under his protection; a ſort of people, who for the honour of being his companions at table, or for the profit of a moderate penſion, are ready to exhauſt all their talents, without heſitation or reſerve, for his glory and the advancement of his views. Do you believe, ſaid he, that *Hiero* was that wonderful man, that hero, that demi-god, that model of all princely, ſocial and domeſtic virtues, which he is eſteemed by poſterity? We know what we ought to think of him; he was what all Princes

are,

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are, and lived as they all live; he did what I and every other man would do, if we had been born to the abſolute ſovereignty of ſo charming an iſland as *Sicily*, —but he had the wiſdom to retain *Simonides* and *Pindar* at his court, who while they were well fed and well paid, ſtrove which ſhould praiſe him moſt: his liberality was celebrated by the whole world, yet all this renown coſt him not half ſo much as the keeping of his hounds. Who would be a King, if Kings were obliged to realize every thing which is dictated to them as a duty from the couch of an idle Sophiſt, or the tub of *Diogenes?* Who would be a Sovereign, if Sovereigns were under an obligation of ſatisfying all the claims and wiſhes of their ſubjects? The opinion a great man gives of himſelf is the chief, if not the only point, upon which his character depends; it is not his actions themſelves, that are material, but the forms and colours under which he exhibits them to the

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the eyes of the public. What he either will not or cannot manage himſelf, learned heads will manage for him. Retain only in your pay a philoſopher who can demonſtrate every thing, an ingenious talker, who can jeſt upon every point, and a poet who can compoſe ſongs on every ſubject. The advantages you derive from this trifling expence do not ſhew themſelves at firſt, though it is of itſelf a ſufficient advantage for a Prince to be eſteemed a patron of the Muſes; for this is an infallible proof to the greater part of the human race, that he is himſelf a man of great penetration and knowledge; and this opinion eſtabliſhes a confidence and a prejudice in favour of every thing he undertakes. But this is the leaſt benefit that accrues to you from your ingenious penſioners. Let us ſuppoſe it neceſſary to levy a new tax; this alone is ſufficient to raiſe a general clamour in an inſtant againſt your government; the mal-contents,

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tents, a kind of people which the most prudent administration cannot entirely extirpate, take advantage of such a time; set the people in commotion; inquire into your conduct, into the management of your finances, and a thousand other things which were never thought of before; the discontent increases, the representatives of the people assemble, a remonstrance is presented to you, one complaint succeeds another; insensibly the petitions are converted into claims, and these are supported with respectful threats; in a word, your repose is destroyed, at least for a time; you are so critically circumstanced that the smallest error may be attended with the most fatal consequences, and if at such a time a *Dion* should only put himself at the head of a dissatisfied multitude, you will then have a complete revolt. In this case the real advantages of our men of genius are evident. By their assistance all these difficulties can be obviated in a few days. Let the philosopher demonstrate, that

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that this tax is indiſpenſably neceſſary for the public good; let the man of wit only circulate ſome ridiculous conceit, ſome facetious court anecdote, or diſperſe ſome ſcandalous tale about the city, and let the poet compoſe a new comedy to amuſe the people, or a couple of ballads for them to ſing. Every thing will then remain quiet, and while the idle politicians are diſputing whether your philoſopher has reaſoned juſtly or not, and the little ſcandalous anecdote highly improved and embelliſhed is engaging the wit of the politeſt companies; the people will murmur a few curſes between their teeth, ſing their ballads, and — pay—. For ſuch ſervices, I think it is worth while to entertain a few men, whoſe ſole ambition is to put words properly together, to number ſyllables, to tickle the ears and exerciſe the lungs; men whoſe utmoſt wiſhes are ſatisfied, if you do but allow them a ſufficiency to ramble, free from care, through a world, in which

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which they have very few pretenſions, and to enable them to do nothing elſe but indulge the whims of their brain, which they call genius, and this conſtitutes the greateſt pleaſure of their lives.

Dionyſius found the advice of his worthy miniſter, perfectly agreeable to his taſte. *Philiſtus* preſented him with a liſt of more than twenty candidates, out of which, he told him, he might chooſe ſuch as he pleaſed. *Dionyſius* fancied, that it was impoſſible to have too many of ſuch uſeful men, and therefore choſe the whole number. All the beaux eſprits of *Greece* were invited to court, under the moſt flattering promiſes. In a ſhort time the anti-chambers ſwarmed with Philoſophers and Prieſts of the Muſes: all kinds of Poets, whether epic, tragic, comic or lyric, who had not been able to make their fortune at *Athens*, came to *Syracuſe*, to tune their flutes and lyres on the pleaſant banks of the *Anapus*, and—to eat plentifully. They imagined, that they

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they might very well be allowed to celebrate the virtues of *Dionyſius*, as the divine *Pindar* had not been aſhamed to immortalize the mules of *Hiero*. Even the cynic *Antiſthenes* was allured by the expectation that the liberality of *Dionyſius* would enable him to ſtudy the advantages of voluntary poverty and abſtinence with the greater eaſe; virtues, whoſe excellence, agreeably to the tacit conſeſſion of their moſt zealous panegyriſts, are beſt commended after a hearty meal. In a word, *Dionyſius* had the ſatisfaction, without having occaſion for *Plato's* aſſiſtance, to eſtabliſh an Academy for himſelf in the midſt of his court, whoſe preſident and *Apollo* he condeſcended to be. Here the boundaries of good and evil, the origin of laws, the beautiful, the nature of the ſoul, of the world and of the Gods, and ſubjects of the like kind, which according to the moſt received opinion of men of the world, are of no other uſe but to afford topics for converſation,

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ſation, were canvaſſed with as much lo quacity and ſubtlety, and as little ſound judgment, as they uſually were in all the ſchools of philoſophy at that time. He had the ſatisfaction to hear himſelf admired, and commended for various virtues and heroic qualifications, that he never had formed any pretenſions to. His Philoſophers did not, like *Plato*, take upon them to be the cenſurers of the Prince, or teach him firſt how he ſhould govern himſelf, and then how he ſhould rule the ſtate. The moſt rigid among them, was too much of a courtier, to find fault with any thing in his manner of life; and all of them were ready to prove undeniably to every one who had any doubts about it, that a tyrant who ſo liberally rewarded the dedications and congratulatory poems which were preſented to him, who was ſo profuſe in his entertainments, and made his faithful ſubjects happy with the ſight of ſo many feſtivals and amuſements, could not but be the worthieſt of Princes.

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THE court of *Syracuſe* was in this ſituation, when the Hero of our hiſtory arrived in this city; and ſuch was the diſpoſition of the Prince, to whom, from ſuppoſitions of a quite contrary nature, he was come to offer his ſervices.

CHAP. V.

Agathon becomes the Favourite of Dionyſius.

AGATHON diſcovered moſt of the circumſtances contained in the foregoing chapter, at a great feaſt which his friend the merchant gave the day after, to celebrate *Agathon's* arrival at *Syracuſe* and his own return. The name of a gueſt, who had for a long time given the Greeks ſo much occaſion to ſpeak of him induced among other curious people, the philoſopher *Ariſtippus* to go there, who was well received in the firſt houſes at *Syracuſe*, as much on account of the

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agreeableneſs of his converſation, as of the favour he was in with the tyrant. This Philoſopher had come with a great number of men of genius, from *Greece* into *Syracuſe*, rather to be an attentive ſpectator, than with a view to turn by paraſitical arts the vanity of *Dionyſius* to his own advantage. *Agathon* and *Ariſtippus* had known each other at *Athens*; but the enthuſiaſm of the former at that time made ſo ſtriking a contraſt with the coolneſs and pleaſant method of philoſophizing of the latter, that they could not, in fact, have any great eſteem for each other; though *Ariſtippus* was frequently preſent at thoſe meetings, which at that time made *Agathon's* houſe a temple of the Muſes, and an Academy of men of the firſt genius in *Athens*. The truth was, that *Agathon* with all his ſhining qualities, was in the eyes of *Ariſtippus* a fanatic, whoſe misfortune he had often foretold to his intimates—and *Ariſtippus* with all his wit, was, according to *Agathon's* ideas,

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a mere Sophiſt, whoſe principles were better calculated to make effeminate Sybarites become ſtill more ſo, than to improve the virtue of young republicans. The impreſſion which had remained with them from this opinion they had preconceived of each other, embarraſſed them, when they met again ſo unexpectedly after a ſeparation of three or four years. They experienced at firſt ſight what we uſually do, when we imagine that we know a perſon, without being able clearly to recollect who he is, or where and on what occaſion we have ſeen him. That ſhould be *Agathon*—that ſhould be *Ariſtippus*, thought each of them to himſelf, thoroughly convinced that it was ſo, though they found it difficult to truſt to their own conviction. *Ariſtippus* ſought in *Agathon* the enthuſiaſt that was no more, and *Agathon* imagined he found no longer in *Ariſtippus* the Sybarite, merely perhaps, becauſe his manner of conſidering perſons and things,

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had for some time past undergone a considerable change. A conversation of a few hours explained to each of them the reasons of their former mistake, dissipated the remains of the old prejudice, and inspired them with a desire to become better friends. They insensibly forgot that they had formerly been less pleasing to each other; and their hearts were fond of indulging in the little self-deceit of considering what they now felt for each other, as the mere renewal of an antient friendship. *Aristippus* found in our hero a complaisance, a politeness, a moderation which seemed to prove, that a variety of experience must have wrought a powerful revolution in his mind. *Agathon* in the Philosopher of *Cyrene* found something more than wit, a spirit of observation, a just method of thinking, a penetration and accuracy of judgment, which shewed him to be a disciple of the sage *Socrates*. These discoveries naturally inspired them with a mutual confidence

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dence, which disposed them to be more communicative to each other, than is usual at a first interview. *Agathon* disclosed to his friend his surprize, that the expectations which had been raised in favour of *Sicily*, from *Plato's* credit with *Dionysius*, had been so suddenly and so inconceivably frustrated. In reality, all that was known in the city about this matter, consisted in mere conjectures, partly founded on a variety of uncertain anecdotes: anecdotes, which are usually carried about from one company to another, in cities where the court is composed of idle people, who are desirous of assuming the credit of being perfectly well acquainted with the secrets and intrigues of it. In the short time that *Aristippus* had resided at the court of *Dionysius*, he had studied so well the foibles of that Prince, the character of his favourites, of the chief persons in the city, and of the Sicilians in general, that without entering into an explanation of those

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more secret causes we have already made our readers acquainted with, he could easily convince *Agathon*, that an indifferent spectator could not have expected any favourable issue, from the designs *Dion* and *Plato* had formed, to persuade *Dionysius*, to a voluntary resignation of monarchical power. He described the tyrant in an advantageous light, as a Prince, in whom the most unfortunate education had not been able to destroy an excellent disposition; who was naturally humane, noble, generous, and at the same time so docil and easily governed, that his character would depend entirely upon what hands he might fall into. In his opinion this very irresolute disposition, and a propensity to sensual pleasures, were the greatest foibles of this Prince. *Plato* should have understood the art of making these very foibles in a delicate manner serviceable to his own designs; but this would have required a suppleness, a prudent mixture of relaxation,

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tion and reſtraint, which the author of *Cratylus* and *Timæus* could never have ſubmitted to. Beſides, he had made it appear too evidently, that he was become the governor of the Prince; a circumſtance, which of itſelf alone was ſufficient to ſpoil all: for the weakeſt Princes are always thoſe, from whom we muſt moſt carefully conceal, that we have more penetration than they have; they would reckon it a ſhame to ſuffer themſelves to be governed by a man of the firſt underſtanding in the world, as ſoon as they think he has ſuch a deſign; and hence it happens, that they often rather ſubmit to the infamous government of a chambermaid or a miſtreſs, who have the ſkill of concealing the power they have over a man's mind, under the maſk of ſervile flatteries, or artful careſſes. *Plato* was too refined to be a miniſter to a young Prince, and too far advanced in years to be a favourite: beſides, his intimate friendſhip with *Dion* was injurious to

him, as it furniſhed his ſecret enemies with continual opportunities of rendering him ſuſpicious to the Prince. In ſhort, the idea of changing the monarchy of *Sicily* into a Platonic republic, was in itſelf an idle imagination. The national character of the Sicilians was a mixture of ſo many bad qualities, that in his opinion, it was impoſſible for the wiſeſt legiſlator to transform them to virtuous republicans; and *Dionyſius*, who in certain circumſtances would have been capable of becoming a good Prince, if in a fit of viſionary magnanimity, he had ſuffered himſelf to be perſuaded to aboliſh deſpotiſm, would always have been a very bad citizen. Theſe general reaſons, whatever might have been the more immediate cauſes of *Dion's* baniſhment, and the diſgrace, or at leaſt the departure of *Plato*, are ſufficient to make us conceive, that matters could not have happened otherwiſe. But they ſhew likewiſe (added *Ariſtippus* with ſeeming indifference) that

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that another perſon, who may know how to profit by the miſtakes of his predeceſſor, will eaſily remove thoſe unworthy people, who have reſtored themſelves to the poſſeſſion of the tyrant's confidence and authority.

AGATHON found theſe opinions of his new friend ſo probable, that he perſuaded himſelf to believe them true: and here his vanity played him a little trick which he was not aware of. She inſinuated ſo ſoftly the idea—how delightful it would be, if *Agathon* could effect what *Plato* had undertaken in vain; that he thought her inſpiration was, perhaps, the voice of his Genius, or of virtue itſelf. The attempt at leaſt appeared to be noble; and he felt a kind of preſaging conſciouſneſs, that ſuch an undertaking would be within the reach of his abilities. Theſe ſenſations (for they were not as yet opinions) were excited in him while *Ariſtippus* ſpoke; but he took great care not to let him perceive them, and leſt he

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ſhould be diſcovered unawares by ſo ſubtle a courtier, he changed the diſcourſe to other ſubjects. He eſpecially avoided every thing that might particularly attract the attention of the company towards him; and he was the more cautious on this head, as he perceived that they expected to find him an extraordinary man. He ſpoke with great modeſty, and only when he could not avoid it, on the ſhare he had had in the adminiſtration at *Athens*; he took no notice of the baits which ſome people threw out artfully (at leaſt as they imagined) in order to induce him to give his opinion upon political matters, and upon the affairs of the Syracuſans. He talked of every thing as a common man who underſtands what he is ſpeaking of, and contented himſelf with letting it occaſionally be ſeen, that he was a connoiſſeur in all matters of taſte and elegance, though he profeſſed only to be an admirer of them. This behaviour, which was meant to remove

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all ſuſpicion, that he was come to *Syracuſe* with any particular views; ſucceeded ſo well, that moſt of thoſe who came there full of expectation and highly prejudiced in his favour, imagined themſelves deceived, and returned in the opinion that *Agathon* was far from being equal to the idea fame had given of him. And in revenge for his not being what in complaiſance to their imagination he ought to have been, they attributed to him ſome failings he had not, and leſſened the value of thoſe fine qualities, he either could not or would not conceal. The uſual behaviour of little minds, by which they endeavour to confirm each other in the comfortable perſuaſion, that there is no ſuch great difference, or perhaps none at all betweem them, and ſuch men as *Agathon*—and who would be ſo unreaſonable as to take this amiſs of them?

As ſoon as our hero was alone, he gave himſelf up to thoſe reflections which were the moſt natural in his pre-

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ſent ſituation. When he had been informed that *Plato* was gone, and that *Dionyſius* was again under the influence of his former favourites, and of a new female dancer, his firſt thought was to ſtay only a few days longer in private with his friend, and then to paſs over into *Italy*, where he had ſeveral reaſons to expect that he ſhould be well received at the houſe of the celebrated *Archytas* at *Tarentum*. But his converſation with *Ariſtippus* made him alter his intention. The more he reflected on what this philoſopher had told him concerning the cauſes of the preceding changes, the more did he find himſelf encouraged to enter upon that buſineſs *Plato* had given up, in a different manner, and as he hoped with better ſucceſs. Agitated with a thouſand different thoughts, he paſſed the greateſt part of the night between reſolution and uncertainty, till at length he concluded to wait, and let the circumſtances that might occur decide for

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for him. But in case *Dionysius* should wish to draw him to court, he settled in the mean time a plan of administration; he represented to himself a number of events that might happen, and resolved upon the measures he would pursue in each of these circumstances. These measures were the result of the strictest connection of prudence with integrity. His own private interest in these affairs had not the least share of his consideration; this point was totally foreign to the whole system; he would not suffer himself to be confined by any agreement, but would ever reserve the liberty of retiring with honour, as soon as he should perceive that his labours were ineffectual. This was the only particular in which he had an eye to himself in this whole affair. The great aversion which from his own experience he had conceived against all popular governments, did not allow him to think of assisting the Sicilians in the attainment of a freedom that he considered

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as a mere name, under the ſanction of which the nobles and the common people alternately tyranized over each other in a greater degree, than any one ſingle tyrant is capable of doing, who however flagitious he may be, is ſtill prevented by his own private intereſt, from deſtroying his ſlaves entirely:—While the people on the contrary, when once they are in poſſeſſion of power, are incapable of ſetting any bounds to their extravagant paſſions. This reflection, indeed, concerned only Democracy; but *Agathon* had no better opinion of Ariſtocracy. An endleſs ſucceſſion of bad monarchs appeared to him ſomething impoſſible in nature; and one ſingle good Prince, was, according to his principles, capable of fixing the happineſs of his people for many centuries: Ariſtocracy on the contrary, could not in his opinion be eſtabliſhed upon a durable foundation any otherwiſe than by a total oppreſſion of the people; and for this ſingle reaſon was the

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worſt of all poſſible conſtitutions. Highly prejudiced as he was againſt theſe two modes of government, he could not hit upon the expedient of blending them together, and, of attempting, by a kind of political chemiſtry, to produce one good compoſition from ſuch oppoſite things. Such a government appeared to him too complicated, and compoſed of ſo many ſprings and wheels, that it would be every inſtant in danger of falling into diſorder, and gradually deſtroying itſelf. Monarchy therefore, conſidered, on all ſides, appeared to him the moſt ſimple, the moſt noble mode of governing mankind, as well as the moſt analogus to the great ſyſtem of nature. Theſe circumſtances preſuppoſed, he thought he ſhould do every thing if he could but reſcue a Prince wavering between vice and virtue, out of the hands of evil counſellors; if he could but improve his turn of thinking by a prudent uſe of the influence he hoped to obtain over him; and gradually

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dually win him entirely by the genuine charms of virtue. And even ſuppoſing he ſhould only meet with a partial ſucceſs, yet ſtill he hoped, by the aſcendant he ſhould gain over his maſter's heart, to be capable of doing a great deal of good, and preventing much evil; and this he thought would enable him at the concluſion of the piece, to retire from the ſtage with the rewarding conſciouſneſs of having well performed a capital character. In the midſt of theſe agreeable and flattering reflections, *Agathon* at laſt fell aſleep. He was ſtill in that ſtate, when *Ariſtippus* returned to him the next morning, to give him an invitation from *Dionyſius*, and to introduce him to that Prince.

THE light in which this philoſopher appears in the preſent hiſtory, agrees as little with the common prejudice entertained againſt him, as this prejudice does with the moſt inconteſtable accounts we have received of his life and opinions.

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In fact that prejudice seems rather founded on a misunderstanding of his principles, and on some scandalous anecdotes, related to his enemies by *Diogenes Laertius*, and *Athenæus*, two of the most improbable compilers in the world, than on any circumstance, that could justly withdraw our esteem from him. There have been men at all times, who are virtuous only in their writings; men, who wish to conceal the corruption of their hearts, and their secret vices, by an affectation of the most rigid principles of morality; moral pantomine characters, *qui Curios simulant & Bacchanalia vivunt*; men, who pretend to an extraordinary nicety of ear in moral subjects, and seized with sacred horror, redden or turn pale at the mere sound of the word *voluptuousness*; men, in a word, who would be universally despised, if the greatest part of mankind were not condemned to suffer themselves to be deceived by a hypocritical face, mein, gestures, inflexions of

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the voice, eyes turned up, and—white handkerchiefs. These excellent persons, (whom we describe somewhat more accurately, that there should no longer be a necessity of setting a mark on their foreheads, in order to warn people not to come too near them) exerted even at that time their utmost endeavours to proclaim the good *Aristippus* as a voluptuary, whose philosophy consisted entirely in making principles of our sensual appetites, and reducing the art of living conveniently and agreeably into a system.

It is not here the proper place to prove the injustice and the falsity of this opinion; neither is this so necessary, since one of the most respectable and most deserving literati of our age, a man who by the excellency of his understanding, and of his heart, deserves, if any mortal can deserve it, the name of a sage; notwithstanding his situation, has already had the courage to justify this

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worthy Disciple of *Socrates* in his critical history of philosophy.

WITHOUT paying any attention therefore to the principles of *Aristippus*, we shall content ourselves with saying as much of his personal character as is necessary to be known, in order to form a more competent judgment of the part he acted at the court of *Dionysius*. Among all the pretended sages who then appeared at that court, he was the only one who had not any private views on the generosity of the Prince; though he made no scruple of receiving presents from him, which he did not purchase by any parasitical meanness. Equally removed from ambition and avarice by his natural turn of thinking, as well as by the easy turn of his philosophy, he availed himself of a competent family estate (which he had occasionally found the means of improving by the commendable advantage he drew from his talents) in order to live according to his inclination, rather as a spectator

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ſpectator than an actor upon the theatre of the world. As he was a man of the firſt abilities in his time, this freedom which he reſerved to himſelf during the whole courſe of his life, gave him the opportunity of acquiring a degree of penetration that made him judge with acuteneſs and preciſion of all objects of human life. Maſter over his own paſſions which were not naturally violent; free from every kind of care, and even from the tumult of buſineſs, it was not difficult for him ever to preſerve that calmneſs of mind, that tranquillity of diſpoſition which conſtitutes the baſis of a wiſe man's character. He had paſſed his younger years at *Athens*, in the ſociety of *Socrates*, and the greateſt men of that celebrated period; an *Euripides*, an *Ariſtophanes*, a *Phidias*, a *Polygnotus*, and to ſay the truth, a *Phryne* alſo, and a *Lais*, ladies whoſe beauty was the leaſt of their charms, had formed his underſtanding. They had unfolded in him every refined

ſenſibility,

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ſenſibility for the beautiful, which had taught him to unite the ſprightlineſs of the Graces with the ſeverity of philoſophy in that inimitable manner which drew upon him the envy of all the philoſophers of his time. Nothing ſurpaſſed the agreeableneſs of his converſation; no man knew ſo well how to introduce philoſophy under the pleaſing appearance of ſmiling facetiouſneſs and good humour, into companies where ſhe would have been diſliked in her own proper form. He poſſeſſed the ſecret of making the moſt diſagreeable truths ſupportable even to the Great, with the aſſiſtance of a jeſt or a lively turn; and of avenging himſelf on the tireſome race of fools and coxcombs, with which the court of the Prince at that time was ſwarming, by a kind of ridicule, which they were ſtupid enough to receive with grateful ſmiles as a mark of approbation. From the vivacity of his genius, and the knowledge he had of all the fine arts, few perſons

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perſons could vie with him in the invention of ingenious diverſions, in the ordering of a feaſt, in the decoration of a houſe, or in giving an opinion upon the compoſition of the poets, and muſicians, or the works of the painters and ſtatuaries. He loved pleaſure becauſe he loved the beautiful; and on the ſame principle he alſo loved virtue: but pleaſure muſt throw itſelf in his way, and virtue muſt not impoſe upon him any duties of too ſevere a nature; his attachment did not carry him ſo far as to induce him to ſacrifice his convenience either to the one or to the other. His chief principle, and that which he always ſtrictly adhered to, was that it is in our power to be happy in every ſituation, except in the burning-bull of *Phalaris*; and there indeed he could not form any idea, how it was poſſible that a man ſhould be happy. He ſuppoſed the ſoul and body to be in a ſound ſtate, and maintained, that in that caſe it depended entirely

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entirely upon mankind to accommodate themſelves to circumſtances; inſtead of deſiring, as the generality do, that circumſtances ſhould accommodate themſelves to them, or endeavouring to compel them to this end. From this peculiar pliancy of his temper, he acquired that equivocal praiſe beſtowed upon him by *Horace*, "that all diſpoſitions, all circumſtances of favourable or adverſe fortune, were equally acceptable to him;" or as *Plato* ſaid of him, that it was given to him alone, to wear a garment of purple, or a covering of ſackcloth, with the ſame ſatisfaction.

It is no trifling proof how little was wanting to make *Dionyſius* capable of reliſhing virtue, that he had a greater eſteem for *Ariſtippus* on account of all theſe qualifications, than for all the other learned men of his court; that he was delighted with having this Philoſopher near him, and frequently ſuffered himſelf by a jeſt from him to be influenced to good actions,

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tions, to which his pedants with all their logic and scholastic eloquence would never have been able to persuade him.

These characteristic marks of the Philosopher being settled, it appears to us, that there is not a more probable reason to be given, why *Aristippus*, as soon as he saw our Hero at *Syracuse*, resolved to bring him into favour with *Dionysius*, than this, that he was curious to see the issue of such a connection, and in what manner *Agathon* would behave in so slippery a situation. For in this he could have no views of any particular advantages for himself, as he might without the interposition of any other person, have derived them from the favour of a Prince, who in a fit of ostentatious generosity, was capable of making a present of the revenues of a whole city to a rope dancer or player upon the lute.

Be this as it will, it is certain that *Aristippus* had nothing more at heart, than on the following morning to entertain the

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the Prince, whom he uſually attended at his riſing, with an account of the newly-arrived *Agathon*, and to give ſo advantageous a deſcription of him, that *Dionyſius* was anxious to be perſonally acquainted with ſo extraordinary a man. *Ariſtippus* therefore received a commiſſion to bring him immediately to court; and he executed it, without letting *Agathon* know how great a ſhare he had in exciting this curioſity in the Prince.

AGATHON conſidered this early invitation as a good omen, and made no ſcruple of accepting it. He therefore appeared before *Dionyſius*, who received him among his courtiers in a very polite manner. On this occaſion he experienced again, that beauty is a ſilent recommendation to all perſons who have the advantage of ſight. The reſemblance he bore to the *Apollo* in the Vatican, which had already been the cauſe of ſo much good—and ſo much evil—to him; which had drawn upon him the purſuits of the

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Pythoneſs and the attachment of the Athenians, which in the eyes of the Thracian Bacchanalians, had made him a God, and in thoſe of the beautiful *Danae* the moſt amiable of men:—That figure, that engaging countenance, that grace combined with dignity and decorum, which was peculiar to all his motions and actions,—had their effect, and attracted at firſt ſight the general admiration. *Dionyſius*, who as a king was too well ſatisfied with himſelf to be jealous of a private man, on account of any excellence he might poſſeſs, gave himſelf up to the agreeable impreſſion this beautiful ſtranger made upon him. The Philoſophers hoped that the internal qualities of the mind would not be anſwerable to ſo promiſing an external form; and this hope enabled them to whiſper to each other, with a ſneer, which ſhewed how trifling a value they ſet upon ſuch a pre-eminence, that he—was handſome. But the

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the courtiers with difficulty concealed their uneaſineſs, that they could not find any faults, which might render the ſight of ſo many excellencies ſupportable to them. Such at leaſt were the obſervations which the cool *Ariſtippus* thought he could make upon this occaſion.

AGATHON united in his converſation and in his whole behaviour ſo much modeſty and prudence, with that noble eaſe and confidence of a man of the world, which he had acquired completely at *Smyrna*, that in a few hours *Dionyſius* was entirely prejudiced in his favour. We know how little is frequently required to pleaſe the great, if the firſt impreſſion is but favourable to us. *Agathon* muſt therefore be more pleaſing to *Dionyſius*, who was really a man of taſte, than any other perſon he had ever ſeen before; and this ſatisfaction muſt continue conſtantly increaſing in proportion, as the qualifications and talents of our Hero gradually unfolded themſelves. He poſſeſſed in-

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deed ſo many talents, that the envy of the courtiers, which roſe continually as he diſplayed them, was in ſome meaſure excuſable. Theſe good people would have thought very highly of themſelves, if they had but poſſeſſed in ſo perfect a degree any one of thoſe qualifications ſingly, which were all combined in him, and yet conſtituted the leaſt part of his worth. He had the prudence at firſt to conceal his more important qualities, and to ſhew himſelf merely in that light which might moſt ſurely engage the eſteem of men of the world. He ſpoke of every thing with that quickneſs of wit, which only glides over objects, and by which the ſhalloweſt perſons in the world frequently (for a time at leaſt) acquire the credit of underſtanding and knowledge. He rallied; he told his ſtory agreeably; he furniſhed others with opportunities of diſplaying their talents; and admired the ſtrokes of wit, which among a number of indifferent and inſipid things ſometimes

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times fell from the talkative *Dionyſius*, in a manner which without calling his ſincerity or his taſte in queſtion, convinced this Prince, that *Agathon* had an infinite deal of underſtanding.

GREAT people have generally a favourite weakneſs, which makes it eaſy to find the way into their heart. The great *Tanzai* of *Sheſhian*, in other reſpects a man who knew how to judge of merit, acknowledged that there was no greater perfection than playing well upon the harp. *Dionyſius* was ſo prejudiced in favour of the lute, that the beſt player upon this inſtrument was in his eyes the greateſt man upon earth. He was not indeed himſelf a performer, but he called himſelf a connoiſſeur, and boaſted that the moſt capital performers upon this wonderful inſtrument were at his court. *Agathon* had fortunately learnt to ſtrike the lute at *Delphos*, and had received ſome leſſons, which had made him a proficient in that art, from the beautiful

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Danae, who was a perfect mistress of all the string instruments in use at that time. In a word, *Agathon*, the third or fourth time he supped with *Dionysius*, took up a lute, accompanied a dithy-rambic of *Damon's* (which was sung by a fine voice, and danced by the charming *Bacchidion*) and threw the Prince into such immoderate raptures, that the whole court from that instant concluded, they should soon see him raised to the dignity of a declared favourite. *Dionysius* in the first transport of his admiration loaded our hero with caresses, which almost disconcerted him. Heavens! thought he, what shall I do with a monarch, who is ready to raise to the helm of the state the first stranger that comes who is a good player on the lute? This first idea was a very true one, and would have spared him much uneasiness if he had followed it's suggestions. But another idea (was this his vanity, or was it his unwillingness to give up a great design for so contempt-

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ible a reaſon?—Or was it that weakneſs which inclines us to view with indulgent eyes all the follies of the great who ſhew any eſteem for us?) Another idea I ſay, inſinuated to him, that a taſte for muſic, and a particular predilection for any one inſtrument, was a circumſtance that depended upon our organization; and that he ſhould more eaſily ſecure an aſcendant over his Prince's heart, the more he was poſſeſſed of that ſkill by which his approbation could be obtained.

The favour he gained with the tyrant in ſo ſhort a time, and by ſuch ambiguous merits, roſe ſoon after, on occaſion of an academic meeting which *Dionyſius* propoſed to celebrate with great ſolemnity, to ſuch a height, that *Philiſtus* who had hitherto wavered between fear and hope, now looked upon his diſgrace as certain.

Dionyſius had learnt from *Ariſtippus* in confidence, that *Agathon* had formerly been a ſcholar of *Plato*, and during the

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time of his good fortune at *Athens* had been considered as one of the greatest orators in this garrulous republic. Rejoiced at the discovery of one perfection more in his new favourite, he delayed not an instant to contrive an opportunity which might enable him to judge from his own penetration of the truth of this report; for it appeared to him quite supernatural, that so handsome a man, and so capital a performer upon the lute, should at the same time be a philosopher. The Academy was therefore ordered to assemble, and all *Syracuse* was invited to this meeting as to a festival, which was to terminate in a grand entertainment. *Agathon* had not the least conception that he was intended to be a party concerned in this contest between a multitude of Sophists, whom he considered not without reason as a very superfluous set of men at the court of a good Prince; and *Aristippus*, from the fore-mentioned motive which had regulated all his behaviour

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viour to our hero, had not discovered to him the views of *Dionysius*. This monarch as president of the Academy (for his vanity was not satisfied with the honour of being it's patron) opened the council with a speech richly adorned with platonic philosophy ill put together, and not very intelligible. This speech, it may readily be imagined, was received with universal shouts of applause; though it seemed to convince *Agathon* rather of the undoubted confidence the royal orator had of being approved on account of his high rank, than of the excellence of his qualifications and erudition. At the conclusion of this oration the philosophical contest began; and though the audience did not gain much information from the subtle disputants who now displayed their talents, yet were they tolerably entertained by the eloquence of one, the strong voice and clear pronunciation of another, the paradoxical conceits of a third, and the singular grimaces with

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which a fourth delivered his diſtinctions and proofs. After this farce had laſted ſome time, and two thirds of the audience were ſeized with an uncivil fit of yawning, *Dionyſius* ſaid, ſince he had the happineſs of having in his palace a few days paſt one of the moſt worthy ſcholars of the great *Plato*, ſo he begged of him to be convinced that the fame which had gone before him every where, had removed the veil which his modeſty endeavoured to throw over his merits, and had diſcovered to him in the beautiful *Agathon* one of the moſt eloquent philoſophers of his time; that he ought not therefore to ſcruple ſhewing himſelf in this advantageous light at *Syracuſe* likewiſe, nor decline entering into a diſpute with the philoſophers of his Academy, upon ſome intereſting queſtion in philoſophy. *Dionyſius* who liked to liſten to himſelf, and poſſeſſed the gift of prolixity in a high degree, fortunately ſpoke long enough to give our hero time to recover

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cover from the little ſurprize into which this unexpected requeſt had thrown him: he therefore anſwered without heſitation, that he had been called too early from the auditory of the ſages at the *Forum* at *Athens*, and engaged too ſoon in the affairs of a people, who as it was well known gave no little trouble to the adminiſtrators of their republic, to have had ſufficient time to profit by the inſtructions of his teacher; yet that he was ready, out of regard to *Dionyſius*, if he deſired it, to ſhew how little he deſerved the praiſe that had been beſtowed upon him out of too great a partiality in his favour.

Dionyſius therefore called upon *Philiſtus*, whether by chance, or according to ſome preconcerted plan, is not known, though the latter of theſe conjectures does not ſeem probable. He called upon him however to propoſe a queſtion, for and againſt which both parties were to ſpeak. This ſtateſman meditated a little while,

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and in hopes of embarrassing *Agathon*, whom he began to be afraid of, proposed the following question—Which form of government made a state most happy, the republican, or the monarchic?—The choice, thought he, will be left to *Agathon* for which of these he will declare himself; if he speaks in favour of a republic, and speaks well, which he is obliged to do for the sake of his reputation, he will then displease the Prince; if he turns his discourse in praise of monarchy, he will then become odious to the people; and *Dionysius* will not have the courage to commit the administration of the state to a foreigner, who at his first appearance will have made so unfavourable an impression on the minds of the Syracusans; but in this instance the artful man was deceived in his expectations. *Agathon*, notwithstanding he noticed the design of *Philistus*, declared himself with a boldness, which did not forebode any triumph to his antagonist

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in favour of monarchy; and when his opponents, (among whom *Antiſthenes* and the Sophiſt *Protagoras* exerted their utmoſt efforts to enhance the advantages of a free ſtate) had done ſpeaking, he began with ſetting their own principles in a ſtronger light than they themſelves had been capable of doing. The attention was amazing; every man was more curious to hear how *Agathon* would anſwer himſelf, than how he would refute his antagoniſts. His eloquence ſoared to a height which aſtoniſhed the minds of his auditory; the importance of the moment which determined the fate of all his enterprize, the dignity of the object, the deſire of triumphing, and probably alſo the ſettled averſion to democracy which had been rooted in his mind ſince his baniſhment from *Athens*; all theſe circumſtances filled him with an inſpiration which dilated the powers of his ſoul. His ideas were ſo great, his pictures drawn with ſuch ſtrength, and coloured with ſo much

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much ſpirit, his arguments, when conſidered ſeparately ſo convincing, and in their arrangement throwing ſo much light upon each other; the fluency of his ſpeech, which at firſt gliding on in tranquil majeſty, became gradually ſo powerful and irreſiſtible, that the very perſons who had previouſly determined that he muſt be in the wrong, were compelled as by a magic power inwardly to give him their approbation. It ſeemed as if *Mercury* or *Apollo* were ſpeaking; the connoiſſeurs (for there were ſome preſent who might paſs for ſuch) were particularly aſtoniſhed at his contempt of thoſe artifices by which the Sophiſts were accuſtomed to give to a bad cauſe the appearance of a good one,—that he borrowed no colourings which by their ſplendour muſt conceal the illuſion of falſe or precarious poſitions; no artful diſpoſitions of light and ſhade. His expreſſion was like the light of the ſun, whoſe lively and almoſt ſpiritual brightneſs imparts itſelf

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itſelf to objects, without depriving them in any degree of their proper form and colours.

It muſt however be owned, that he bore rather hard upon republics. He proved, or ſeemed to prove to all who heard him, that this kind of community derived it's origin from the wild chaos of anarchy; and that the wiſdom of their legiſlators had been attended with very little ſucceſs in their attempts to introduce order and conſiſtency into a ſyſtem of government, which being by it's nature in a conſtant agitation and internal ferment, was every inſtant in danger of being demoliſhed by it's own ſtrength; and which was ſo little capable of tranquillity, that ſuch a ſtate was rather the conſequence of the utmoſt decay, and like a total calm at ſea, the certain foreboder of a deſtructive ſtorm. He ſhewed that the virtue, that conſecrated palladium of free ſtates, in the preſervation of which their legiſlators had placed all the happineſs of

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thoſe ſtates, was a kind of inviſible idol deified by antient ſuperſtition, the name of which was alone revered; that in ſuch ſtates men ſeemed to have entered into a tacit convention of ſuffering themſelves to be deceived by the title and a certain phantom of integrity, moderation, diſintereſtedneſs, love of one's country, and of the public good; and that under the maſk of this political hypocriſy, under the reſpectable appearance of all theſe virtues, the very oppoſite to them could not be practiſed any where in a more ſhameleſs manner. It would require, he ſaid, a variety of particular circumſtances, which in the courſe of ſeveral thouſand years would ſcarce ever be found to occur in any one ſpot upon the face of the earth, in order to maintain a republic in that ſtate of mediocrity, without which it could not have any ſtability. That this circumſtance being ſo rarely to be met with, and depending on ſo many accidental cauſes, was the reaſon why

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moſt republics were either too feeble to afford the leaſt ſecurity to their citizens, or that they aſpired to a greatneſs, which after a ſeries of diſſenſions, cabals, conſpiracies and civil wars, at length occaſioned the deſtruction of the ſtate; and left nothing for thoſe who remained maſters of the field of battle, but to people deſerts and build up ruins again. That even in regard to liberty, to which theſe ſtates formed ſuch excluſive pretenſions, it was almoſt as likely to be found in the deſpotic empire of *Aſia*; becauſe the people muſt either yield an abject ſubmiſſion to all that was reſolved or executed by the nobles and the wealthy in favour of their particular intereſts; or if the people were themſelves the legiſlators and arbiters, no honeſt man could be ſecure, that he ſhould not the next day become a ſacrifice to thoſe who might conſider his merits as an obſtacle in their way, or might have expected to become richer and greater through his credit and autho-

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authority. There was no other kind of ſtate in which it was leſs allowable to make uſe of one's abilities, to think for one's ſelf, and to acquire with impunity a knowledge of what was conſidered as moſt conducive to the public good, in matters of importance. All plans for improvement were rejected under the odious title of innovations, and expoſed the contrivers of them to ſecret or open perſecutions: even thoſe pillars of human felicity, truth, virtue, ſcience, and the amiable arts of the Muſes, thoſe advantages which properly diſtinguiſh the civilized man from the ſavage, were either ſuſpected or utterly abhorred in theſe ſtates; they were either invalidated by a variety of dark inſinuating methods, obſtructed in their progreſs, or certainly neither encouraged nor rewarded; and condemned merely to ſupport the reigning prejudices and abuſes.—

But enough!—we have too many reaſons—if it were only becauſe we have the

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the honour of living in the midſt of a nation, the government of which is itſelf republican, and is in reality the moſt admirable kind of republic ever ſeen on the face of the earth,—we have too many reaſons, I ſay, to think more favourably of free ſtates, to be able to give an extract of a diſcourſe ſo prejudicial to their credit without reluctance. For this very reaſon, inſtead of copying *Agathon's* ſpeech at full length from our original, we have contented ourſelves with quoting ſome parts of it as a ſketch, though a very imperfect one, of the whole. Far be it ever from us, to make the ſituation of any man living more diſagreeable to him than it may already be; or to give occaſion, that the cuſtoms of a Grecian republic long ſince demoliſhed, from whence *Agathon* drew his picture, ſhould be miſconſtrued into a defamation of thoſe which in modern times may be conſidered as reſpectable free ſtates, the aſylums of virtue, of ſound reaſon, of pub-

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lic happineſs, and of a political equality, which approaches as near as poſſible to that of nature. As for the reſt, according to our opinion, which we give without meaning to offend, the point here in diſpute may be reckoned among thoſe important queſtions — whether Scaramouch or Scapin is the beſt dancer—and among other queſtions of the ſame kind (though of greater conſequence) upon which, down to the preſent period, ſo much time and trouble—to ſay nothing of paper, pens and ink—has been loſt, without our being able to diſcover how, by what means, or how much the world could ever have been improved by the ſolution of them. We could juſtify this opinion of our's, but it is unneceſſary; every one is at liberty to think as he pleaſes, without being called to an account for it by us; *hanc veniam petimus, damuſque viciſſim*; for in fact, a book would never be at an end; if an author was obliged to prove all he ſays, and

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juſtify himſelf upon every particular. We alſo paſs over, for another reaſon, which we leave to be gueſſed by the lovers of enigma's and rebuſſes, *Agathon's* diſcourſe in praiſe of a monarchical government. The ſovereigns of the world (*Philiſtus* would juſtly have ſaid, for I would have done ſo in his place) are generally very indifferent about the opinion which is entertained of their government —There are caſes, we confeſs, which furniſh an exception—but theſe occur very ſeldom, if care is but taken to keep an hundred and fifty thouſand ſoldiers well armed always in readineſs, with the aſſiſtance of which a man may reaſonably hope to be able to get the better of the opinion of all peaceable perſons in the world. Are not theſe hundred and fifty thouſand men—or if there are more of them ſo much the better!—a living, an evident, even the beſt proof, a proof which makes all others unneceſſary, that a nation will be made happy?—It is therefore

therefore ſufficient (and this circumſtance alone belongs eſſentially to our hiſtory) that this ſpeech in which *Agathon* ſet forth all the defects of corrupted free ſtates, and all the advantages of well governed monarchies in two contraſted pictures, had the good fortune to be unanimouſly approved of, to perſuade all his hearers, and make the orator admired in a manner that would have ſatisfied the pride of the vaineſt Sophiſt. Every one was in raptures with a man, who united ſuch rare qualifications to ſo noble a turn of thinking and ſuch humane ſentiments; for *Agathon* had not ſpoken in praiſe of tyranny, but of the government of a father who educates his children well, and endeavours to make them happy. Every one reflected within himſelf, what golden days *Sicily* would enjoy, if ſuch a man would undertake the conduct of the ſtate. He had not omitted, in the beginning of his diſcourſe, to remove all ſuſpicion of his having depreciated republics, from a prin-

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principle of revenge, and extolled monarchy, from flattery or ſecret views. He had taken occaſion to declare, that he was reſolved to go to *Tarentum*, that there, in the tranquil obſcurity of a private ſtation, which from inclination he preferred to any other, he might employ himſelf in the inveſtigation of truth, and the improvement of his mind—(Expreſſions, which in our days would appear ſingular and ridiculous, but at that time had not yet loſt all their meaning and dignity.) Every man blamed or regretted this reſolution, and wiſhed that *Dionyſius* would exert all his efforts to diſſuade him from it. The inclination of the Prince, nnd the wiſhes of the people, had never agreed ſo well as on this occaſion. The ſtrong attachment he had to our Hero, and the great opinion he entertained of his abilities, was raiſed to the higheſt degree by this oration. However unſteady the character of *Dionyſius* was, yet there were moments in which he wiſhed, that

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it might coſt him leſs ſelf-denial to become a good Prince. *Agathon's* eloquence had convinced him, as well as the reſt of the audience. He was ſenſible of the beauty of his pictures, and forgot at the ſame time, that thoſe very pictures contained a kind of ſatyre upon himſelf. He propoſed to accompliſh all that *Agathon* had figuratively promiſed of his government, and that he might facilitate to himſelf thoſe duties which ſuch a deſign required, he was determined to have them executed by a man who was capable of talking of them ſo well. How could he find out a properer method of making the Syracuſans attached to his government? Where could he find a man in whom ſo many agreeable and uſeful qualities were combined?—It was a rule with *Dionyſius*, as we have already obſerved, to leave as little time as poſſible between his reſolutions and the execution of them. What he had once deſired, he deſired with eagerneſs and impatience; for as long as he

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he saw things only in one view; and on this occasion he disclosed himself to *Aristippus* alone, who did not omit any circumstance that would strengthen him in his design. This philosopher was therefore commissioned to make proposals to *Agathon*. Our Hero excused himself upon the principle of his aversion to a life of business, and fixed the day for his departure. *Dionysius* grew more urgent. *Agathon* still persisted in his refusal; but in so modest a manner, that it was hoped he would suffer himself to be persuaded. In fact it was only his intention to put the attachment of so unsteady a Prince to some proof, before he would enter into any engagements, which might be attended with such good or such bad consequences for the happiness of others, or for his own repose.

At last, when he thought that the esteem he had acquired with the tyrant, was something more than a caprice, he yielded to his importunities; but not

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without ſome conditions which were to be granted by *Dionyſius*. He declared, that he would remain at his court only upon the footing of his friend, as long as *Dionyſius* ſhould acknowledge him as ſuch, and ſhould think his ſervice neceſſary; but he would not ſuffer himſelf to be confined, and would reſerve the liberty of retiring as ſoon as he ſhould perceive that his preſence was of no farther uſe. The only reward he thought himſelf entitled to demand for his ſervices, was this; that *Dionyſius* would follow his advice, as long as he could prove that it would tend equally to promote the good of the nation, and the ſecurity, fame and private happineſs of the Prince. He concluded with requeſting that *Dionyſius* would never liſten to any ſecret inſinuations or accuſations againſt him, without diſcovering them frankly to him, and attending to his anſwer.

Dionyſius made the leſs ſcruple of agreeing to all theſe conditions, as he was determined

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termined to employ *Agathon*, even if it ſhould have coſt him one half of his kingdom. *Agathon* therefore took poſſeſſion of the apartment which had been prepared for him at the palace with the utmoſt magnificence. *Dionyſius* declared publicly, that his friend *Agathon* might be applied to in all circumſtances as himſelf; the courtiers vied with each other, which of them could ſhew the new favourite his ſubmiſſion in the moſt ſervile manner; and *Syracuſe* ſaw with joyful expectation, the return of the Saturnian age.

HERE we make a little pauſe, to allow the reader time to conſider what he may have to ſay to himſelf at this inſtant in favour or in prejudice of our Hero. Probably ſome may be diſpleaſed at the zeal, with which, from an hatred to his ungrateful country, he had ſpoken againſt Republics in general; while others perhaps may cenſure his whole conduct, ſince his reſidence at the court of *Dionyſius*,

ſius, as being regulated by an artful prudence, which gives him an appearance of ſlyneſs, inconſiſtent with his natural character. We have already declared ſeveral times that in this work we have undertaken the taſk of an hiſtorian, not of an apologiſt; but we are ſtill at liberty to judge as freely according to our notions, as our readers may according to their's, of the actions of a man, whoſe life, though we do not propoſe it entirely as a pattern, is yet intended as an inſtructive example. In regard to the firſt point, we have already mentioned, that it would be unjuſt to conſider what *Agathon* ſpoke againſt the republics of this time, as a general reflection upon all ſuch free States, which he certainly never intended. States, which (as he had acknowledged it to be poſſible) by the concurrence of favourable circumſtances, by the very nature of their conſtitution, equally ſecured from the envy of their neighbours, as from extravagant thoughts

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of becoming great, might ſubſiſt for a long time in a happy mediocrity, and ſcarce know even by name thoſe defects, which *Agathon* looked upon as irremediable in the Republics of his time. Whether he did too great an injury to theſe laſt mentioned Republics, we leave to be determined by thoſe who are acquainted with the particulars of their hiſtory. If the conſciouſneſs of the injuſtice, he himſelf had experienced from the Athenians, ſeemed to mix a little gall with his cenſure, we intreat our readers (not for the love of *Agathon*, for how can their opinion of him be either leſſened or raiſed by this circumſtance?) to put themſelves in his place, and aſk what eſteem they could have for a native country, which had treated them ſo ill? Let them remember, that in general only a trifling offence againſt their vanity, is ſufficient to change their eſteem for any perſon into contempt, their love into averſion, their praiſes into calumnies, and

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their good ſervices into perſecutions. How often, for reaſons of no conſequence has your opinion of men and things been totally altered?—Anſwer yourſelves in as low a voice as you pleaſe; for we deſire not to hear any thing of it; and if, after this little retroſpect upon yourſelves, you cannot forgive our Hero, for not loving a native country, that had done every thing to make herſelf odious to him,—then muſt we indeed admire the force of your morals; but—we muſt at the ſame time confeſs, we ſhould admire thoſe morals ſtill more, if they could perſuade you to have more indulgence for others, till they had taught you to have leſs partiality for yourſelves.

Upon the whole, we have reaſon to believe that *Agathon* ſpoke as he thought, and this is ſufficient to juſtify his ſincerity. And why ſhould we begin to doubt of this? His whole behaviour, during the time that he was in poſſeſſion of the tyrant's favour, proves, that he had

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had no deſigns which could induce him to flatter *Dionyſius* contrary to his opinion. It is true, he had deſigns in all he did from the moment he entered the Palace; ought he then to have had none? What can we, in the utmoſt ſeverity require more, than that his deſigns ſhould be noble and virtuous; and that they were ſo, we have already ſeen. It does not therefore appear, that there is any reaſon to reproach him for the prudence, by which, in the new ſlippery ſituation he was in, it was neceſſary all his actions ſhould be directed, in order to the completion of his views. We grant, that he ſhewed a kind of reſerve and ſubtlety on this occaſion, which ſeems not entirely conſiſtent with his former character. But this in itſelf is not blameable. It is not yet decided, whether this perſeverance in the ſame way of thinking, and in the ſame line of conduct, in which many honeſt people pride themſelves ſo much, is ſo great

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a virtue as they may perhaps imagine. Vanity, indeed, readily perſuade us, that we are beſt as we are; but it has no right to flatter us in this manner. It is impoſſible, while every thing about us is changing, that we alone ſhould be immutable; and if it were not impoſſible, yet would it be improper. Different times require different manners; different circumſtances, different deſigns and turns of conduct. In moral romances indeed, we find heroes, who ever remain the ſame in all ſituations—and are to be commended for it;—for how can it be otherwiſe, ſince in their twentieth year they already poſſeſs wiſdom and virtue in a degree of perfection, which a *Socrates*, or an *Epaminondas* had ſcarce attained at the age of ſixty after repeated amendments of themſelves? But in life we find it otherwiſe. So much the worſe for thoſe, who always continue the ſame. —We ſpeak not of the fooliſh and vicious;—the beſt of us have an infinite deal

deal to alter in our ideas, opinions, feelings, even in what we are moſt excellent, in our hearts, and in our virtue. And experience teaches us, that we ſeldom attain to a new turn of character, or to any remarkable amendment of our former internal ſituation, without paſſing through a kind of *medium*, which reflects a falſe colour upon us, and for a conſiderable time conceals our real form. We have already ſeen our Hero in a variety of ſituations; and in each, by the influence of circumſtances, rather different from what he really is. At *Delphos* he ſeemed a mere ſpeculative enthuſiaſt; but it was afterwards ſeen, that he knew how to act with propriety. We imagined when he had mortified the beautiful *Cyane*, that he was inacceſſible to the ſeductions of ſenſual pleaſure; and *Danae* ſhewed us that we were deceived; it will not be long before another pretended *Danae*, who may imagine that ſhe has diſcovered the weak

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side of his heart, will find herself as much deceived as we were. He appeared to be alternately a devout enthusiast, a Platonist, a Republican, a Hero, a Stoic, a Voluptuary; yet was he neither of all these, though at different times he passed through these several changes, and received a shade from each of them. Things may perhaps continue thus for a considerable time;—but as to his real character, as to those essential properties of it, which he still retained under all those forms; as to these, and as to what may remain of them, when every thing foreign and heterogeneous, shall by the whole series of his adventures have been separated from them,—of this we cannot speak at present. Without judging therefore so precipitately of him, as we are used every instant to do in common life,—we will continue to observe him, to discover as accurately as possible the true springs of his actions,

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tions, not to ſuffer any ſecret emotion of his heart, which may give us the leaſt inſight into them, to eſcape our notice, and ſuſpend our judgment upon the whole of his moral character, till—we become acquainted with it.

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BOOK X.

CHAPTER I.

Of the Drama.

Conduct of Agathon at the Court of Dionysius.

IT is an objection made against I. *Shakespear*—who of all poets, since *Homer*, knew mankind the best from the king to the beggar, and from *Julius Cæsar* to *Jack Falstaff*; and who saw through their characters by a wonderful kind of intuition—It is I say an objection made against him that his pieces have not any, or at least a very

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faulty, irregular, and ill-concerted plan, that comic and tragic incidents are thrown together promiſcuouſly in the moſt unaccountable manner, and frequently the very perſon, who by the pathetic language of nature has drawn tears into our eyes, ſhall a few moments after, by ſome ſtrange conceit, or extraordinary expreſſion of his feelings, throw us, if not into a fit of laughter, yet into ſuch a ſtate of indifference, that it is very difficult for him afterwards to revive in us that ſympathy with which he wiſhes to inſpire us.—This is the general objection, —and thoſe who make it never once reflect, that even in this reſpect his pieces are natural pictures of human life. The life of moſt men, and (if we might venture to ſay it) the courſe of action in great ſtates, conſidering them as moral agents, reſembles the old gothic drama in ſo many reſpects, that one would be induced to believe the authors of thoſe pieces were more intelligent than is commonly

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monly imagined, and where they had no particular deſign of ſetting human life in a light of ridicule, have taken as much trouble to paint nature truely, as the Greeks did to embelliſh her. Not to mention an accidental conformity, that in theſe pieces, as in real life, the moſt important parts are frequently played by the very loweſt actors—what can tally more exactly than both are uſed to do with each other, in the buſineſs, diſtribution and diſpoſition of the ſcenes, in the intricacies and cataſtrophe of the plot? How ſeldom do the authors of the one or the other aſk themſelves, why they have made this or that preciſely ſo, and no otherwiſe? How often do they ſurprize us with events, for which we are not in the leaſt prepared? How often do we ſee perſons coming in and going out, without being able to comprehend for what purpoſe they appear, or for what reaſon they diſappear? How much in both is left to chance? How often do we

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ſee the greateſt effects produced by the moſt trivial cauſes? How frequently are points of weight and moment treated with a gay and careleſs air, and the moſt inſignificant matters canvaſſed with a ridiculous ſolemnity? And when every thing is ſo lamentably perplexed and jumbled together, that we begin to deſpair of the poſſibility of a concluſion, how happily do we ſee either by ſome Deity popping out of a paper-cloud in the midſt of thunder and lightning, or by ſome other bold ſtroke, every difficulty, not unravelled indeed, but cut through at once; which ſo far anſwers the ſame end, that one way or other the piece is brought to a concluſion, and the ſpectators may clap or hiſs as they pleaſe, or—as they dare. Beſides, every one knows, what an important figure the noble † *Hans-Wurſt* makes in the tragi-comedies we are ſpeaking of, who ſeems reſolved to maintain himſelf upon the theatre

† Jack Pudding.

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atre in the capital of the German empire, probably, as an eternal monument of the taſte of our anceſtors! Would to God his character was entirely confined to the theatre! But how many principle ſcenes, in all times, have we not ſeen conducted on the ſtage of the world with—or what is yet worſe, by—a *Hans-Wurſt?* How often have the greateſt men, born to be the ſupporters of a throne, the benefactors of whole nations and ages, been reduced to ſee their wiſdom and courage baffled by a low ridiculous joke of a *Hans-Wurſt*, or perſons of the ſame ſtamp, who without aſſuming his doublet and yellow hoſe, make no ſcruple of aſſuming his character? How often do the embarraſſments themſelves in each ſpecies of tragi-comedy ariſe merely from ſome blunder or roguery of *Hans-Wurſt*, which defeats the ſchemes of ſenſible people before they can be aware of it?—*Manum de tabulâ!*— But if this compariſon be founded, as we apprehend it is, how muſt we pity a

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wife and upright man whofe fate hath deftined him to be involved in the adminiftration of public affairs under a wicked or—which is worfe?—a weak Prince? Of what advantage is it to him, that he hath abilities and refolution, that he acts on the foundeft principles, and the ftricteft plan of juftice, when the moft contemptible infect, when a flave, a pimp, a *Bacchidion*, or fomething ftill more worthlefs, fome parafite, whofe whole merit confifts in cunning, diffimulation and malice, have it in their power to difconcert, retard, perhaps totally to deftroy his meafures? While he, having once ventured upon fo hazardous an undertaking, as that for inftance, in which *Agathon* is at prefent engaged, hath no other means remaining to fatisfy his own confcience, and to juftify his conduct in all events before the impartial tribunal of wife men, and pofterity—but that of laying down to himfelf a regular plan for his direction in every point, before he puts

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puts his hand to the buſineſs. Though, perhaps, all the precaution which can be derived from ſuch a plan, may not be ſufficient to aſcertain the event: yet he will have the conſolation of having taken ſuch ſteps as muſt inevitably have ſecured ſucceſs to his meaſures, had it not been for accidental circumſtances, which it was not poſſible for him either to foreſee or prevent.

THIS was in fact our hero's firſt care, after he had engaged to aſſume the character of a counſellor and confidant to King *Dionyſius*. He ſaw all, or at leaſt a great part of the difficulties in forming ſuch a plan as might ſerve for a clue to conduct him through the labyrinth of a court and of public life. But he was of opinion, that the moſt defective plan is better than none at all; and it was his cuſtom, whatever ſubject employed his thoughts, to draw his ideas into a ſyſtem ſo naturally diſpoſed, that they formed of themſelves as it were, a plan which uſually had

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no other fault than what aroſe from the temper of *Agathon*, who could not think ſo ill of mankind, as thoſe with whom he was concerned deſerved. Yet he had no longer that ſublime notion of human nature that he formerly entertained, or to ſpeak more accurately, he was acquainted with the infinite diſtance between metaphyſical man, ſuch as is dreamed of in a ſolitary life of ſpeculation; natural man, in the rude ſtate of ſimplicity and innocence, as he comes out of the hands of the univerſal mother of Beings; and artificial man, to whom ſociety, it's laws, cuſtoms and manners, his wants, his dependance, the perpetual conteſt between his deſires and his inability, his own rights, and the right of others, the conſequent neceſſity of diſſembling, and perpetually concealing his real views, and a thouſand ſimilar phyſical and moral cauſes contribute to give an unaccountable deceitful form.—He knew, I ſay, after all the experience he had already had, this difference

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rence of men from what they might be, and probably from what they ſhould be, too well to found his plan upon platonic ideas. He was no longer that juvenile enthuſiaſt, who thought it as eaſy to carry a great deſign into execution, as to conceive it. The Athenians had cured him for ever, of the prejudice, that virtue ſtood in need of no aſſiſtance to conquer her enemies. He had learnt how little a man can expect from others, how little he can depend upon them, and what was of moſt importance to him, how little confidence he ought to repoſe in himſelf. He had learnt how much one muſt give way to circumſtances; that a plan in itſelf the moſt perfect in certain ſituations is frequently the worſt; that ill cannot be changed at once into good; that in the moral as in the material world, nothing proceeds in a ſtrait line, and that one can ſeldom come to a good end, without many turnings and windings:—In fine, that life, eſpe-

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cially that of a profeſt ſtateſman, reſembles a voyage where the pilot is obliged to ſteer according to wind and weather; where he is not ſafe one inſtant from being ſtopt or driven out of his courſe by oppoſite currents; and where, after a thouſand forced deviations from the line, he had traced out to himſelf on the chart, he arrives at laſt at the deſtined port, as ſoon and in as good condition as poſſible.

Agreeably to theſe general principles, he ſettled his views in every thing he undertook; the degree of virtue he propoſed to attain, and his conduct towards thoſe who ſhould be moſt inſtrumental in impeding, or promoting his deſigns,—the former he regulated by taking together all the circumſtances of the caſe he had before him—the latter he adjuſted conformably to the nature of the perſons he had to deal with, or to ſpeak with more propriety, according to the idea he formed

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ed to himself of their characters, which was not absolutely infallible.

SINCE he had an opportunity of a nearer acquaintance with *Dionysius*, he could no longer expect to make him the pattern of a good Prince; but still he hoped, and not without reason, to be able to take off the pernicious influence of his crimes, and to avail himself of his good dispositions or rather of his good humour, and even of his passions and infirmities for the advancement of the public good. The opinion he entertained of this Prince was in fact so moderate, that he could not sound it deeper, without giving up all hopes of succeeding in his designs; and yet the event shewed, that he had even judged too favourably of them. *Dionysius* had qualities indeed of a very promising aspect; but unfortunately he had joined to each of these, another, which contradicted all the former had promised; and upon a close and deliberate examination of his character, it ap-

peared that his seeming virtues were in reality no other than his vices, which seen in a certain light assumed the cast and complexion of virtue. Nevertheless *Agathon* suffered himself in the mean time to be so dazzled by these specious appearances, that he never perceived the impossibility of amending such a character, and the vanity of all his hopes, till the discovery could no longer be of any use to him.

THE Prince's greatest weakness, in his opinion, was an immoderate propensity to ease and pleasure. The first he proposed to counteract, by endeavouring to make business as light and as agreeable to him as possible; the last, by weaning him gradually from those wild sallies, the impetuosity of which he had never yet resisted. Our amusements become more refined, more elevated, and more moral, the greater share the Muses have in them. Upon this acknowledged principle he took pains to instill into *Dionysius* a bet-

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ter taſte for the fine arts, than he had hitherto had. In a ſhort time his palaces, country-ſeats and gardens, were filled with the choiceſt productions of the beſt Grecian Artiſts in painting and ſculpture. *Agathon* brought the moſt eminent virtuoſi in every branch from *Athens* to *Syracuſe*; he built a magnificent Odeum upon the plan of that, for which *Pericles* had expended the public treaſure of the Greeks; and *Dionyſius* found ſo much amuſement in the various ſpecies of exhibitions, with which he was almoſt daily entertained at the Theatre, under the direction of his favourite, that he ſeemed, according to cuſtom, for a long time to have loſt all taſte for other diverſions. Yet there was another attachment ſtill remaining, whoſe influence over him was alone ſufficient to defeat all the virtuous projects of his newly adopted friend. The dancing girl *Bacchidion*, was the preſent object of this attachment; but it was already apparent, that the immoderate

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rate passion, to which she owed her influence, had abated very much of its original violence. It would not probably have been difficult to anticipate the effects of his natural inconstancy a few weeks; but *Agathon* had reasons, which appeared to him of weight sufficient to determine him against such a measure. The consort of *Dionysius* was in no respect calculated to support an attempt to restrain him within the limits of conjugal affection. The Prince could not live without amours; and the power his mistress obtained over his heart made his inconstancy dangerous. *Bacchidion* was one of those good-humoured frolicsome creatures, whose fancy paints every thing to them in the most delightful colours, and who have no other care, than to laugh away their time from one instant to another, without ever suffering themselves to be troubled with a single thought of ambition or avarice, or the least solicitude for the future. She loved pleasure above all

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all things; ever ready to give as to receive it, it seemed to spring up wherever she trod; it smiled in her eyes and breathed from her lips. Without intending to derive any importance to herself from the attachment of the Prince, she had already more than once, from a kind of mechanical inclination to see happy countenances, employed her power over his heart in doing services to persons who deserved them, as well as to others who did not, for she never made any inquiry about their merit. *Agathon* was apprehensive that her place might probably be filled by some other, who might be tempted to make a worse use of her charms. He held it, therefore, not unworthy his own character, to encourage rather than oppose the inclination of the Prince, in a proper manner, and without letting it appear, that he gave any particular attention to it. He afforded her opportunities of displaying her talents for amusing in a variety of ways, which

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which gave her always the charm of novelty. He contrived by frequent little abſences, to prevent the paſſion of *Dionyſius* from being cloyed too ſoon with the pleaſures he ſeemed to taſte in the arms of this engaging creature. He even proceeded ſo far, on a particular occaſion, when the rigid principles of *Plato* in this reſpect happened to be the ſubject of diſcourſe, as to make no ſcruple of declaring, that it is an injuſtice to think of confining within the limits of ſtrict moderation, the private amuſements of a Prince, who makes a point of performing his great and eſſential duties with a becoming aſſiduity. Though his expreſſions were general, yet what he ſaid ſeemed to imply a tacit approbation of the Prince's attachment to the fair *Bacchidion*, and this in fact was his deſign. We leave it to be determined, whether the goodneſs of his intention was ſufficient to juſtify ſo dangerous an avowal: thus far is certain, that *Dionyſius*, who till now, from a kind

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of reſpect for the virtue of our Hero, had taken pains to conceal his failings from him, was henceforward under leſs reſtraint, and through an ill-grounded, perhaps, but a very general prejudice, that virtue muſt be a declared enemy to the ſway of beauty, conceived a ſuſpicion that our Hero, in reſpect of certain foibles, ſtood no higher than himſelf and other mortals—and though ſuch an opinion was ſoon confuted by the regularity and conſiſtency of *Agathon's* deportment, yet was the general impreſſion never ſo thoroughly obliterated, but that the accuſations framed by his enemies found from this time an eaſier acceſs to the heart of a Prince, who was otherwiſe ſo much diſpoſed to look upon virtue in the light either of folly or of impoſition. In the mean time *Agathon*, by his complaiſance to the favourite paſſion of *Dionyſius*, prevailed ſo far as to inſpire him with a greater inclination to attend to the affairs of government; and we, on our part, may for-

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forgive him, if he conſidered the many good effects which reſulted from this facility, as a ſufficient reparation for the obloquy it brought upon him from certain rigid moraliſts, who in their retirement from the world condemn at their leiſure the conduct of others, though they themſelves in their ſituation would moſt probably have acted in a more exceptionable manner.

BESIDE the fair *Bacchidion* whoſe ſole ambition, as we have ſeen, was to render the Prince, whom ſhe loved, perfectly happy—there was another favourite, who by his influence with *Dionyſius*, was the moſt conſiderable of all thoſe with whom *Agathon* had any concerns in his new department. This perſon, whoſe name was *Philiſtus*, took a part in this period of our hiſtory, which may make it an object of importance to the reader to be better acquainted with his character. Beſides this, it is one of the inviolable duties of hiſtory, to ſtrip off that falſe

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falſe ſplendor, with which fortune and the favour of the great too often clothes the moſt worthleſs beings; to inform poſterity, that *Pallas*, for example, that ſame *Pallas*, whom ſo many decrees of the Roman ſenate, ſo many ſtatues and public paintings even in after ages announce as one of the great benefactors of mankind, as a Demi-God, was nothing better nor greater than an infamous abandoned ſlave. Although *Philiſtus* may appear in compariſon with a *Pallas* or a *Tigellinus*, not more than a Dwarf to a Giant, yet this in fact proceeds only from the immenſe difference between the Roman Empire at its higheſt point of grandeur, and that petty ſtate which was ſubject to the dominion of *Dionyſius*. Even that Fiend, who to vent his malice drowned a herd of ſwine, would with infinitely greater ſatisfaction have laid the whole univerſe under water, had it been in his power; and *Philiſtus* would have been a *Pallas*, had he had the good fortune to

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have been brought up in the anti-chamber of a *Claudius*. The proofs he gave in his ſmall ſphere of what he might have done in a larger, leave us no room to doubt of the truth of this aſſertion. A ſlave by birth, and afterwards one of the freed-men of the elder *Dionyſius*, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf early among his comrades, by an extraordinary craftineſs of genius, united to the moſt ſupple diſpoſition; yet theſe accompliſhments did not procure him the advantage of any particular favour or preference with his maſter. *Philiſtus*, finding fortune not in a humour to aſſiſt him, though this is no uncommon caſe, was diſturbed at it, and with reaſon; but he knew how to aſſiſt himſelf. Others, who had gone before him with better ſucceſs, had taught him the way to advance himſelf without trouble and without merit to thoſe dignities, for which a ſpecies of ambition, ſuch as in certain minds is perfectly compatible with the moſt abject meanneſs, had given

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given him an irreſiſtible deſire. We have already obſerved, that the younger *Dionyſius* was kept in unuſual reſtraint by his father. *Philiſtus* was the only perſon, who had penetration enough to diſcover, what uſe might be made of this circumſtance. He found means to make the young Prince's nights paſs more agreeably than his days. Was there occaſion for him to do more, in order to be conſidered as a benefactor, whoſe ſervices could never ſufficiently be rewarded? *Philiſtus* did not ſtop here; he fell upon an expedient to render himſelf, by means only of a ſlight manœuvre, at once a more worthy, and a more immediate object of this reward. An unlucky cholic, which he had the art of adminiſtring, ſhortened the days of the old tyrant; *Philiſtus* was the firſt to bring the joyful tidings to his young maſter; and now he beheld himſelf at once in the moſt ſecret confidence of a king, and ſoon after at the helm of the ſtate. Theſe little anecdotes

dotes are ſufficient to give us ſo clear an idea of the moral character of this upright miniſter, that we ſhould not wonder, if he were now to commit crimes of the moſt flagitious caſt, that human nature is capable of. But what a phyſiognomiſt muſt he have been, who could read theſe anecdotes in his eyes? It is true, that *Agathon*, from the beginning, did not conceive a very favourable opinion of him, but how, without receiving any particular information, or being himſelf a *Philiſtus*, was it poſſible for him to ſuſpect, that *Philiſtus* could be what he really was. Few people knew the inſide of this man; and thoſe few were too good courtiers to betray their former patron, till his diſgrace was certain, and till they ſaw what they were to get by it; even *Ariſtippus*, who in all probability was no ſtranger to his true character, had determined to act the part of a mere ſpectator. Another circumſtance, which might contribute alſo to miſlead *Agathon*,

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was, that *Philiſtus* employed every means which the art of diſſimulation could ſupply, to acquire his eſteem. With all that knowledge of mankind, which he, according to the uſual, though very fallacious notion of courtiers, thought himſelf poſſeſſed of, he had, to his great diſappointment, never been able to diſcover the weak ſide of our Hero. He had, therefore, no other means left but to recommend himſelf to the new favourite, as an uſeful man, by great induſtry and punctuality in buſineſs; and as a man of integrity, by virtues, which, whenever he had occaſion for them, he could aſſume with as much eaſe, as one can ſlip on a maſquerade habit. To theſe qualifications, which *Agathon* thought he perceived in him, were added the favour he was in with *Dionyſius*, and the conſideration, that it would be leſs ſafe for the ſtate to diſmiſs an ambitious miniſter, than to keep him under ſtrict limitations, with all apparent reſpect to his dignity:

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dignity: and thus it happened, that those who had looked upon the disgrace of *Philistus* as a natural consequence of the promotion of *Agathon*, found themselves mistaken in their opinion. His credit seemed rather to increase, for he was appointed president of all the different courts of justice, and *Agathon*, with due restrictions and subordination shared under him that power, the sole and absolute possession of which had formerly been invested in the confidant of the Prince. But in fact, by these means it became next to an impossibility for him to be guilty of misdemeanors, if at any time he should happen to be under a temptation of committing them; while there were so many eyes upon every part of his administration, while he was obliged to render an account of his whole conduct, and was not at liberty to take any step without the approbation of the Prince, or, which for some time was the same thing, of his representative.

We

We might here without doubt report many fine things of *Agathon's* adminiſtration, if we were diſpoſed to expatiate on every uſeful ordinance and regulation, which he either actually had, or would, if time had permitted him, have carried into execution, in reſpect to political œconomy, the collection and application of the public revenue, police, agriculture and commerce, and, what in his opinion was one of the moſt eſſential objects, the manners of the people, and the cultivation of virtue. But ſuch a detail is not conſiſtent with the plan of the preſent work, and would in fact argue an ignorance of the effect it muſt produce in our days, in which the art of government ſeems to have taken a turn, that renders the ſyſtem and example of our Hero as uſeleſs, as the projects of the good Abbé de *St. Pierre* of patriotic memory. The manner in which *Agathon* formerly employed his intereſt and authority at *Athens*, may give our readers a ſuf-

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ficient idea how he would employ a regal revenue, and a power nearly abſolute.

One circumſtance, however, we muſt not omit, as it had a conſiderable influence on the ſubſequent adventures of our Hero. *Dionyſius*, at the time when *Agathon* arrived at his court, was engaged in a war with the Carthaginians, who acting in concert with ſeveral ſmall republics on the ſouth and weſt ſides of *Sicily*, under pretence of protecting them againſt the overgrown power of *Syracuſe*, endeavoured to take advantage of the civil diſſenſions among the natives, as a favourable opportunity to bring under ſubjection to themſelves an iſland, which from its ſituation was of the greateſt importance to their commercial views. Some of theſe ſmall republics were actually under the dominion of tyrants, as they were called; and theſe had thrown themſelves already into the arms of the Carthaginians; the reſt had ſtill in ſome meaſure preſerved their liberty, and heſitated between the fear

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fear of being overpowered by *Dionyſius*, and a miſtruſt of their pretended friends, in a ſtate of ſuſpence, which every moment ſeemed inclining to the ſide of the latter.

Timocrates, whom *Dionyſius* had intruſted with the chief command in this war, had, by gaining ſome advantages over the enemy, already acquired, what is often purchaſed at a very eaſy rate, the reputation of a good general; but as he was more ſolicitous to employ this opportunity in gathering laurels and riches for himſelf, than in promoting the true intereſt of his maſter, he had rather encouraged than ſuppreſſed the interior commotions of the Sicilians, and by his conduct had made himſelf ſo odious to thoſe, who had not embraced any party, that they were on the point of declaring for *Carthage*. Under theſe circumſtances *Agathon* was of opinion, that his eloquence might be more ſerviceable to *Dionyſius*, than all the land and ſea-forces, though

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they were by no means inconsiderable, that *Timocrates* had under his command. He held it better to restore tranquillity to *Sicily*, than to subdue it; to lead it into a kind of voluntary submission to *Syracuse*, than to suffer it to remain exposed to the risques and perilous consequences of a war, which, let the event be as fortunate as possible for *Dionysius*, could afford him no other advantage, but the equivocal one of adding to his subjects a multitude of reluctant and disaffected people, upon whose fidelity he could not depend for one single moment. *Dionysius* could not refuse his assent to the reasons upon which *Agathon* supported his design, and his hopes of success from it. Upon the whole, it was the same thing to him, by what means he obtained quiet possession of the sovereignty of *Sicily*, provided he did obtain it; and as he was mean enough to plume himself on the very indecisive, indeed, but for that reason more industriously magnified victories of his general,

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general, as if they had been his own acquisitions; so was he also cowardly enough to listen to the most inglorious terms of accommodation, whenever he reflected with any degree of attention upon the uncertainty of the fortune of war. Thus the nobler principles of our Hero gained an easy access with him, or to speak with more propriety, *Agathon* ascribed the favourable disposition he found him in to the impression made by his own reasoning, without perceiving that it was really founded in the pusillanimity of his heart. Upon this he repaired in private (for it was absolutely necessary that *Timocrates* should not have the least suspicion of his designs) to such cities as were on the point of joining the Carthaginians. Here he succeeded in removing the universal prejudice which prevailed against the dreadful tyranny of *Dionysius*; he convinced them so entirely of this truth, that the interest of each particular part of *Sicily* is inseparable

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from that of the whole; he drew ſo flattering a picture of the fortunate condition of the iſland, if all the members of it were united by the bands of mutual confidence and friendſhip to *Syracuſe*, as to a common center; that he obtained more than he had hoped, and even more than he wiſhed. He wanted only allies, but they in a fit of unbounded affection were on the point of yielding themſelves, without any conditions, the ſubjects of a Prince, with whoſe miniſter they were ſo highly inchanted.

THE turn which public affairs took, from this circumſtance, brought the war ſo quickly to an end, that *Timocrates* had no opportunity of acquiring glory by a deciſive action, which, every thing conſidered, might have been as likely to terminate in a defeat as in a victory. It may eaſily be conceived, whether *Agathon* by ſuch meaſures obtained the friendſhip of this man, whoſe great fortune and alliance with the Prince made him a perſon

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perſon of conſequence in the ſtate, and with what eyes *Timocrates* would look upon the general applauſe and joyful acclamations of the people, which attended our Hero in his return to *Syracuſe* (the marks of that high reſpect with which he was received by the Prince,) and the unlimited eſteem he ſecured to himſelf by this peaceful conqueſt. Conſtrained, however, to ſuppreſs his diſcontent and hatred againſt ſo ſucceſsful a rival, he waited only with ſo much the greater impatience for opportunities privately to work his ruin; and how was it poſſible he ſhould want for opportunities in a court, and in the court of ſuch a Prince?

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CHAP. II.

Instances, that every thing which glitters, is not Gold.

AGATHON, during an administration, which had not lasted quite two years, having now gained the utmost confidence of his Prince, and the general love of the nation over which he ruled, had raised himself to that eminent degree of reputation and apparent felicity, which undeservedly becomes an object of admiration to all inferior persons, and of envy to base and ill-disposed minds. We must however own, that that whimsical inexplicable power, which is called luck or chance, had not the least share in these advantages. The services he had rendered in so short a time to the Prince, as well as to the nation, the quieting of *Sicily*, the greatness of *Syracuse* established, the embellishment of this capital city, the reformation of her policy,

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policy, the encouragement of arts and manufactures, and the universal attachment he procured to a government which was before detested,—all these things gave indisputable testimonies of the wisdom of his administration. These merits were placed in so strong a light by the disinterestedness and regularity of his conduct, that there was no possibility of throwing a false colouring over them. His secret enemies therefore, had scarce any hopes remaining of procuring his disgrace so soon as it was expedient for their private designs, without the uncertain assistance of some accidental circumstance, which yet they could not form any idea of.

THE secret enemies of *Agathon!*—Is it possible that a man whose conduct was so irreproachable, and whose benevolence was extended to all, could have enemies? Thus perhaps will some persons think, who seem occasionally to forget, that every wise man, must of necessity have all fools, every upright man all knaves, for

his avowed, or certainly always for his ſecret enemies. This is a truth well founded on the nature of things, and ſo well confirmed by uninterrupted experience, that we have much better reaſons for aſking, How was it poſſible that a man, who behaved ſo well, ſhould have had no enemies? The man indeed whoſe conſtant endeavour was to make his Prince virtuous, or at leaſt to make his foibles harmleſs, muſt inevitably draw upon himſelf the utmoſt hatred from thoſe courtiers, who (as *Monteſquieu* ſays of all the great) fear nothing ſo much, as virtue in their Prince, whoſe foibles, they conſider as the moſt ſecure foundation of their hopes. They could not behold *Agathon* in any other light, than as an obſtacle to all their views and enterprizes. He required for inſtance, that a man ſhould have ſome merit, before he could pretend to any rewards; but they knew a readier and more convenient method; a method by which perſons of no worth

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worth have at all times ſucceeded in courts, except under ſuch governments as that of *Antoninus* and *Julianus*. Servile adulation, blind ſubſerviency to the paſſions of our ſuperiors, inſenſibility to all the emotions of conſcience and humanity, deafneſs to the call of all duties, the hardy effrontery of arrogating to ourſelves talents and merits we have never poſſeſſed, a ready willingneſs to commit every baſe action, which can contribute to our advancement,—theſe were methods by which *Agathon* had made it impoſſible for them to riſe. They ſaw, that ſo long as this uncommon man maintained the poſt of favourite to *Dionyſius*, there was no poſſibility of ſucceſs for men of their ſtamp. They therefore deteſted him; and we may be aſſured, that there was a kind of conſpiracy brooding in the minds of all theſe courtiers againſt him, nor was it even neceſſary that they ſhould have a ſecret conference about it. But nothing of this was as yet evident. The maſk,

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which they thought proper to put on, sat so easy upon them, that *Agathon* himself was deceived by it; and behaved to *Philistus*, *Timocrates* and their creatures, just in the same manner, as if the esteem they testified for him, and the approbation they gave to all his measures, had been sincere. These honest men had a double advantage over him, for he, unsuspecting any evil from them, did not think of watching them closely :—while they, conscious of their own baseness, were the more cautious of concealing their true sentiments under an impenetrable disguise. Certain as they were, that every man must necessarily have a weak side, they took all the pains imaginable to find out his, and exposed him to all manner of trials, without his being able to cast any suspicion upon them from this conduct. But when they found him either indifferent to, or prepared against all the temptations they occasionally threw in his way, they had no other

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other expedient left, 'till ſome favourable opportunity ſhould offer, than to lull him by the magic illuſions of ſubtle flattery, which he might the more eaſily miſtake for friendſhip, as it had all the appearance of it; more eſpecially, as he had a right to expect that every individual ſhould be his friend, in a country where he had been ſerviceable to all. This ſcheme ſucceeded, and it muſt be owned, that they gained much upon him by it.

We cannot however avoid confeſſing, whether it is to the prejudice of our Hero or not, that at the time when his fame was arrived to the higheſt pitch, when *Dionyſius* loaded him with marks of unlimited favour, when he was looked upon by all *Sicily* as their guardian angel, and when he ſeemed to poſſeſs that rare, if not even unheard of happineſs, in ſo ſplendid a ſituation, of having all admirers and friends, without one enemy,—yet the ladies in *Syracuſe* were the only perſons

perſons who made it ſufficiently apparent how little they were ſatisfied with his behaviour. With a figure ſuch as his, endowed in ſo extraordinary a degree with every qualification neceſſary to faſcinate the eyes and captivate the heart, it was very natural that he ſhould attract the attention of the fair.

THE ladies of *Syracuſe* had as good eyes as thoſe of *Smyrna*,—they had hearts too—or, if they had no hearts, they had at leaſt emotions which are frequently ſubſtituted for thoſe of the heart; and even if they wanted theſe, yet had they vanity, and could not therefore behold with indifference the obſtinate inſenſibility of a man, whom they conſidered as their enemy, becauſe the conqueſt of him would ſeem to proclaim the conqueror as the moſt amiable of her ſex. The favourite of a monarch, in the eyes of moſt ladies, is always an *Adonis*. How natural then was the deſire of inſpiring an *Adonis* with love, who was alſo the confi-

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dant of a king, and excepting the title, and a certain band wore round the head, was in reality himself the king? We must trust to the gallantry of the Sicilian beauties, that they neglected no advances which could leave even the shadow of a decent excuse for his coldness. And by what means indeed could he have been excused? It is true, that a man who is laden with the care of a whole city, has not quite so much leisure as a young gentleman, who has nothing else to do, but just to shew his face twice a day in the anti-chamber, and flutters the rest of his time from one beauty, and from one company to another. But, however occupied a man may be, yet he still sets some hours apart for himself, and for his pleasures; and though *Agathon* might make his office more troublesome to himself, than is usual in our times, since we have discovered the secret of doing the most important things with a certain levity unknown to our more weighty ancestors,

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ceſtors,—the ſecret of doing them, perhaps not ſo well, but with infinitely more grace,—it muſt ſtill be evident, that *Agathon* had ſuch hours of retirement. The influence he had in the adminiſtration of the ſtate, ſeemed to give him ſo little to do, his mind appeared ſo diſengaged, and he ſhewed ſo much vivacity and good humour in company, and at the public diverſions, where *Dionyſius* would always have him about his perſon, that the ſingularity of his conduct could not poſſibly be attributed to his occupations. It was neceſſary therefore to think of ſome other hypotheſis to explain it. At firſt, each lady ſuſpected that ſome other was the ſecret cauſe of this; and as long as this ſuſpicion laſted, one might obſerve with what jealous eyes the good ladies watched each other; and how often, in one moment, a diſcovery was thought to be made, which in the next was contradicted. At length it was found, that the ladies ſuſpected each other wrongfully, and

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and that *Agathon* was equally complaiſant to all, but loved none. They had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of any abſent fair one; for what could have induced him to keep the object of his love at a diſtance? Nothing was now left but to make ſuch conjectures as could not any way reflect much honour upon our Hero; neither could they leſſen the reaſonable diſguſt which one muſt feel at ſo unnatural, and in every conſideration ſo deteſtable a phænomenon.

OUR readers, who cannot have forgotten what *Agathon* was at *Smyrna*, will immediately have thoughts which could not poſſibly occur to the ladies of *Syracuſe*:—they will perhaps imagine them to have been deficient in charms, capable of making a ſufficient impreſſion upon a heart, which after a *Danae* (what a picture does this ſingle word repreſent!) would not eaſily find any thing worthy of exciting its emotions. But if the information we follow in this hiſtory is believed,

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lieved, there was not the ſlighteſt foundation for a conjecture ſo little to the credit of theſe ladies. *Syracuſe* had it's beauties, which as well as *Danae*, might have ſerved for models to a *Polycletes*, and all theſe fair ones had other advantages which added to their beauty.—Some had wit, others tenderneſs, ſome had at leaſt a good ſhare of that noble effrontery, which ſeems to characterize a certain claſs among our modern females, and ſometimes ſooner gains its end, than the moſt perfect charms, which being concealed under the veil of modeſty, ſeem to betray an injurious diffidence in thoſe who poſſeſs them. This could not therefore be the reaſon,—Well! perhaps then he might have availed himſelf of the ſecrecy of *Socrates*, and have found in the ſilent embraces of ſome agreeable *Cypaſſis*, the ſureſt method of appearing to the world a *Xenocrates*.—Neither was this the caſe—at leaſt our informations ſay nothing about

bout it. Not to detain our readers therefore with fruitleſs conjectures, we will own, that the cauſe of this indifference in our Hero, was ſomething ſo natural and ſimple, that as ſoon as we have diſcovered it, *Shah-Baham* himſelf will think, that he had expected, if not the very thing, at leaſt ſomething much like it.

THE merchant, whom *Agathon* accompanied to *Syracuſe*, was one of thoſe to whom he had before at *Athens* given the picture of his *Pſyche*, in order that ſhe might be ſearched for in all places with greater probability of ſucceſs. Perhaps he now thought no more of this circumſtance, till one day paying a viſit to this friend of his, he by chance ſaw this picture in his cloſet. The ſenſations of *Agathon* at this inſtant, were not very different from thoſe he would have experienced, if this had been *Pſyche* herſelf. The ideas of his firſt love became ſo lively on this occaſion, that, however

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ſmall his hopes were of ever ſeeing the original again, they confirmed him anew in the reſolution of remaining true to her memory. The ladies of *Syracuſe* had therefore in reality a rival, though they could not gueſs that thoſe tender ſighs, which either of them would have wiſhed to draw from his breaſt, were poured forth in midnight hours before a pictured miſtreſs.

AMONG all thoſe who were piqued at the inſenſibility of our Hero, none of them could diſpute the preference with the fair *Cleoniſſa*, in regard to all the perfections which nature and art can unite in one lady. A perfect regular beauty, be it ſaid under favour of all ſuch as may be intereſted in preferring the Graces to their Queen, is, among all the qualifications a lady can poſſeſs, that which makes the quickeſt, ſtrongeſt, and moſt univerſal impreſſion. In women of virtue it has ſtill this farther advantage, that at the ſame time it repels the deſires we may have

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have of being beloved by the poſſeſſor of ſo uncommon an advantage, by a kind of mechanical reſpect, which the moſt daring Satyr is ſcarce able to overcome.

Cleoniſſa poſſeſſed this perfection in ſo high a degree, that connoiſſeurs who could behold beauty with the greateſt coolneſs and indifference, could not find any fault with her; it was impoſſible to ſee her without admiration. But the uncommon reſerve ſhe affected, the majeſtic turn ſhe knew how to give to her countenance, her looks and all her motions, joined to the reputation of ſtrict virtue ſhe had acquired by this, ſtrengthened the natural effect of her beauty ſo much, that no one had been bold enough to expoſe himſelf to the hazard of becoming the *Ixion* to this *Juno*. The mediocrity of her birth, and the ſituation as well as the prudence of a jealous huſband, had kept her during her earlieſt infancy at ſo great a diſtance from the world,

world, that she was quite a new phænomenon, when *Philistus*, who had discovered her we know not how, and had found out some convenient method of making her a widow, introduced her in quality of his lady to the court of the Princesses, under which appellation the mother, queen, and sister of *Dionysius* are included. *Philistus*, not more disposed than his predecessor, to share the possession of a woman endowed with such extraordinary merits, with another, even had it been *Jupiter* himself, took at first as much precaution, as the avaritious keeper of a precious treasure can possibly imagine, to preserve her from the most artful snares. But the virtue of the lady, and the ruling passion *Dionysius* in the first years of his reign had discovered for beauties not so difficult of access, joined perhaps to a certain coldness, which usually after two or three years are elapsed, oftentimes much earlier, steals imperceptibly upon those who have such wonderful

derful beauties at their diſpoſal, had ſo lulled his ſuſpicion, that he afterwards made no ſcruple of permitting her to be in company with the Princeſſes, as often they deſired it.

We will not examine whether *Cleoniſſa* was then really ſo virtuous, as the haughtineſs of her behaviour to the men, and the rigid principles by which ſhe judged others of her own ſex, made her appear. Let it ſuffice that the Princeſſes, and what is more, here huſband were perfectly convinced of it, and that none of the courtiers had as yet ventured to put ſo reſpectable a virtue to the proof. During the time that *Plato* was in ſo great repute with *Dionyſius*, *Cleoniſſa* was one of his moſt zealous diſciples, and one who had learnt to converſe in the ſublime language of his philoſophy with the greateſt fluency. Whether this aroſe from a deſire of elevating herſelf above the reſt of her ſex, as much by her underſtanding as by her figure, (a pretty common foible with

with those who are properly called beauties) or from some other more laudable motive; yet it is certain, that she sought with so much eagerness every opportunity of hearing the godlike *Plato*, that she shewed so high a regard for his person, so implicit a faith in his notions of beauty and love, and all the other parts of his system; and in a short time became in body and soul so complete a Platonist, that this philosopher proud of such a disciple, enhanced the general opinion of this philosophy by the particular advantages he procured to her. It is true, he might on certain occasions have observed something in her beauteous eyes, which without a long train of reasoning might have made him conjecture that it would not have been impossible to humanize this Goddess. But the good *Plato* was then more than sixty years of age, and no longer made such observations. *Cleoniſſa* therefore kept up the reputation of being a living instance of this platonic

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Platonic maxim, that external beauty is the reflection of the intellectual beauty of the ſoul. The prejudice in favour of her virtue, counterbalanced the impreſſion her charms might have made; and ſhe had the ſatisfaction to aſcribe the perfect indifference with which ſhe was beheld by *Dionyſius*, to the prudence of her conduct: by this means ſhe gained an additional merit with the Princeſſes.

But—O! with what propriety may we apply, even to the virtue of heroines, that ſentiment of *Solon*, that no man can be eſteemed happy before his death! *Cleoniſſa* ſaw *Agathon*—and from that moment—ceaſed to be *Cleoniſſa*.—No, not exactly ſo; though the expreſſion anſwers to the common Platonic language; but ſhe ſhewed, that the Princeſſes, herſelf, her huſband, the court, and the whole world, including the divine *Plato* himſelf, had been much miſtaken, in conſidering her as different from what ſhe really was;

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and as ſhe muſt have appeared to be at firſt ſight to every unprejudiced ſpectator; for inſtance, to an *Ariſtippus*.

To be aſtoniſhed at ſo natural an incident, would in our way of thinking, be a great offence againſt that not ſufficiently eſteemed maxim *Nil admirari*; in which, according to the opinion of perſons experienced in the knowledge of human affairs, lies concealed the proper and great ſecret of wiſdom; that, which conſtitutes a true adept. The charming *Cleoniſſa* was a woman, and had therefore her ſhare of the foibles nature has appropriated to her ſex, and without which this half of the human race, would neither have been ſo well fitted for it's deſtination in this ſublunary world, nor in reality, ſo amiable as it is. And indeed, how little merit would there be in virtue itſelf, if not put to the proof by theſe very foibles themſelves.

Let this be as it will, the lady as ſoon as ſhe beheld our Hero, was ſenſible of ſomething,

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ſomething, which might have alarmed the virtue of a common mortal. But there are virtues of ſo ſtrong a caſt, that nothing can diſturb them; and her's was of this kind. She gave herſelf up to the impreſſions which were made upon her without her conſent, with all the confidence which the conſciouſneſs of her own fortitude could inſpire. The perfection of the object juſtified the extraordinary eſteem ſhe ſhewed for him. Great ſouls are the propereſt to do juſtice to each other; and their ſelf-love is ſo much concerned in it, that they may carry a partiality for each other very far, without being ſuſpected of particular views. Excluſive of this, ſo unworthy a ſuſpicion could not fall on the elevated *Cleoniſſa*; while at the ſame time nothing was more natural than an expectation of exciting in our Hero, the ſame admiration, if not even a higher degree of it, than ſhe experienced for him. This expectation as naturally changed itſelf into an aſtoniſh-

ment mixed with chagrin, when ſhe found herſelf deceived in it; and what elſe could happen from this aſtoniſhment, but an ardent deſire of procuring ample ſatisfaction to her ſelf-love extremely offended by his indifference? If even ſhe herſelf had been indifferent, ſhe might juſtly expect, that ſo nice an obſerver might have known how to diſcover her worth, and to diſtinguiſh a *Cleoniſſa* from thoſe leſſer ſtars, which were allowed to ſhine only in her abſence. How much muſt ſhe alſo have been offended, that ſhe had made advances to him, with that noble enthuſiaſm with which privileged ſouls elevate themſelves above the little ſcruples of more vulgar perſons, and that ſhe had not kept back the demonſtration of her ſympathetic eſteem, till ſhe had been aſſured of his?

As it depended entirely upon her vanity to determine the greatneſs of the injuſtice according to the ſenſe ſhe had of her own merit, ſo was the rage ſhe entertained

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tained againſt our Hero, the moſt furious that could poſſibly enter into the heart of an offended Fair. She was determined to try the whole united power of her intellectual and corporeal charms, aſſiſted by all the artifices of the moſt ſubtle coquetry (of which ſo univerſal a genius muſt at leaſt poſſeſs the theory) in order to triumph over this ungrateful man. And when ſhe ſhould have thus by leading him on fluctuating between hope and fear, brought him to the lamentable ſituation of a *Celadon* conſumed with love and deſire, and when ſhe ſhould have diverted herſelf long enough with the ſpectacle of his ſighs, tears, complaints, exclamations, and all other violent expreſſions of amorous phrenzy,—ſhe at length deſigned ſuddenly to make him feel all the rigour of the moſt chilling diſdain. Thus well concerted was this plan of revenge, with ſo much diligence and ſkill were the meaſures taken; and we muſt confeſs that, if the ſucceſs of a project depended ſole-

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ly on its being well conducted, the beautiful *Cleoniſſa* muſt have had the moſt complete triumph that ever was obtained over the arrogance of a refractory heart.

WHETHER the lady, ſuppoſing *Agathon* to have been caught in her ſnare, would have been capable of carrying her rage to the extremity ſhe propoſed,—is a problematical queſtion, the determination of which, if chance had ſo ordered it, would probably have occaſioned no ſmall embarraſſment even to the lady herſelf. But *Agathon* did not ſuffer matters to go ſo far. Hence we are furniſhed with a freſh proof, that it was given to none but a *Danae* to diſcover the weak ſide of our Hero.

Cleoniſſa had already exhauſted half her arts, e'er he was aware, that there was a deſign formed againſt him. The moment he perceived it, his indifference increaſed in proportion as ſhe redoubled her efforts; or to ſpeak more plainly, the contraſt between the artifices ſhe employed,

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ployed, which were at last carried as far as indecency, and the affected sublimity of her turn of thought, as well as the majesty of her virtue, had so perverse an effect upon him, that the beauteous *Cleoniſſa* saw herself obliged entirely to forego the hopes of the triumph with which she had flattered her vanity. The fury she was thrown into by this, changed itself by degrees into the most complete hatred, that ever (to use *Shakespear's* expression) turned the milk of a female breast into gall. All that was left for her virtue to do in these circumstances, was, so skilfully to conceal the workings of this passion, that neither *Agathon* nor the court should perceive, with what impatience she longed for an occasion to make him feel the effects of it.

Matters were in this situation, when *Dionyſius*, cloyed with the quiet possession of the charming *Bacchidion*, and disgusted with her dancing, first took it into his head to observe that *Cleoniſſa* was

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beautiful. He had not long remarked this with ſome attention, than it appeared to him, that he had never ſeen ſo beauteous a creature; and now he began to be ſurprized, that he had not taken notice of this before. At laſt he recollected that the lady had ever diſtinguiſhed herſelf by a very rigid virtue, and an avowed propenſity to metaphyſical knowledge. He therefore no longer entertained a doubt, but that this muſt have been the circumſtance which had prevented him from doing juſtice to her beauty ſooner. A kind of mechanical reſpect for virtue, proceeding from his indolence, and an apprehenſion of the difficulties he had imagined there were in ſubduing it, would probably have kept him even this time within the bounds of an inactive admiration, if one of thoſe trifling incidents, which are ſo often the cauſes of the greateſt events, had not inſtantly changed his natural inſenſibility into the moſt reſtleſs paſſion.

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As this incident has always remained an anecdote, ſo we cannot aſcertain whether (as ſome Sicilian hiſtorians pretend) it was the ſame incident as that, by which in modern times, the ſiſter of the famous Duke of *Marlborough* laid the firſt foundation of the extraordinary fortune of her family; or whether he might by chance have ſurprized her in the ſame ſituation, as the *Actæon* of the poets had the misfortune to ſee the beautiful *Diana*. So far however is certain, that from the time of this myſterious incident, the paſſion and deſigns of *Dionyſius* took ſuch a turn, that the charming *Cleoniſſa's* virtue was not a little embarraſſed, how it ſhould reconcile what ſhe owed to herſelf with her duty to her Prince. *Dionyſius* was ſo preſſing, ſo imprudent—and ſhe had ſo many people to be cautious of—She, who in every other woman had a rival, and was watched at every ſtep by a hundred jealous eyes, which would not fail with as many tongues to whiſper to

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the whole world, the leaſt *faux-pas* ſhe ſhould commit. On the one hand, a monarch burning with love at her feet, ready to give her up an abſolute power over himſelf, and over all that belonged to him, for the ſmalleſt tokens of her favour;—on the other, the ſplendid fame of a virtue, which no mortal had ever yet dared to conſider as frail, the confidence of the Princeſſes, the eſteem of her huſband:—It muſt be allowed, that a thouſand other perſons would not have known how to extricate themſelves from circumſtances drawing them ſo many different ways at once. But *Cleoniſſa*, though ſhe was ſenſible of the difficulty from the firſt, knew ſo well how to manage, that the whole plan of her conduct ſcarce coſt her one ſleepleſs night. She perceived at the firſt view, how important were the advantages ſhe would derive from her virtue in theſe circumſtances. The ſame method that would contribute, by a prudent uſe of ſuch encouragements as were neceſ-

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neceſſary, ſtill more to confirm her reputation, and maintain the favour of the Princeſſes, was indiſputably the moſt proper to retain the inconſtant *Dionyſius* for ever in her chains. To his declarations, proteſtations, intreaties and threats, (for he was neither fond nor artful enough to put in practice any more ſubtle attacks) ſhe therefore oppoſed a virtue, the obſtinacy of which muſt neceſſarily have tired him out, if compaſſion for the ſituation ſhe had been forced to reduce him to, had not at the ſame time enabled her to leſſen his pain, by all thoſe little palliatives, which in reality might be conſidered as marks of ſome favour, though to ſuch a lover as *Dionyſius*, they did not appear to ſubſtract too much from the dignity of her virtue. The tender ſenſibility of her heart,—the conſtraint ſhe was obliged to put upon herſelf, in order to withſtand ſo amiable a Prince,—the ſilent confeſſion of her weakneſs, which, at the ſame time that ſhe oppoſed the moſt

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reſolute reſiſtance to him, eſcaped involuntarily from her charming boſom :—O! virtuous *Cleoniſſa!* what an excellent actreſs waſt thou!—What muſt *Dionyſius* have been, if with ſuch appearances he had given up the hope of being ſtill happy at laſt.

In the mean time, notwithſtanding all the precautions taken by *Cleoniſſa*, and *Dionyſius* himſelf, the paſſion of this Prince, and the inſuperable virtue of his Goddeſs, was a ſecret which the whole court was acquainted with, though they did not ſeem to know any more of the matter than if they had neither had eyes nor ears. *Cleoniſſa*, from the moment that ſhe could no longer doubt of his paſſion, had the prudence to intruſt the ſiſters of the Prince with the confidence; theſe again had diſcovered all in confidence to his Queen, and the Queen to his mother. The Princeſſes, who had ever ineffectually bewailed his former extravagancies, and had taken a particular diſlike

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diſlike to the poor *Bacchidion*, for which there is no other reaſon to be given but their caprice, were overjoyed to find that his inclinations were at laſt directed towards a virtuous object. They flattered themſelves from the extraordinary prudence of the beautiful *Cleoniſſa*, that ſhe might poſſibly lead him imperceptibly in the right way. *Cleoniſſa* gave them every time a faithful account of all that had paſſed between her and her lover,—at leaſt of all that it was neceſſary for the Princeſſes to know: all the rules by which ſhe was to conduct herſelf towards him were preconcerted in the Queen's cloſet. This good lady who for her own eaſe, had the misfortune to be too ſenſibly affected with the King's indifference, did all ſhe could to ſecond the efforts, which the virtuous *Cleoniſſa* exerted, to bring the Prince back within the bounds of his duty. All this made a kind of an intrigue, which notwithſtanding the apparent tranquillity, ſet all the internal

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part of the court in commotion. *Philistus* alone, who had most reason to be observant, knew nothing of what every one else knew; at least his whole behaviour shewed such a singular security, that, if we were unacquainted with the extraordinary confidence he always reposed in the virtue of his lady, we must of necessity suspect that he had certain views in this conduct which could not do much honour to his character.

EVERY thing went on as it should; *Dionysius* pursued the attack with the utmost perseverance, and with hopes, which the brave resistance of the wife *Cleonissa* seemed to make doubtful.—Love seemed as yet to have gained but little ground upon her virtue, though this began gradually to relax it's majesty, and suffered it to be understood that she was not entirely disinclined, under sufficient security to engage in a secret correspondence, so long as it was confined to a mere love of the soul.—The Princesses, with the utmost confidence

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confidence in the modeſt charms of their friend, waited the developement of the farce—and *Philiſtus* had as much complaiſance, as much indolence as had ever been ſeen; when *Agathon*, unluckily for him, and for *Sicily*, through a zeal ſcarce to be juſtified in a ſtateſman of ſo much penetration, was induced to interrupt by his unſeaſonable interpoſition, the happy ſucceſs of the ſeveral views, which *Dionyſius*—*Cleoniſſa*—the Princeſſes—and perhaps *Philiſtus* too—imagined to be ſo near at hand.

CHAP. III.

Great Offenſes againſt the State, committed by Agathon.—Conſequences of them.

THE intimacy *Dionyſius* lived in with his favourite, and the natural want every lover feels of ſome confidant, to whom he may communicate his pains, or

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or his happiness, had not suffered him to keep his new passion a secret from *Agagathon*, who at first pushed his complaisance so far, as to give a tedious attention to the most talkative lover that ever existed, while he entertained him for whole hours on the interests of his heart; it not once occurring to this good Prince, that such particulars could not possibly be of so much importance to a third person, as they were to him. Without directly blaming his choice (from which he might have expected some bad effects) he contented himself at first with representing to him in so formidable a light, the difficulties he would meet with from a lady of such rigid and systematic virtue, that he was in hopes of deterring him from an undertaking which in all probability would at least be protracted to an immoderate length; but when he perceived, that *Dionysius* instead of being wearied with the resistance he complained of, entertained every day greater hopes of

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tiring out this rigorous virtue by obſtinate and repeated attacks: He then imagined he ſhould not lay too much to the fair *Cleoniſſa*'s charge, if he ſuſpected her of artful behaviour, which ſeemed to encourage the paſſion of the Prince, at the ſame time that it deprived him of all hope. The more narrowly he obſerved her, the more proofs he diſcovered to confirm his ſuſpicion, and as his natural antipathy to the pride of virtue concurred with theſe circumſtances, he was now entirely convinced that the wiſe and virtuous *Cleoniſſa,* was merely an impoſtor, whoſe deſign it was, by a feigned reſiſtance, to preſerve the reputation of being invincible, and by this means at the ſame time more ſtrongly to intangle the credulous Prince in her ſnares. He now began to conſider the affair in a ſerious light, and thought himſelf obliged, as well by the friendſhip he owed to the Prince, for whom, notwithſtanding all his foibles, he felt a kind of attachment,

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as out of regard to the public welfare, ſtrongly to oppoſe a connection that might have been attended with very pernicious conſequences to both. *Bacchidion* without being ſo regular a beauty, was in his eye infinitely more amiable than *Cleoniſſa*. A good heart—or to ſpeak with greater propriety, a fortunate organiſation—notwithſtanding the general and juſt prejudice entertained againſt perſons of her caſt, made her appear to him in compariſon with this virtuous matron, a very eſtimable perſon. And as ſhe began to be uneaſy at the conſtantly increaſing indifference of the Prince, and had recourſe to him for protection, he had the leſs ſcruple to ſupport her intereſts with ſomewhat greater zeal than was, perhaps, conſiſtent with the dignity of his character. *Dionyſius* loved her no more; though he ſtill laid ſuch claims to her, as love only ſhould give. The charming *Bacchidion* was now but too ſenſible that ſhe only ſupplied the place of her

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her rival in his arms, and though only a dancer, yet she looked upon it as unworthy of her to extinguish a passion that another had excited. *Dionysius* from the continued severity of his new mistress, seemed more than ever to want such indulgence; and for this reason *Agathon* advised *Bacchidion* to assume on her part, an appearance of cruelty, and to try whether an indifferent and capricious behaviour, mixed with a proper degree of affectation, might not effect more than tender complaint and redoubled complaisance. This advice succeeded so well, that *Agathon*, who was too soon secure of his victory, thought he had now found a proper opportunity of making a frank confession to *Dionysius*, that he gave little credit to *Cleoniſſa*'s pretended virtue. The event of the secret conference they had together upon this subject, was not answerable to our hero's expectation. Whatever *Agathon* could suggest to the Prince, to the disadvantage of his new Goddess,

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proved at the moſt, that ſhe was not ſo eſtimable as he had imagined, but they did not leſſen his paſſion for her; the leſs virtuous ſhe was, the better was ſhe for his deſigns. He did not indeed let *Agathon* perceive theſe noble ſentiments, but *Cleoniſſa* herſelf was ſoon convinced of them. *Dionyſius* had no ſooner diſcovered that the virtue of the lady was only a pretence, than he haſtened as much as poſſible to avail himſelf of this diſcovery, and aſtoniſhed her by proceedings which made a contraſt highly injurious to his former behaviour, and ſtill more to the dignity of her character. He was indeed diſcreet enough not to tell her directly what ideas had been given of her; but his behaviour ſaid it ſo plainly, that ſhe could no longer doubt that ſome perſon had done her an ill office with him. This circumſtance indeed threw her into no ſmall embarraſſment how ſhe ſhould reconcile what ſhe owed to her offended dignity, with the apprehenſion of entirely

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ly diſcouraging a lover of ſuch importance, by immoderate rigour. But an imagination like her's knew how to extricate itſelf from the moſt difficult ſituations; and *Dionyſius* parted from her convinced more than ever, that ſhe was virtue itſelf, and could only be induced by the power of that ſympathy, which from the firſt had attracted her tender ſoul towards him, one day to ſatisfy thoſe hopes which ſhe neither allowed him to entertain, nor entirely forbad. From this time his paſſion, and the authority of the lady daily increaſed; the fair *Bacchidion* was formally diſmiſſed; and *Agathon* might have read in his maſter's eyes, if he had not heard it from himſelf that he was in good hopes of receiving in a few days, the laſt ſighs of expiring virtue, from the lips of the tender and now faintly reſiſting *Cleoniſſa*. *Agathon* thought it was now full time to take a ſtep which nothing but the utmoſt neceſſity could juſtify, but which in his opinion was a

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moſt infallible method of putting a timely end to this dangerous intrigue. He therefore ſent for *Philiſtus*, and diſcloſed to him with all the confidence of an honeſt man, who thinks he is ſpeaking to one of the ſame caſt, the great danger his honour, and the virtue of his lady were expoſed to. He diſcovered indeed to the noble *Philiſtus*, nothing but what he had known long before; but *Philiſtus* did not the leſs affect a ſurprize. He thanked him however in the ſtrongeſt manner for ſo undoubted a proof of his friendſhip, and aſſured him that he would think of ſome p roper method to ſecure his lady, of whom he moreover had the beſt opinion in the world, againſt all the purſuits of love.

It is a very right thing to take every opportunity of inculcating this leſſon, that we ought to oblige people in their way, and not in our own. *Agathon* thought he had done no inconſiderable ſervice to *Philiſtus*, and would have been not

not a little ſurprized at the obſervations this worthy man made upon him as ſoon as he was alone. In reality *Philiſtus* muſt neceſſarily have been chagrined, at ſeeing all the advantages of his hitherto diſcreet inattention, at once loſt by ſo unſeaſonable a care of his honour. But at preſent he could not without appearing in *Agathon*'s eyes as a betrayer of his own honour, do otherwiſe, than feign the part of a jealous husband. The comedy by this means acquired in a few days a very tragical turn.—How much trouble might the principal characters in this farce have ſpared themſelves, if they had taken off the maſk, and had appeared to each other *in puris naturalibus?* But theſe people in the great world are ſuch punctilious obſervers of decorum,—and are to be commended for it; ſince it is always a proof that they are aſhamed of their real appearance, and a tacit acknowledgment that it is their duty to be ſomewhat better than they are.—*Cleoniſſa* therefore juſtified

tified herſelf to her huſband, by appealing to the Princeſſes as undeniable teſtimonies of the unſpotted innocence of her conduct. A more ſublime and pathetic piece of eloquence never was heard, than the ſpeech in which ſhe demonſtrated the injuſtice of his ſuſpicion; and the good man could not at laſt extricate himſelf any otherwiſe than by naming the friend, who, however from a good intention, had brought on this little fit of jealouſy, which he now perfectly knew to be highly unneceſſary and blameable. The fury of a tempeſtuous ſea,—of a hornet provoked to rage,—or of a lioneſs deprived of her young, are but feeble images when compared with the rage, which burnt in *Cleoniſſa*'s virtuous boſom at the mention of *Agathon*'s name. In reality nothing was to be compared with this, except the pleaſure with which ſhe was intoxicated at the thought that ſhe ſhould now at length have it in her power to wreak her long wiſhed for vengeance on this

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this ungrateful deſpiſer of her charms. She abuſed *Dionyſius*, whom ſhe called to account for the inſupportable injury ſhe had ſuffered from her husband, ſo much, and with ſuch fury, that he however unwillingly, (for he was not inclined to betray his favourite) at length diſcovered what little reaſon ſhe had to be obliged to *Agathon* for his opinion of her. Now, as ſhe ſaid, the whole ſecret was out; and in fact ſhe could not but wonder at her own ſimplicity, as ſhe could not have promiſed herſelf any better treatment from a man from whoſe revenge ſhe naturally had the worſe to expect.—If *Dionyſius* was aſtoniſhed at theſe words, we may eaſily conceive how he looked when ſhe diſcloſed to him circumſtantially, and in confidence, compelled to it for her own juſtification, that *Agathon*'s hatred to her aroſe only from her not having thought proper to approve his paſſion. This indeed was not ſtrictly true. But as ſhe was now reduced to the neceſſity of

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juſtifying herſelf; it was natural, that ſhe ſhould rather chuſe to do it at the expence of a perſon who was odious to her, than at her own. So far is certain, that ſhe thereby more than ſufficiently obtained her end. *Dionyſius* was ſeized with ſo violent a fit of jealouſy againſt his unworthy favourite,—the man, who was unworthy of the regard of a *Dionyſius*, was *Agathon!*—that *Cleoniſſa*, (who apprehended that a ſudden rupture might give occaſion to diſagreeable explanations) was obliged to exert all her influence to reſtrain him. She convinced him of the neceſſity of proceeding cautiouſly with a man, who was unfortunately the idol of the nation. *Dionyſius* felt the force of this remonſtrance, and his hatred for *Agathon* was the more confirmed by it. The Princeſſes likewiſe took a part in the affair, and cenſured our Hero very much, becauſe, inſtead of reſtraining the Prince from extravagances, he had taken ſuch a creature as *Bacchidion* with

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with ſo much zeal under his protection. No ſcruple was made of attributing this zeal to ſome ſecret motive; and *Philiſtus* under-hand produced a number of teſtimonies, explaining ſeveral circumſtances in the Prince's cloſet, which ſeemed to place the continence of our hero, and the fidelity of the fair *Bacchidion* in a doubtful light. This miniſter probably found the views of his maſter upon his virtuous lady ſo chaſte and innocent, that it would have been injurious and ridiculous to be jealous of the friendſhip he honoured her with. A daily increaſe of the royal favour juſtified and rewarded ſo noble a complaiſance. *Timocrates* found alſo an opportunity in theſe circumſtances, of regaining his former part of confidant; and both theſe ſtateſmen now joined with the triumphant *Cleoniſſa*, in haſtening our hero's diſgrace, while they loaded him with aſſurances of their friendſhip.

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In this and the foregoing chapter, we have seen a very memorable example, (and would to God these examples did not occur so often in real life!) how easy it is to give to the vicious character of a dark execrable soul the complexion of virtue. *Agathon* at this time experienced that it is not less easy to sully the purest virtue with odious colours. He had already experienced this at *Athens*; but, by the comparison he made between that disaster and the present, his Athenian opponents appeared to him as fair, when contrasted with the contemptible creatures by whom he was now sacrificed, as they had before appeared black, at a time when he knew none worse than themselves.—The vivacity of his present feelings it is probable did mislead his judgment in this respect; for to say the truth, the whole difference between republican and courtly dissimulation, seems to consist in this, that in republics men are obliged to assume the entire outward form

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form of virtuous manners; whereas on the contrary in courts, it is thought enough if they give a plauſible name to ſuch crimes, as are either ennobled by the example of the Prince, or are neceſſary for the accompliſhment of his views. In reality to hear a capering, flattering, cringing, fine-dreſt knave, deſcant on the duty he owes to his own honour, even at the time that he is conſcious he never had any, or in the inſtant that he is deliberating with himſelf how to get rid of what he had, is not more diſguſting than to ſee a formal, troubleſome, ſtarch knave, who under the maſque of temperance, moderation, and punctilious obſervance of all the external ceremonies of religion and morality, is a more implacable enemy to all thoſe who think differently from himſelf, or will not ſecond all his purpoſes, and makes not the ſmalleſt difficulty whenever his own intereſt is concerned, of employing all his credit to defeat a good deſign, or promote a bad

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one. Impartially conſidered, this is the more wicked man; he is more eſſentially a hypocrite; whereas the other is only a player, who does not deſire to be taken in reality for the character he aſſumes; well ſatisfied if his fellow comedians and the audience favour the deception, he never once thinks of being anxious, whether it be in earneſt or not.

Agathon had now ſufficient leiſure to make reflections of this kind; for his credit and influence was viſibly on the decline. Outwardly indeed every thing appeared the ſame as formerly. *Dionyſius* and the whole court careſſed him as much as ever, and *Cleoniſſa* ſeemed to hold it unworthy of her to give him any cauſe of mortification. But for this he was made to ſuffer the more by underhand, ſecret and indirect means. He could not but ſee, how by degrees, under a thouſand falſe and frivolous pretences his beſt ordinances were either repealed, as crude, ſuperfluous and prejudicial,

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dicial, or rendered uſeleſs by the publication of others.—How thoſe few among his adherents, who were poſſeſt of real merit, were removed.—How all his aims were miſinterpreted, his actions placed in an arbitrary, falſe light, and all his qualifications or ſervices made ridiculous. Even at the time they were extolling his talents and virtues, they treated him as if he could not lay claim to the leaſt degree of either. Indeed they ſtill preſerved out of political motives (as they are uſually ſtiled) the appearance of acting upon the ſame principles he had purſued in his adminiſtration; but in every event that occurred, the ſteps which were taken were directly contrary to thoſe that would have been taken by him; and in ſhort, vice reigned again with as deſpotic a ſway as ever.

THIS was the time to avail himſelf of the condition he had annexed to his agreement with *Dionyſius*, and to withdraw himſelf when he was certain, that he

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could be of no farther ſervice at that Prince's court. This was indeed the advice given him by the philoſopher *Ariſtippus*, the only one of his court friends who remained true to him. "You ſhould, ſaid he to him in a familiar conference upon the preſent ſtate of affairs, you ſhould either not have engaged with *Dionyſius*, or elſe, when you once had accepted of your office, you ought to have accommodated your moral ideas, or at leaſt your actions, to circumſtances. Upon this theatre of diſſimulation, deceit, intrigues, adulation and treachery, where virtues and obligations are complied with merely from mercenary views, and where every countenance is a maſk; in a word, at a court, there is no other rule but that of convenience, no other policy but that which endeavours to make every circumſtance coincide with our own deſigns. As to the reſt, it is perhaps a queſtion, whether you have done well to differ with *Dionyſius*, upon a point ſo trifling in itſelf.

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ſelf. In the eyes of a philoſopher, I confeſs *Bacchidion* the dancing girl is much more eſtimable than this majeſtic *Cleaniſſa*, who with all her metaphyſics and virtue, is neither more nor leſs than a falſe, imperious and vile woman. *Bacchidion* has done the ſtate no injury, and *Cleoniſſa* will do an infinite deal of miſchief."—"From this conſideration, interrupted *Agathon*, I have declared myſelf in favour of the former and againſt the latter"—"Yet it was eaſy to foreſee, that *Cleoniſſa* would triumph, ſaid *Ariſtippus*."—"But an honeſt man, *Ariſtippus*, does not ſide with the party that will conquer, but with that which is in the right, or is leaſt in the wrong."—"My dear *Agathon*, an honeſt man, who will live at court, muſt get rid of great part of his integrity, to make it conſiſtent with his prudence. Is it not a pity, that ſo much good as you have already done, ſo much more as you would hereafter have done, ſhould be thrown away, merely becauſe you would

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not understand a beautiful lady, who told you so plainly, that all the court (one single person excepted) understood it, that she absolutely—would be beloved? But still this crime might possibly have been forgiven, if you had but been complaisant enough to assist her in her designs upon *Dionysius*. If you even would not have condescended to this, yet where was the necessity of opposing her? What pernicious consequence would have followed, if you had remained neuter? The little *Bacchidion* would have danced no more, and *Cleoniſſa* would have had the honour of supplying her place, till the tyrant had been as much cloyed with her, as he has been with so many others. This is all that would have happened, and suppose that you would have been obliged to share the power with her, yet at least you would have preserved an equilibrium, and would still have had credit enough to do a great deal of good. If you had seemed to be upon good terms with

with her, your office, and your intimacy with the Prince, would have furnished you with a thousand opportunities of setting her aside insensibly, and in the best manner in the world, as soon as her favours had ceased to have the charms of novelty.—But I know you too well, *Agathon*; you are not fit for dissimulation, cunning, and court artifices; your heart is too noble, and if you will permit me to say it, your imagination too warm, to allow you ever to accustom yourself to that kind of prudence, without which it is impossible long to preserve the favour of the great. Indeed I know not any court that would deserve to have an *Agathon* to conduct it. I might have told you nearly as much as this before, when I joined in persuading you to engage yourself with *Dionysius*, but it was better you should be convinced of it by your own experience. Retire now before the storm which I see gathering shall break over your head. *Dionysius* deserves not

ſuch a friend as thou art. How much haſt thou deceived thyſelf, if thou haſt ever imagined, that he had an eſteem for thee! How is it poſſible, that abilities ſuch as his ſhould have carried him ſo far? Even at the time that he was moſt ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed in thy favour, he was attached to thee from no other principle, than that which excited his love to his monkeys and his parrots—becauſe you amuſed him. His favour might as readily have been beſtowed upon any other newly-arrived perſon, who had played upon the lute ſtill better than you did. No, *Agathon*, thou are not fitted to live with ſuch people; retire, thou haſt done enough for thy glory. The folly of a new adminiſtration will beſt juſtify the wiſdom of thine. Thy actions, thy virtues, and a whole nation who will wiſh for thy return, and cheriſh thy memory, will beſt protect thee againſt the calumnies and impertinent cenſures of a little court full of fools and infamous ſlaves, whoſe

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whose hatred does thee more honour than their approbation. Thou art in circumstances to be able to live with credit in an independent private situation: thy friends at *Tarentum* will receive thee with open arms. I repeat it, *Agathon*, leave a Prince who is fit for his slaves, and whose slaves deserve such a Prince; and only consider how you shall enjoy life, after having made the experiment, how difficult, how dangerous, and in general how fruitless it is, to labour for the happiness of others."

THUS spoke *Aristippus*, and *Agathon* would have done well to follow such good advice: but how is it possible, that the person himself who performs a capital part in any piece, should judge of it with as much calmness as a mere spectator? *Agathon* beheld these matters in a very different point of view. He considered himself as a man who had engaged in an undertaking to promote the welfare of *Sicily*. Why did I come to *Syracuse*?—

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ſaid he to himſelf,—and with what views did I accept of the office of a friend and counſellor to this tyrant? Did I this, to be either a ſlave to his paſſions, or an agent of tyranny?—Or had I a great and upright deſign?—Should I ever have engaged with him, if he had not given me hopes, that virtue would at length prevail over his vices?—He hath deceived me, and the experience I have of his diſpoſition, convinceth me that he is incorrigible. But, will it be noble in me to abandon a people, whoſe welfare was the end of my endeavours; a people, who conſider me as their benefactor, as a prey to the caprice of this effeminate man, and to the rapaciouſneſs of his flatterers and ſlaves?—What obligations have I to him, which his ungrateful, baſe behaviour to me has not cancelled, and annulled?—Or if I ſtill have obligations to him, are not thoſe infinitely more ſacred, which connect me to a country, that by my choice, and by the ſervices I have

have done it, is become my second native land?—Who then is this *Dionysius*? What right hath he to the supreme power he arrogates to himself? Whom besides *Agathon* hath he to thank for that single right, he can with any plausibility alledge? How long from a tyrant abhorred by all the world, has he commenced a king? Is it not from the time that I have conciliated the affections of the people to him by an equitable and beneficent administration? He threw the burden of the state upon me; he concealed his vices by means of my virtues; he appropriated my merits to himself, and enjoyed the fruits of them: ungrateful man!—And now, when he thinks himself sufficiently established to do without me, he abandons himself again to his own disposition, and sets out with annulling all the good I have done in his name; just as if he were ashamed of having deviated for a time from his character, and as if he could not be too much in haste

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to inform the whole world, that it has been *Agathon*, not *Dionysius*, who has discovered to the Sicilians a dawn of better days, and given them hopes of recovering from the mal-treatment of a succession of wicked governors. What shall I then be if I should quit them in circumstances which require my assistance more than ever?—No,—*Dionysius* has given proofs enough of his being incorrigible, and by perseverance in his vices, will be confirmed in the ridiculous imagination, that respect is due to him. It is time to put an end to the farce, and shew this little theatrical king the office he is fitted for by his personal qualifications.

Our readers will see from this specimen of *Agathon*'s soliloquy, that he was still far from having subdued that enthusiastic turn of mind which hath hitherto been the source of all his failings, as well as of his greatest actions. We have no reason to doubt of the sincerity of this monologue; his soul was used to deal sincerely.

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ſincerely with itſelf. We may therefore conclude, that he thought himſelf obliged to take the reſolution of exciting a revolt againſt *Dionyſius*, by motives altogether as virtuous as thoſe, which, fifteen years after, encouraged one of the moſt generous men that ever exiſted, *Timoleon* of *Corinth*, to undertake the reſtoration of *Sicily* to freedom. But it is not therefore the leſs certain, that a quick ſenſe of the perſonal injuſtice that was done to him, reſentment againſt the tyrant's ingratitude, and chagrin at ſeeing himſelf ſacrificed to the deſpicable intrigues of a coquet, had a great influence over his preſent turn of thinking, and did not a little contribute to kindle that heroic fire which burned in his ſoul. In fact, he had no other obligations towards the Sicilians than ſuch as aroſe from his agreement with *Dionyſius*, and which by this very agreement itſelf, were diſſolved ſo ſoon as his ſervices ſhould no longer be agreeable to the King... *Syracuſe* was not his

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his native country. *Dionysius* had acquired a kind of right by the tacit consent to the succession, in virtue of which he had ascended the throne of his father. *Agathon* himself would not have entered into his service if he had not considered him as a legitimate Prince. The same motives which had then induced him to prefer a monarchy to a republic, and hitherto to oppose the views of *Dion*, prevailed now in their full force. It was very uncertain whether a revolt against *Dionysius* would really put the Sicilians in a better situation, or give them another, and perhaps still a worse master, since they had given so many proofs of their being unable to bear freedom. *Dionysius* had power enough to make the deposition of him a difficult matter, and the pernicious effects of a civil war were the only certain consequences which could be foreseen from so doubtful an enterprise. — All these considerations would have had no small weight in the scale of

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a cool and impartial deliberation, and would probably have counterpoiſed the oppoſite motives. But *Agathon* was neither cool nor impartial,—he was a man; his vanity was injured in the tendereſt part. The paſſion into which he was thrown by this, gave a new colouring to all the objects that were before him. *Dionyſius* whoſe vices he had at firſt conſidered with friendly eyes as infirmities, now appeared to him in the deteſtable light of a tyrant. The more favourably he before thought of *Philiſtus*, the greater averſion had he now for his character, ſince he had once found him falſe and mean; there was nothing ſo infamous, nothing ſo ſhameleſs, that he would not have imputed to ſuch a man. The chagrin he felt at ſeeing the alluring images he had repreſented to himſelf of the happineſs of the Sicilians under his adminiſtration, now entirely gave them a new power over his imagination. He could not bear that men who were his adverſaries

ſaries only becauſe they were enemies to all that was good, enemies to virtue and the public welfare, ſhould obtain ſuch a triumph. He conſidered it as a general duty to oppoſe the deſigns of the wicked, and the poſt he had maintained nearly for the ſpace of two years in *Sicily*, made it clear (as he thought) that he was called to a particular exertion of this duty in the preſent inſtance. Theſe conſiderations, beſides their own proper force had alſo his imagination in their favour, and therefore muſt neceſſarily overcome all that prudence could ſuggeſt againſt them.

As ſoon as *Agathon* had reſolved upon his plan, he laboured to carry it into execution.—*Dion*, who was then at *Athens*, had a conſiderable party in *Sicily*, by means of which he had hitherto exerted every poſſible effort to obtain his recall from the Prince. He had made particular applications to *Agathon* for this purpoſe, as ſoon as he was informed of his credit

credit with *Dionyſius*. But *Agathon* at that time had not ſo favourable an opinion of *Dion*'s character, as the academy at *Athens*; a virtue mixed with pride, inflexibility, and auſterity, appeared to him, if not ſuſpicious, at leaſt not very amiable; he apprehended with reaſon, that the diſpoſition of this Prince would never ſuffer him to be quiet; and that notwithſtanding his republican principles, he would be as impatient of ſharing the ſupreme authority in the ſtate with any perſon, as of living in it without authority. Inſtead therefore of aſſiſting in his being recalled by *Dionyſius*, he had given full ſcope to that extreme averſion he had before ſhewed for him, and by this behaviour had drawn upon himſelf ſome diſpleaſure from *Dion's* friends, who were as much offended, that he had not done any thing in favour of this Prince, as if he had acted againſt him. But ſince his own experience had confirmed every idea that the enemies of

Dionyſius

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Dionyſius could entertain of him, his ſentiments of *Dion* were totally changed; this Prince who undoubtedly had great qualities, now appeared to him as an upright man, in whom the tireſome proſpect of public miſery, under an infamous government, and the ever fruitleſs endeavours of ſtriving againſt the torrent of corruption, had excited a juſt and laſting diſcontent, which notwithſtanding it had the appearance of ſplenetic melancholy, was in reality the reſult of the nobleſt love of humanity. He therefore reſolved to join with him; he diſcloſed himſelf to *Dion*'s friends, and they, rejoiced at the approbation of a man, who by his talents and his favour with the people was capable of gaining the upper-hand for their party, diſcovered to him in return the whole diſpoſition of *Dion*'s affairs, the number of his friends, and the ſecret preparations, which in expectation of ſome favourable incident, had already been made for his return into *Sicily:*

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cily: And thus *Agathon* in a ſhort time from being the friend and prime miniſter of *Dionyſius*, became the chief of a conſpiracy againſt him, in which all thoſe perſons joined, who from more noble or more intereſted motives were diſſatisfied with the preſent mode of government. *Agathon* traced out a plan for the conduct of the whole affair; and this occaſioned a ſecret epiſtolary correſpondence with *Dion*, by which the favourable opinion they began to entertain of each other, was ſtill more confirmed. The court, ſunk in pleaſure and voluptuous ſecurity, favoured the progreſs of the conſpiracy by a negligence which had ſo little the appearance of being natural, that the conſpirators were alarmed at it. They redoubled their vigilance, and, (what is moſtly a matter of ſurprize, though very common in enterprizes of this kind) notwithſtanding the great number of thoſe who were in the ſecret, every thing remained ſo quiet, that from outward appearances,

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pearances no man would have been led into any ſuſpicion; if on the one hand, the improbability that *Agathon* ſhould conſider his diſgrace with ſo much indifference as he ſeemed to do; and if on the other, the information received of *Dion*'s preparations which were not kept very private, had not at length excited the attention of *Philiſtus*, who was naturally miſtruſtful. From this inſtant *Agathon*, and all thoſe who were known to be *Dion*'s friends, were narrowly watched by a thouſand inviſible eyes? At length *Philiſtus* had the good fortune to ſeize a ſlave, who came from *Athens* with letters to *Agathon*. From theſe letters, which diſcloſed the reaſons, why *Dion* had not been able to effect his intended landing in *Sicily*, ſo ſoon as it had been agreed upon between them, it appeared very evidently that *Agathon* and the reſt of *Dion*'s friends were concerned in his ſpontaneous return from exile; but nothing was contained therein which intimated any

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any deſign againſt the preſent govern-ment, except a few indeterminate expreſ-ſions which might appear to conceal ſome myſterious tranſaction. We may eaſily conceive the alarm this diſcovery raiſed in the tyrant's cloſet. It could not but be felt that there was reaſon enough to apprehend the worſt; and therefore *Philiſtus* held it moſt adviſeable to treat the matter as a ſecret of ſtate. *Agathon* was taken into cuſtody on pretence of ſeveral offenſes againſt government, though nothing preciſe was told to the public, and the true reaſon was moſt induſtriouſly concealed. It was thought better to embarraſs *Dion*'s friends (which from panic were repreſented more numerous than they really were) than to drive them to deſpair; and thus while the party was watched with the greateſt caution, time was gained, and the ſtate put in a proper ſituation to reſiſt any ſudden attack of the enemy.

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WE are already accuſtomed to ſee our Hero greater in adverſe fortune than in any other ſituation. Prepared againſt the worſt he could expect from his enemies, he reſolved not to afford them the triumph of ſeeing *Agathon* ſubmit to any thing that was unworthy of him. He abſolutely refuſed to give any anſwer to *Philiſtus* and *Timocrates*, who were appointed to inquire into the crimes that were laid to his charge. He deſired to be heard by the Prince himſelf, and appealed for this to the conditions that had been ſettled between them. But *Dionyſius* had not the courage to ſupport a ſecret conference with his former favourite. Attempts were made to ſhake his firmneſs by harſh treatment and menaces; and the beautiful *Cleoniſſa* would have given her voice for the ſevereſt ſentence, if the tyrant's timidity, and the prudence of his miniſters could have been prevailed upon to follow her ſuggeſtions. She was therefore obliged to be ſatisfied with

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with the hope that was given her, that as ſoon as *Dion* was diſpatched one way or other, *Agathon* ſhould be made a public ſacrifice to her vindictive virtue.

In the mean while *Agathon's* friends were under the greater apprehenſions for him, as they were ſufficiently acquainted with the malice of his enemies, to be aſſured that they would exert their utmoſt efforts to prejudice the tyrant againſt him, and knew that the Prince was weak enough to ſuffer himſelf to be led by them: for voluptuous Princes are oftentimes cruel againſt their natural inclinations, from their inability to reſiſt the importunities of their favourites. *Agathon's* friends, therefore, ſecretly employed all the means they could, without exciting a ſedition, the conſequence of which would have been too uncertain, to promote his delivery. *Dion*, upon this occaſion, gave a proof of his magnanimity, for he wrote a friendly letter to *Dionyſius*, in which he engaged to diſ-

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miſs his troops, and wait for his recall as a favour depending merely on the good will of his Prince, upon condition that *Agathon* ſhould be ſet at liberty, whoſe only crime was that he had intereſted himſelf for his return into his native country. However noble this proceeding was, and however eaſily a reconciliation between *Dionyſius* and *Dion* might have been effected by it, yet would it have been of very little ſervice to *Agathon*, if his Italian friends had not haſtened to lay before the tyrant motives of a more urgent nature. But at this very time, ambaſſadors arrived from *Tarentum*, in the name of *Archytas*, whoſe influence was all ſufficient in that republic, who were commiſſioned to procure the deliverance of his friend, and in caſe of neceſſity to declare, that this republic would be obliged to ſupport *Dion's* party with all her force, if *Dionyſius* ſhould heſitate any longer to do complete juſtice to this Prince as well as to *Agathon*. *Dionyſius*

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sius knew the character of *Archytas* too well, to have any doubts of the seriousness of this menace. He therefore hoped to extricate himself in the best manner out of this business, if besides giving assurances that he was not averse to a reconciliation with his brother-in-law, he acquiesced in the enlargement of *Agathon*. But our Hero declared that he would neither accept of his deliverance as a favour from *Dionysius*, nor be indebted for it to the intercession of his friend. He demanded that the crimes for which he had been taken into custody, should be publicly declared and inquired into, in the presence of *Dionysius*, the ambassadors from *Tarentum*, and the chief persons of *Syracuse*; and that his defence should be heard, and his sentence pronounced according to the laws: conscious as he was that except his recent connections with *Dion*, which it was easy to justify, his most malicious enemies could not alledge any thing against him,

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with any appearance of truth, he was in the right to urge ſo ſolemn an inquiry. But this was what *Cleoniſſa*, *Philiſtus*, and the tyrant himſelf, who was very much embarraſſed in this buſineſs, could not admit of; and as the Tarentines would not ſuffer him to protract the affair, *Dionyſius* was at laſt obliged to declare publicly, that a ſtrong ſuſpicion of *Agathon's* being involved in a conſpiracy againſt him, had been the only cauſe of his impriſonment; and that he would not delay an inſtant ſetting him at liberty, as ſoon as he ſhould have cleared himſelf from this ſuſpicion, by a ſolemn promiſe, guaranteed by the Tarentines, that he would not hereafter undertake any thing againſt the ſtate. The readineſs with which the Tarentine ambaſſadors conſented to this propoſal, ſhewed, that *Agathon's* delivery was owen entirely to *Archytas*; and we ſhall perhaps diſcover in the ſequel, why this chief of a republic, not immediately involved

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volved in the affair, ſhould have undertaken this point with ſuch extraordinary zeal. But *Agathon*, who would not owe his freedom to any ignominious ſtep, could not for a long time be perſuaded to make a declaration, which might be conſidered as a kind of confeſſion, that he deſerted the party he had been connected with. But this delicacy, which in reſpect to his circumſtances was in fact too refined, muſt at length give way to the more important conſideration, that by refuſal of a compoſition apparently ſo equitable, he would expoſe himſelf to danger, without gaining any advantage for his party; for *Dionyſius* would much rather let him depart quietly, than conſent that he ſhould acquire his freedom by ſo many freſh allurements to revenge, inſpire *Dion's* faction by this means with new life, and then join himſelf with this Prince for his deſtruction. The charming picture the Tarentines drew of the happy life he would enjoy

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in the tranquil bosom of their native country, and in the company of his friends, completed the effect which the violent state of disquietude, cares and impetuous passions, he had lived in for some time past, must necessarily have upon such a mind as his; it inspired him at the same time with that total abhorrence of public life, which he had conceived after his banishment from *Athens*, and restored to him that entire propensity to the contemplative life which h had entertained at *Delphos*. He therefore condescended at length to take a step which by *Dion's* friends would be imputed to him as a pusillanimous desertion of the good cause, but which in fact was the only step he could reasonably take in his present situation. How many disagreeable hours would he have saved himself, and how much anxiety and trouble would he have spared his friends, if he had followed the advice of the sage *Aristippus* two months sooner.

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It is a moſt certain proof of the virtue of a prime miniſter, though not often to be met with, if he retires poorer, or at leaſt not richer than he was when he firſt entered on the theatre of public life. The character of an *Epaminondas*, a *Walſingham*, a *More*, and a *Teſſin*, has indeed at all times been rare; but, if any thing can force the moſt obſtinate opponents of virtue, even a *Hippias* himſelf, into a confeſſion of it's reality, and an unwilling acknowledgment of it's divinity, it certainly is the example of ſuch men. Heaven forbid, that I ſhould ever think men like *Hippias* worthy of any other refutation! Let them go to *Acker*, and when they have beheld that ſingle object under heaven, on which (to uſe the expreſſion of an antient ſage) even the Deity looks down with pleaſure, when they have ſeen that venerable old man, who there contented with the noble and envied poverty of a *Fabricius* and a *Cincinnatus*, yet too virtuous to be proud

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of it, enjoys the only reward of a long and glorious life, devoted to God, to his King, and to his country, in the ſilent conſciouſneſs of his own goodneſs, and (as often as he looks on his *Telemachus*) in the hope, of not having entirely laboured in vain—who forgotten, and, perhaps, even perſecuted by an ungrateful age, quietly wraps himſelf up in his virtue, and in his perſuaſion of a better immortality—if they have ſeen this truly great man, and if the ſight of him does not effect what all the diſcourſes of *Plato* and *Seneca* have been incapable of producing—then—let them think as they will, and act as they pleaſe with impunity; they deſerve not to be refuted, becauſe they are incorrigible—And thou, glorious and amiable old man, accept this, however periſhable monument, from one, whoſe pen has never been proſtituted to venal or intereſted commendations of the great of this world—I have no reward, no advantages to expect from thee

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thee—thou wilt never read this—my deſign is pure as thy virtue—accept this feeble teſtimony of ſincere eſteem from one, who ſees little worthy of eſteem under the ſun—accept this and his gratitude for thoſe ſilent tears of tranſport, which (at an age when he was yet ſuſceptible of that pureſt delight of humanity) the peruſal of thy virtue-breathing letters drew from his eyes—theſe ſentiments alone have influenced him on this occaſion—he could not reſolve to lay a conſtraint upon his heart—Let no man who ſhall read his book, expect an excuſe for this digreſſion.

AGATHON involved in cares for the welfare of *Sicily*, and engaged in efforts to promote the happineſs of others, had ſo entirely forgot himſelf, that he would have quitted *Syracuſe* no richer than he was at his departure from *Delphos*, or when he was baniſhed from *Athens*, if luckily, ſoon after his elevation to a dignity, which gave him no ſmall credit in

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all the states of *Greece*, a part of his paternal estate had not fallen to him. The Athenians were then in need of an alliance with *Dionysius*, on account of some commercial views, and thought proper, before they had recourse to *Agathon's* mediation, to present him by their ambassadors with a decree, in virtue of which his sentence of banishment was not only repealed, but also the judgment by which he had formerly been deprived of his paternal estate, was reversed, and the unlawful possessors of it condemned to restore the whole immediately to him. *Agathon* generously accepted only the half, which was not indeed enough to supply the wants of an *Alcibiades* or a *Hippias*; but still it was more than even a philosopher of the sect of *Aristippus* would have required, to enable him to live with independance, convenience and ease; and this was enough for *Agathon*.

OUR Hero staid no longer at *Syracuse*, after he had recovered his freedom, than was

was neceſſary to ſee and thank his friends. *Dionyſius*, who (we know very well) had the ambition of doing every thing in a handſome manner, deſired that he might take leave of him in preſence of his whole court. He loaded him, on this occaſion, with commendations and careſſes, and thought that he played the part of a refined ſtateſman, in pretending that he conſented reluctantly to his diſmiſſion, and that they parted with each other upon the moſt friendly terms. *Agathon* had the complaiſance to aſſiſt in acting this laſt ſcene of the comedy; and thus accompanied by the ambaſſadors of *Tarentum*, criticized by every one, cenſured by many, and known by few, even among thoſe who thought moſt favourably of him, but regretted, and his return frequently wiſhed by all good men, our Hero departed from a city and from a country, where he had enjoyed the ſatisfaction of leaving ſeveral monuments of his glorious adminiſtration behind him;

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and from which he carried nothing away with him, beſides a ſeries of experience, which confirmed him in the reſolution — Never again to expoſe himſelf to any thing of the ſame kind.

CHAP. IV.

Information to the Reader.

THANKS to the Gods (exclaims here the author of the Greek manuſcript, as a man whoſe heart is ſuddenly relieved) thanks to the Gods, that we have brought our Hero out of the moſt dangerous of all infamous places, into which an honeſt man can be ſeduced, unſullied, and what is almoſt incredible, with all his virtue! He is much indebted to good fortune, continues the manuſcript; but—by dog (the great oath of the ſage *Socrates*) what buſineſs had he too with a court? He, who was ſenſible that

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that he was neither intended for a ſlave, nor a flatterer, nor a buffoon, what had he to do at the court of a *Dionyſius?* What an idea—and is it poſſible that ſuch an idea could enter into the brain of a wiſe man?—to make a vicious Prince virtuous!—Or what honeſt man, who feels a fund of ſound reaſon and benevolence within himſelf, ever thought of going to a court, with an intention of exerting either the one or the other?—We muſt own, the enthuſiaſm—of a *Lycurgus*, who from a monarch became a private citizen, in order to make his country more happy, is a moſt noble thing:—or that of a *Leonidas*, who with three hundred men of equal reſolution, devoted himſelf to death, in order to diſcourage as many myriads of Barbarians from fighting with the Greeks. However great, however excellent are theſe exploits, yet are they poſſible to human nature; and thoſe who undertake them, may flatter themſelves, that they will accompliſh

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pliſh their deſigns. But no one ſurely has ever heard of a man, or a Hero, the ſon of any Goddeſs, or of any God, or even a God himſelf, having effected what *Agathon* undertook, when, with a lute in his hand, he engaged to become the *Mentor* of a *Dionyſius*.

AFTER this humourous introduction, with which our author begins the chapter, there follows a long, and as it appears, rather a ſplenetic declamation againſt that claſs of mortals, who are ſtiled men of faſhion; with various digreſſions on their miſtreſſes—on their hounds—and the reaſon why it is dangerous for a prime miniſter to have too much genius, too much diſintereſtedneſs, and too much attachment to his maſter,—ſo far as we can perceive, this is one of the moſt remarkable, and moſt ſingular chapters in the whole work. But unfortunately the manuſcript is in this place partly deſtroyed by rats, and partly ſo much injured by damps, that it would be:

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be more eaſy to make out ſomething properly connected from the papers of the *Cumæan Sibyl*, than from thoſe fragments of words, ſentences and periods, which ſtill remain. We confeſs ourſelves ſo much affected at this loſs, that we had rather have been deprived of thoſe ingenious ſupplements to *Petronius*, which Mr. *Naudot* has deviſed, or of all the works of the worthy Father ***. This loſs, however, with reſpect to the elogium of people of faſhion is the more ſupportable, as we find in Mr. *Helvetius*'s book, all that can be ſaid upon the extenſive penetration, the magnanimity, the noble ſentiments, and the fine taſte, which uſually diſtinguiſh men of faſhion from other common mortals; a book, be it ſaid, without prejudice or offenſe to any one, which, according to the diſpoſition of the reader, is either the beſt or the worſt book that has appeared in our century. It has a ſimilar digreſſion on miſtreſſes and hounds; on which ſubjects the reader

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who is inclined, may find more than ſufficient information in the Earl of *Hamilton*'s additions to the amorous hiſtory of the court of *Charles* the Second, King of *England*; and in the wonderful writings of a certain more modern ſtateſman, whom, out of tenderneſs for his modeſty we ſhall avoid naming. But the loſs of the third digreſſion we moſt heartily lament, becauſe as we have been aſſured by one of the greateſt connoiſſeurs in *Europe*, there is not at preſent any book in the world in which this intereſting and rather intricate ſubject has been properly developed and thoroughly diſcuſſed. Unfortunately the chapter is moſt defective in this place. We may however conclude from a few words, which appear to belong to the end of this digreſſion, that the author has aſſigned nine and thirty cauſes; and we muſt own our curioſity was excited to know what theſe nine and thirty cauſes were.

CHAP.

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CHAP. V.

Moral Situation of our Hero.

THE writer of the old manuſcript, from which we own that we have taken the greateſt part of this hiſtory, triumphs, as it has been ſeen, on account of his having brought his hero away from a court with all his virtue untainted. This would certainly be ſomething approaching to a miracle, if it really had been effected; but we apprehend he has ſaid more, than ſtrictly ſpeaking he was capable of proving. If there are not ſome kinds of moral amulets, which counteract the infectious nature of a court air, in the ſame manner as the *Belemnites* are an antidote to poiſon, it ſeems rather incomprehenſible to us that the tumnlt of an active life, the noxious vapours of flattery, which a favourite, willingly or unwillingly, inceſſantly inhales,—the neceſ-

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ſity of relaxing a little from the claims of wiſdom and virtue, in order not to loſe all;—and what is ſtill worſe than all this, the innumerable diſſipations by which the ſoul is hurried from itſelf, and in attending to a number of leſſer objects ruſhing impetuouſly by, forgets to attend to it's own ſituation,—it is inconceivable, I ſay, that all theſe circumſtances ſhould not have had ſome pernicious influence on the character of his ſoul and his heart. We muſt however confeſs, that the ſame thing happened to him on this occaſion, that we ſee by daily experience uſually happens to all other men. He was as little aware of this gradual, though not leſs certain influence, and the changes which it imperceptibly wrought in his ſoul; as a man in full health is ſenſible of the ſecret and inſinuating diſorders which the inſtability of the weather, trifling irregularities in living, the heterogeneous nature of his food, the ſlow working poiſon of the paſſions, hourly

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occaſion in the animal machine. The changes which take place in our internal diſpoſition muſt be conſiderable, in order to be noticed; and we commonly do not begin to perceive them clearly till we find it neceſſary to heſitate, and aſk ourſelves, whether we are ſtill the ſame perſons we were. It was probably on this account, that *Agathon*, without the leaſt miſtruſt of himſelf, aſcribed the progreſs which the revolution in his ſoul already begun at *Smyrna*, had made during his ſtay at *Syracuſe*, entirely to the new or confirmed experience, he had ſo many opportunities of acquiring in this wide extenſive ſphere.

It is indiſputably one of the greateſt advantages, if not the only one, which a thinking man can acquire from living in the great world, if he is ever ſo happy as to retire from it,—that he has learnt to know that part of mankind. It is true there are as many ſtrong objections to this method of gaining a knowledge of man-

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mankind, as to that of acquiring it from hiſtory, from the writings of the poets, moraliſts, ſatyriſts, and romance writers,—or to any other method. But on the other hand it muſt be allowed, that it is at leaſt full as certain a method as any; and even that it is more ſo, if the perſon who purſues it is endowed with all the qualifications neceſſary for an obſerver. Nothing however can be more ridiculous than a coxcomb, who flatters himſelf that he has acquired a perfect knowledge of the world, and of mankind, after he has carried his figure about ten or fifteen years through all countries and courts, conquered ſome dozen of equivocal virtues, and collected as many inſipid ſtories, or ſuſpicious additions to the ſcandalous chronicle of every place he has paſſed through, with the aſſiſtance of which he can make the company laugh or yawn for two or three days.—Nothing can be more ridiculous than to ſee ſuch a one caſting his eye aſkance with

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a ſtupid ſmile of contempt upon a man, who after a deep conſideration of human nature for many years, occaſionally judges of characters and manners, without having ſeen the ſeven towers, or been preſent at the marriage of the Doge of *Venice* with the Adriatic ſea. We know not exactly what number there may be of ſuch men of the world as belong to this claſs. This, however, appears evident, that a man of genius and enlightened underſtanding, for empiriciſm alone is here as inſufficient, as in all other practical ſciences, acquires by living in the great world, (ſo far as we take this word in its true ſenſe) by the connection he muſt have in any conſiderable city with all kinds of ranks and characters;—by the frequent opportunities he has of ſeeing the perſons he obſerves, in all manner of circumſtances, both with and without the maſk, of putting them to all kinds of trials;—and of diſcovering their ruling inclinations and ſecret motives, as well

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by the uſe which others make of them, as by that which they endeavour to make of others;—it is evident, I ſay, that ſuch a man with ſuch advantages, acquires a more immediate, more extenſive, and more juſt knowledge of men, than others who owe their theory only to hiſtorians, metaphyſicians and moraliſts, three very uncertain kinds of teachers;—or who have made their obſervations merely on the microcoſm of their own ſelves.

It has already been remarked above, that *Agathon* at his appearance upon the ſtage, which he has now quitted again, had long ceaſed to think ſo ſublimely and abſtractedly of human nature, as at *Delphos*. It makes a conſiderable difference, whether a man lives among the ſtatues of gods and heroes, or amongſt men. But when he had enriched the obſervations he had already collected at *Athens* and *Smyrna*, by a nearer acquaintance with the great, and with courtiers, his opinion of the native beauty and dignity of

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of human nature, ſank gradually ſo low, that he was ſometimes tempted contrary to the dictates of his heart, (which he thought might as well be the perſuaſions of ſelf-love and prejudice) to believe that all the elevated and noble things which the divine *Plato* had ſpoken or written about it, were anecdotes from another world. Imperceptibly the ideas which *Hippias* had given him of it, no more appeared ſo ſhocking, as when he placed himſelf in the garden of this voluptuous philoſopher by moonlight, and meditated on the ſtate of incorporeal ſpirits. At length this was carried ſo far, that theſe notions ſeemed to him ſufficiently probable, to enable him to conceive how perſons, who found in their own hearts nothing that could give them a higher opinion of their nature, might be induced, by a long connection with the world, to perſuade themſelves entirely of the truth of them.

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It was possible for *Agathon* to go as far as this, without transgressing the bounds of that wise moderation, which ought always to make us slow and reserved in our decisions upon this important point, and all that relates to it. But at times, when he saw his finest expectations disappointed by the folly or wickedness of those with whom he was obliged to live, his chagrin threw a more than common gloom over his soul, and he went still a step farther. No, said he then to himself, men are not what I took them for, when I judged of them by myself, and of myself by the youthful feelings of a sensible heart, and by an innocence not yet put to the trial. My experience justifies the worst that *Hippias* said of them; and if they are no better, what reason have I to perplex myself, because they will not be influenced by principles, which have no kind of relation to their nature? Mine was the fault, who wanted to carve a *Mercury* out of a knotted fig-tree.

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tree. Did he not apprize me, that I had nothing else to expect, if I meant to regulate the plan of my life according to my ideas? His prediction could not have been more exactly fulfilled.—Had I followed his principles, had I first at *Athens*, or afterwards here at *Syracuse*, conducted myself as *Hippias* would have done in my situation,—I should then have accomplished my designs; then should I have been happy,—and Heaven knows, whether the Sicilians would have suffered from it. This is now the second time, that *Philistus*, a true follower of the system of my Sophist, though he might not be able to make it appear so well connected or so plausible, has obtained the victory over wisdom and virtue.—What need have I of farther experience, to know, that he will as certainly triumph over another *Plato*, and over another *Agathon*?—How much did I relax from my principles, how much did I demean myself, when I saw the impossibi-

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lity of raiſing thoſe I was concerned with to a level with myſelf? What did this avail me?—I could not prevail upon myſelf to act in a baſe and mean manner, to become a flatterer, a pimp, a traitor to the real intereſts of the Prince and the nation,—and thus I loſt at once the favour of the Prince, and the only reward I required for my ſervices, the advantages which the country began to enjoy from my adminiſtration, becauſe I could not conſent to conſider every thing that was uſeful, as equitable and proper.—O! certainly *Hippias*, thy ideas and maxims, thy morals, thy politics are founded upon the experience of all ages. When have men ever been otherwiſe? When have they ever eſteemed virtue, but when they were in need of her aſſiſtance; and when has virtue not been odious to them, as ſoon as ſhe came in competition with their paſſions?

THESE reflections brought our Hero to the very brink of the deep abyſs, which

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which lies between the ſyſtem of virtue, and that of *Hippias*; but the firſt trembling look he caſt upon it, was ſufficient to make him retreat with horror. The notions of the eſſential difference between juſtice and injuſtice, and the ideas of moral beauty, had taken too deep a root in his heart, were too cloſe interwoven and grown together with the tendereſt fibres of it, to be extirpated by a cauſe entirely accidental, however powerfully it might work upon his imagination, or upon his paſſions. Virtue wanted no other advocate with him, but his own heart. At the very ſame inſtant that a too well founded miſanthropy had repreſented mankind to him in a contemptible light, and, perhaps, as ſome mirrors do, much more odious than they really are, he felt with the moſt perfect certainty, that for the crown of the Perſian monarch himſelf, he would neither have been *Hippias* nor *Philiſtus*. He felt, that if he ſhould again be placed in the ſame

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circumſtances, he ſhould act juſt as he had acted before, without being alarmed at any conſequences that might enſue.

On the contrary, it could not be otherwiſe, but that theſe reflections, which he had entirely given way to, ſince his diſgrace, and particularly during his impriſonment, muſt entirely deſtroy the remains of that moral enthuſiaſm, with which we ſaw him fired when he fled from *Smyrna*. The thought of being employed for the happineſs of mankind, for the univerſal good of the whole race, loſes its powerful attraction, as ſoon as we think meanly of that race. The greatneſs of this enterprize is the very thing that makes it attractive,—and this naturally contracts itſelf, when we repreſent mankind to ourſelves as a herd of creatures, the greateſt part of whom confine their whole felicity, the only aim of all their endeavours, to the gratification of their corporeal wants, and are fooliſh enough, by a mean ſubmiſſion to a ſmall number

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number of the worſt among their own ſpecies, to put themſelves almoſt always in ſuch a ſituation, that they can acquire this mere animal felicity but ſeldom or for a ſhort time, and even then only by importunity or artifice. Every animal ſeeks its own food,—digs itſelf a hole, or builds itſelf a neſt,—propagates itſelf,—ſleeps,—and dies. What do the greateſt part of mankind more than this? The employment which diſtinguiſhes them moſt from other animals, is the care of cloathing themſelves, and this, indeed, is the chief buſineſs of many millions: and muſt I (ſaid *Agathon* to himſelf in one of his worſt humours) muſt I ſacrifice my tranquillity, my pleaſures, my faculties, my exiſtence to the care, that a particular herd of theſe noble creatures ſhould eat more delicately, dwell more ſumptuouſly, propagate themſelves more frequently, cloath themſelves more richly, ſleep more ſoftly than they did before, or than others of their ſpecies do?—

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Is not this all they want? And do they employ me for these purposes? What inducement have I to do them these services? Is there a single person amongst them, who in all his undertakings, has any nobler design than his own satisfaction? Do I owe them any esteem or gratitude, because they work to supply my wants, or to minister to my pleasures? I am indeed bound to pay them for it, this is all they want, and all they can require of me.

HEAVENS!—so methinks I hear some affecting voices exclaim—is it possible? Could *Agathon* think so? So meanly, so ignobly—so coldly, my fair ladies, so coldly! And you will agree with me, that during a confinement of two or three months, which a man has drawn upon himself by great and noble sentiments alone, he had occasion enough to cool a little the heat of a generous enthusiasm.—But what will now become of our Hero's virtue?—What is virtue without

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without that charming fire, without that ſublime inſpiration, which raiſes man above the reſt of his ſpecies, and elevates him even above himſelf, to the dignity of an univerſal benefactor, a guardian angel, an inferior divinity?—We allow it, virtue without this ethereal flame, is a thing of little value, of little ſplendor—"And how deplorable is it, to ſee our Hero's virtue ſubdued, when it ſhould ſhew itſelf in its greateſt vigour!—What!—yield, becauſe it meets with oppoſition?—Forſake the good cauſe, becauſe we doubt, and, perhaps, without reaſon, the happy ſucceſs of it? What elſe then is real virtue, but a perpetual conteſt with the paſſions, follies and vices—within and without us?"—Excellent!—and in *Bunyan's* Progreſs ſo well diſcuſſed, Gentlemen, that there is no need of our ſaying more upon the ſubject here.

IT is to be lamented, that our Hero had not ſupported his part better—But

to all appearances he never was a Hero,—and we have been to blame in appropriating so honourable a name to him.—"Not quite so; he set out excellently well; he was a Hero, at the time that he tore himself from the urgent caresses of the seducing Priestess."—That might have been owen to the bashful and shy innocence of beardless youth; and was he not then in love with the beautiful *Psyche*?—"He deserved still the name of a Hero, when he had the courage to undertake the defense of a forsaken innocent man against a powerful party?" You might have done as much from ambitious motives,—or from an aversion to one of the enemies of the person you meant to protect,—or from some secret designs upon his wife,—or because you might have received forty thousand livres out of his chest?—And if you had been actuated by any of these motives, you would not have done an heroic action. That *Agathon* then had acted from noble senti-

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ments, we know—from himself; and we have reason to give him credit for it—but he might have flattered himself with the greatest probability of brilliant success, and what a triumph was that for the ambition of a youth of twenty years of age? — "However, he certainly shewed himself a Hero, when with calmness and intrepidity he submitted to the unjust decree of banishment pronounced against him by the Athenians, and would rather suffer the utmost, than owe his enlargement to any meanness."—He was equally a Hero, at that time when he could say to himself, "I did not reproach virtue, that she had drawn upon me the hatred and persecutions of the wicked; I felt that she was her own reward."—He was indeed very noble at this instant; but we must not forget, that he was then in a very extraordinary situation, worked up to that highest pitch of enthusiasm for virtue, which makes a man forget for a time that he is a mortal. This kind of

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heroiſm continues naturally no longer than the fit of enthuſiaſm laſts. *Agathon* was then conſcious, as he imagined, of an untainted virtue. With what pride muſt ſuch a conſciouſneſs have ſwelled his ſoul at the inſtant, that all *Athens* ſeemed to have conſpired to diſgrace him; in the moment that this very pride was the only thing that could counterbalance the whole weight of his misfortunes, and procured him the triumph, of making the maſters of his fate feel all the ſuperiority which virtue gave him over them? This kind of pride reſembles in its effects the rage of a courageous man driven to deſpair. The certainty of death, to which he devotes himſelf, makes him perform exploits worthy of an immortal. But *Agathon* had not at that time, quite ſo much reaſon to be proud of his virtue. The very ſame enthuſiaſtic diſpoſition of mind, which had inſpired him with the ſentiments of a God, at his exile from *Athens*, had expoſed him at *Smyrna* to the

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the foibles of a common man. He did not now think ſo highly of himſelf, and as in ſimilar circumſtances, this heroic pride could no more come to his aſſiſtance, it muſt neceſſarily be changed into that kind of miſanthropy, which extends itſelf over the whole ſpecies. In this inſtance, as in many others, the Hiſtory of *Agathon* is the Hiſtory of all men. We think greatly of human nature, ſo long as we think highly of ourſelves; our contempt has always either individuals or ſmall ſocieties for its object; but as ſoon as we are degraded in our opinion of ourſelves, our opinion of the whole race to which we belong, is ſunk at the ſame time by an internal influence we cannot reſiſt. We are ſurprized that we had not ſooner perceived, that the follies and vices of thoſe among whom we live, are defects of nature itſelf, to which every one is ſubject; defects which admit of degrees, are of one ſort or another, and adapted to the peculiarities of time, circum-

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cumſtances, conſtitution and cuſtom. The nearer we examine mankind, the greater reaſon have we for thinking ſo; and this way of thinking, at the ſame time that it gives us a certain low eſtimation of the whole race, induces us to be more indulgent to the failings and defects of the individuals, or the particular ſocieties we are connected with. Thus while we loſe ſomething of our virtuous pride, which is precipitately and ſimply taken for virtue itſelf, we at the ſame time gain on the ſide of the moſt amiable and moſt neceſſary qualities, affability and moderation; qualities, which indeed have nothing brilliant in them, but have conſequently more energy, and therefore make us fitter to live among creatures who ſtand in need of them every inſtant.

It is a common and frequently reprehenſible failing of the human race, that they prefer the miraculous to the natural, and the ſplendid, to that which does not ſtrike

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ſtrike the eye ſo much, though more uſeful and laſting. This method of judging of the value of things is never more fallacious, than when it is employed on moral objects. The ſublimity of a man's ideas and feelings, and the fluency of ſpeaking a certain language of inſpiration, which (like the language of the Gods in *Homer*) gives other names to all things, without making them in the leaſt otherwiſe than what they really are under their common names, uſually induces us to think very highly of the excellence of his character. But the concluſion we draw in this inſtance is as falſe as the prejudice many perſons entertain againſt a quiet and modeſt virtue, which without diſcovering itſelf by ſolemn parade, high flown ideas, pretended privileges from the imperfections of human nature, and inexorable ſeverities againſt them, ſeems to promiſe leſs, merely in order to perform more. This being previouſly ſtated, we may perhaps with good reaſon affirm, that

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that our hero's virtue might reap great advantages in several respects from the new change that took place in his way of thinking. But we will own, that what he gained on one side by this, he lost on the other. The ideas we form to ourselves of our own nature, have an absolute influence over all the rest of our ideas. So false, so ridiculous and childish it is, to imagine as many people do, that man is the principal figure in the whole creation, and that all the rest exist only for his pleasure;—so natural, on the contrary, it is to suppose, from the particular system of his own notions, that he is so. In this little world, he is and continues, voluntarily or involuntarily, the center,—the Hero of the piece to which every thing is referred, and by whose happiness or misery every thing is determined. All is great, important and interesting, if the principal person is of consequence, and has a great part to act; but if a *Scapin*

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or a *Harlequin* is the Hero, what can the whole piece be, but a Farce?

We may, probably, ſtill remember the doubts in which *Agathon* was involved, when he quitted the inchanting coaſt of *Ionia*. He had there, perhaps, experienced to his advantage, that the ideas which had taken poſſeſſion of his youthful mind in the groves of *Delphos*, and had been more deeply ingrafted in it by the inſtructions and converſation of the divine *Plato* at *Athens*, had been rather prejudicial than uſeful to him on any occaſion, where he had given himſelf up with more perfect ſecurity to their influence and protecting power. At length theſe ideas, through a juſt ſuſpicion of their reality, were ſo imperceptibly and eaſily ſucceeded by others of an entirely oppoſite nature, that he was not aware of the change before it was completely eſtabliſhed. *Agathon* had not then time to reconcile theſe doubts to himſelf; he imagined, indeed, or rather earneſtly wiſhed,

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wished, that what was really true in his former principles, might very well coincide with his newly acquired ideas.—But he perceived not yet with sufficient clearness, how this could be?—At first sight indeed he perceived a certain void, at which he was the more alarmed, as he had little inclination to follow the example of most people, who when they find themselves thus embarrassed, fill up the chasms with the first thing that comes to hand, whether it be straw, clay, or rags. His former favourite ideas however had yet at that time a strong hold upon his heart, and he satisfied himself with their suggestions, in hope that as soon as he was in a more quiet situation, it would be easy for him again perfectly to reconcile his head with his heart. But the scene of business and the dissipations which had engrossed all his time at *Syracuse*, had obliged him to defer this important task so long, that the new difficulties which were perpetually starting up, made it

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it infinitely more troubleſome than at firſt. The ridiculous and abſurd ſide of men's opinions, paſſions and cuſtoms, is generally the firſt that preſents itſelf to a man of wit and underſtanding, who has not the leiſure to conſider them attentively. *Agathon* had accuſtomed himſelf imperceptibly to view things in this light, to which he was already diſpoſed by the natural vivacity and quickneſs of his genius. The Syracuſans, whoſe character was a mixture of that of the *Athenians* and *Corinthians*, or a compoſition of the moſt contrary qualities any people could poſſibly have;—and a court, ſuch as that of *Dionyſius* was,—ſupplied him ſo abundantly with comic characters, images and occurrences that the contraſt between the preſent and the former tone of his mind, (if I may be allowed this technical expreſſion) muſt have grown ſtronger from day to day. The *Oromaſdes* and *Arimanius* of the antient Perſians cannot be repreſented as more mortal enemies to each

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each other, than the ſpirit of ridicule, and the ſpirit of enthuſiaſm; and the natural antipathy between theſe two diſpoſitions is not a little increaſed by their being both equally diſpoſed to exceed the bounds of moderation. The ſpirit of enthuſiaſm ſees all things in a ſtrong and awful light; that of ridicule, in a trifling and contemptible one. Nothing is more common than for the firſt to be carried ſo far, that every thing which bears the name of jeſt and raillery, appears reprehenſible; nothing is more uſual, than for the latter to make thoſe very things the chief ſubjects for joke and laughter, which others treat with the greateſt ſeriouſneſs.

To this we may add, that the light and facetious turn has for a long time been peculiar to courts,—and that the pretended Academicians, or philoſophers, in particular of *Dionyſius*'s court, except *Ariſtippus* alone, repreſented a ſet of tragi-comical buffoons, who ſeemed to be cho-

ſen

ſen on purpoſe to make the ſublime ſciences, of which they declared themſelves the Prieſts and Myſtagogues, as contemptible as they were themſelves.—All theſe circumſtances taken together, will make us leſs ſurpriſed that our Hero ſhould not at length gradually acquire a diſpoſition, which no man would probably have expected in him, at the time when he was waiting for the apparitions of Deities in the grotto of the Nymphs,—or when he rejected the principles, promiſes and friendſhip of the ſage *Hippias*, with ſuch warm indignation.—No man, but the moſt accurate obſerver of the human heart, would have imagined, that the greater part of his former ideas, of the reality of which he began to doubt even at *Smyrna*, ſhould now appear quite chimerical and ridiculous to himſelf,—and that thoſe ideas, the objects of which muſt ſtill continue to be reſpected by him, being now abſtractedly conſidered in the irregular form as they are leſſened, ſpoiled, mixed

mixed or traveſtied in men's imaginations, appeared fit for nothing but to amuſe.

Such of our readers as are given to reflection, will now more clearly comprehend why we have ſcrupled giving our approbation to the author of the Greek manuſcript, in his too favourable opinion of the preſent moral ſituation of our Hero. We cannot but be aware, that this ſituation is dangerous for his virtue, and the more ſo, becauſe from a certain good humour and vivacity, and other appearances of full health, in ſuch circumſtances a man uſually perſuades himſelf that he is in his natural ſituation. Not that we ſhould be ſo much diſpleaſed at ſeeing our Hero (for whom, notwithſtanding all his failings, we have as great a regard as if he were a Sir *Charles Grandiſon*) in a diſpoſition which might lead him entirely to get rid of all kind of enthuſiaſm;—for whatever great and good things we may ſay in his favour, it is ſtill

experi-

certainly better to be in health, and to experience no tranſports, than to hear the harmony of the ſpheres, or be affected with a burning fever;—yet we have reaſon to fear, that the too great relaxation, which in the ſoul as well as in the body, uſually ſucceeds an inordinate degree of tenſion, may at leaſt become as prejudicial to his heart, as the amiable enthuſiaſm of which we have ſeen him poſſeſſed, might be to his reaſon. The new turn which his mind had taken at *Syracuſe*, would rather be a matter of indifference to us, if the change had been confined merely to ſpeculative ideas, or to the diſtribution of light and ſhade in his diſpoſition; but if he ſhould by this alteration become leſs upright, leſs a lover of truth, leſs ſenſible to the good of the human race, leſs magnanimous and beneficient, leſs diſpoſed to partake of the happineſs of any particular ſociety, (without which the pretended univerſal ſociableneſs of certain people is mere rodomondate,

montade, or at beſt but a ſpecies of Quixotiſm) if it ſhould make him leſs diſpoſed to friendſhip, the favourite inclination of fine ſouls.—Permit me, ye rigid Antiplatoniſts, by whom every thing which will not admit of a geometrical demonſtration, is called a chimæra, permit me to go a little farther.—If theſe refined thoughts which elevate the ſoul, which are ſo benevolent, and ſo advantageous to virtue,—if theſe are deſigned for a greater ſphere than this animal life, for a nobler mode of exiſtence, for objects of higher excellence, and for a more perfect ſtate of action than our preſent; ---and if the inſpiring, though viſionary proſpects, which this beſt of all thoughts preſents to us;---if theſe I ſay, ſhould have no farther charm, no farther influence over his ſoul;—O! *Agathon, Agathon!* then woulſt thou deſerve neither hatred from us, nor an unmerciful cenſure, nor an exulting joy over thy diſgrace, but—compaſſion.

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THE diſpoſition of mind in which we have ſeen him in this chapter, ſeems not entirely calculated to remove our apprehenſions for him on this ſcore. The ideas, opinions and deciſions of a man are ſo uncertain, the circumſtances, the particular point of view in which they appear to us, the ſociety in which we live, a thouſand little circumſtances, which when ſingle eſcape our notice, have ſo much power over this inexplicable, capricious, contradictory thing, our ſoul!—that we would not have anſwered for the fate of our Hero, if with ſuch a diſpoſition of mind, he had chanced to fall into company with ſuch men as *Hippias* and *Alcibiades*, or had gone back into the great world at *Smyrna*. But luckily we are on the point of ſeeing him with perſons, who will reconcile him again to mankind, and impart again to his languid heart that vivifying warmth, without which virtue is a mere ſpeculation: that warmth which indeed furniſhes an

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inexhauſtible fund for the moſt acute reflections; but through the ſeveral chymical proceſſes it undergoes from too much refined reaſoning, becomes ſo abſtracted, ſo refined, ſo delicate a thing, that one cannot make any uſe of it.

How much ſoever our Hero's imagination might have been cooled; however uncertain, prepoſterous, and fanciful the doctrine of ſpirits, and the metaphyſical politics of his friend *Plato* might appear; how ridiculous ſoever his own extravagancies in the ſtate of inchantment in which he formerly was might ſeem; however meanly he thought of mankind in general, and however determined he was not to ſuffer himſelf any longer to be deceived by thoſe fine fancies, as he now called them, by thoſe ideas of being ſerviceable to his own ſpecies—yet he was not yet gone ſo far as to loſe that tender ſenſibility of the ſoul, that deep rooted propenſity to ideal excellence, which had been the ſecret origin of his former

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former inſpiration, and of the manifold enthuſiaſms, inchantments and raptures, through the magical labyrinth of which his diſpoſition, under various circumſtances had led him. The ſtolen glances, which he yet ſo wiſtfully caſt on the ſcenes of his happy youth; the image of the amiable *Pſyche*, which amidſt all the changes that had taken place in his ſoul, had not loſt any thing of its luſtre; the recollection of that pure, inexpreſſible, almoſt divine pleaſure, which overflowed his heart, when he had it ſtill in his power to make others happy; and when the purity of this godlike enjoyment was not yet clouded and obſcured by any experience of the ingratitude and wickedneſs of men.—Theſe images, to which he ſo readily gave himſelf up—which in his dreams were ſo often and in ſuch lively colours repreſented to his agitated ſoul—the ſighs, the wiſhes, he ſent forth after theſe beloved diſappearing ſhadows—all theſe ſymptoms are ſecuri-

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ties to us, that he ſtill is *Agathon*; that the alteration in his ideas and opinions, the new theories which had now begun to unfold themſelves in his ſoul, of all thoſe things that deſerve to be objects of our reſearches, or become ſo from vanity and curioſity, had not yet laid hold of the nobler part of his heart.—In ſhort, we may yet hope, that from the ſtrife between the two oppoſite and hoſtile ſpirits, by which his whole internal frame has for ſome time been agitated, confuſed and thrown into ferment, we ſhall at length ſee a beautiful harmony of wiſdom and virtue produced, in the ſame manner as according to the ſyſtem of the antient oriental Sages, this beautiful world is ſaid to have ſprung from the conteſt between light and darkneſs.

BOOK

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AGATHON.

BOOK XI.

CHAPTER I.

Apology for the Greek Author.

HITHERTO the hiſtory of our Hero, at leaſt in the moſt eſſential points, appears ſo conſonant to the ordinary courſe of nature, and to the moſt exact rules of probability, that we ſee no reaſon to call the truth of it in queſtion. But, in this eleventh Book, we muſt own, the author ſeems to have wandered out of this world, which, to ſpeak impartially of the matter, has at all times been nothing better than a *working-day world*, as *Shake-*

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Spear somewhere calls it: he seems, I say, to have strayed a little into the land of ideas, of miracles, of events which fall out just as one could wish them, and indeed to say all at once, into the land of beautiful souls, and the Utopian republic. It remains with our readers, to give him what credit they please on this score; we on our parts do not concern ourselves with the matter. Our views are already attained, and the fortunate or unfortunate circumstances, which may yet happen to *Agathon*, have nothing to do with them. Yet we think that all benevolent persons, who gradually become interested in the fate of the Hero of such a history, and who desire that every thing should end to the satisfaction of all parties, with discoveries, renewal of acquaintance, lucky recovery of lost friends, and a few marriages; will be pleased with the author for making his Hero, after he has gone through a sufficient number of good and bad adventures, at last happy for the remainder

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mainder of his days. It may be, that the author of the Greek manuſcript, has in this point given way to his good nature; for in reality, it appears to be a mark of a hard and cruel heart, which finds a pleaſure in the anguiſh and tears of his innocent readers, when a man has taken all the pains he can, to prejudice us in favour of the Hero or Heroine of a ſurprizing hiſtory, merely to bring us at laſt to as calamitous a cataſtrophe, as a melancholy miſanthropic imagination can poſſibly conceive, and to overwhelm us with diſtreſs the more ſenſibly felt, and leſs eaſily endured, as brought upon us by the arbitrary will of the writer. But our author, who has nobler ideas, appears to us to have had another view, which without being guilty of greater improbabilities, he could not ſo well accompliſh as by this connection of happy, though not very probable circumſtances, in which he places his Hero in this book.—And what kind of a view might

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this be?—I will inform you, ladies and gentlemen, plainly and without circumlocution, though I cannot but be apprehenſive, that the uncommon frankneſs, which I have ſhewn you in the whole courſe of this work, may be taken ill by ſome of you.—Our author was deſirous of avoiding the reproach which *Horace*, in that well known verſe

Amphora cœpit
Inſtitui—currente rota cur urceus exit?

metaphorically gives to thoſe poets, in whoſe works the end agrees not with the beginning. After having conveyed his Hero through as many various ſituations, as he thought neceſſary to put his virtue to the trial, to refine, and bring it to a proper ſtate, he was willing that the great expectations which his youth, and his firſt outſet in the world had excited, ſhould not be diſappointed; but that at the laſt he ſhould be the model of as wiſe and virtuous a man, as we can wiſh to ſee under the ſun, or can poſſibly expect

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pect from the nature of things. The enthuſiaſm, which ſo peculiarly diſpoſed his Hero to aſpire to an uncommon degree of moral perfection, at the ſame time that it raiſed his virtue, prevented his being ſo cautious, as a man ſhould be, in order not to be deceived, by himſelf and by others, with the moſt ſublime ideas, and moſt noble ſentiments. A way of thinking, which ſeemed to elevate him to a rank of beings ſuperior to common men, expoſed him to their envy, their malicious cenſure, their ſnares and perſecutions; and, what was the moſt dangerous circumſtance for his virtue, made him imperceptibly forget, that in reality he himſelf was neither more nor leſs than a man. The experience he at length gained on theſe points, opened his eyes, and diſſipated part of the inchantment; he learnt to know himſelf better, but was not yet ſufficiently acquainted with the world. A new and great ſtage on which he was placed, re-

moved this defect. A wide extended and manifold experience moderated his too ideal method of thinking, and convinced him, that like the magnanimous, virtuous and brave knight of *la Mancha*, (that inſtructive image of the foibles and failings of the human mind!) he had taken windmills for giants, inns for inchanted caſtles, and country maids for divine Dulcineas. He grew more wiſe, but it was at the expence of his virtue. The inchantment becoming too ſtrong for his imagination, his deſire of performing great actions, of preventing all injuſtice in the world, of waging perpetual war againſt the enemies of univerſal felicity, and of making men happy whether they would or no, was proportionably diminiſhed.

Now, will any one ſay to me, ſince our Hero was in this kind of diſpoſition, and every thing well conſidered, this muſt have happened one way or other; for the nobleſt, the moſt amiable enthuſiaſm,

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ſiaſm, if it laſts too long, and will not be expelled even by the Iangeſian mule drivers, at length becomes a folly, what would, or what would our author do more with him? Should he make a miſanthropic hermit of him? For ſuch a purpoſe, his mind was too much enlightened, and his heart too weak—or too tender—or too good, juſt as you pleaſe. Beſides, our author, who was a Grecian, and muſt at leaſt have been cotemporary with *Alciphron* (as the learned have obſerved, without our taking notice of it) might not probably have thoſe high ideas of the excellence of ſolitary virtue, which have been entertained from the miraculous periods of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries down to our philoſophical times; ideas, which to all appearance will ſtill be long ſupported in many countries. To bring him back again into the wide world, would be doing nothing more, than to expoſe him to the moſt manifeſt danger of being confirmed in his

antiplatonic way of thing, by new and repeated experience; and to deprive him gradually, in the ſociety of witty and amiable perſons, who have either no principle, or at leaſt none better than thoſe of the ſage *Hippias*, of thoſe precious remains of his former virtue, which he had ſtill fortunately brought with him out of the peſtilential air of the great world. In ſuch circumſtances he might probably have become a kind of middle character between wiſdom and folly, rather a ridiculous than an odious compound of penetration and ſcepticiſm, of real and arbitrary ideas, of ſuperſtition and incredulity, of good and evil paſſions, cuſtoms and caprices, of virtues and vices equally deceitful. In ſhort, he might have become as excellent a kind of creature, as nearly the generality of us are, whether we know it—and if we know it, whether we confeſs it—or not.

In ſuch circumſtances, and when (as it has been ſaid) it was the author's deſign,

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ſign, to make a virtuous wiſe man of his Hero, and in a way too, that we might clearly comprehend, how ſuch a man—ſo born—ſo educated—with ſuch abilities and diſpoſitions—with ſuch a particular turn of them—after ſuch a ſeries of experience, of diſcoveries and changes—in ſuch fortunate circumſtances—in ſuch a place, and at ſuch a time—in ſuch ſociety—in ſuch a climate—with ſuch food, (for even this has a more powerful influence on wiſdom and virtue, than many moraliſts imagine)—with ſuch a rule of diet—in ſhort, under all ſuch particular ſituations, as *Agathon* has hitherto been, and will hereafter be placed in—how ſuch a man I ſay might have been as wiſe and as virtuous as our Hero, and (thoſe who are not accuſtomed to think, may believe it or not) under the ſame, or under ſimilar circumſtances, ſuch a man might even become ſo at this day. If this, I ſay, was his deſign, he really had no other way left, than to place his Hero in this

this chain of fortunate incidents, which to his own aſtoniſhment, he will now ſoon experience. Such a concourſe indeed of happy events, is too uncommon to be probable. But, how ſhall a poor author act, who, when every thing is well conſidered, finds but one ſingle way open by which he can extricate himſelf, and that an adventurous one? A man gets out any way he can, even by jumping out of window. The little hero of the Queen of *Golconda* is not the firſt who has been obliged to have recourſe to this method; and without ſuch a leap, *Julius Cæſar*, as lord of the world, (an expreſſion, which however common, is really ridiculous enough) would not have had the ſatisfaction of proceeding in triumph through the ſtreets of *Rome* to the capitol.

THUS much in juſtification of our author; whether it can anſwer that purpoſe, we leave to the critics to determine. But let the criticiſm turn out as it may, the publiſher, as he has already declared.

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declared, is not in the leaſt concerned in it. The views he had in reducing the old papers, which accidentally fell in his hands, into an abridgment, in the form and manner obſerved in the ten preceding books, are already anſwered. It appears unneceſſary, to explain this point more clearly. So much however we can ſay, that he never thought of writing a novel, as many perſons, notwithſtanding the title and the preface, may have taken in their head to believe—And as this book, in as much as the publiſher is concerned in it, is no novel, nor ought to be one, ſo he cares very little about what is called the cataſtrophe, and whether the author of the manuſcript has managed it dexterouſly, or hurried it in an unſkilful and abrupt manner.

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CHAP. II.

The People of Tarentum. Character of an amiable old Man.

ARCHYTAS, by whose powerful interposition *Agathon* was delivered from the hands of his enemies at *Syracuse*, had been an intimate friend of his father *Stratonicus*. The two families had been connected from antient times, by the ties of hospitality, which are said to have been held very sacred among the Greeks. The extensive reputation which the philosopher of *Tarentum* had acquired, as the most worthy among the disciples of *Pythagoras*, as a man well versed in the secrets of nature, and in the mechanic arts, as a wise politician, as an experienced, and at the same time a fortunate General, and what crowns all these advantages, as an honest man in the fullest sense of the word, had long rendered

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dered the name of *Archytas* reſpectable to our Hero. To this may be added, that his younger ſon *Critolaus*, having paſſed two or three years in *Agathon*'s houſe, at the time of his higheſt fortune, and having been treated with all public demonſtrations of friendſhip, had conceived ſuch an attachment for him, as in great ſouls, (for there were ſtill great ſouls at that time) ends only with life. This friendſhip indeed had been interrupted a conſiderable time by accidental circumſtances, and by *Agathon*'s reſidence at *Smyrna*, but it was renewed immediately after he had taken the reſolution to live with *Dionyſius*, and from that period it had been carefully kept up. *Agathon* during his adminiſtration had frequently taken advice from the ſage and experienced *Archytas*; and the ſeveral connections which the people of *Tarentum* and the Syracuſans had with each other, eſpecially in point of commerce, had often afforded him an opportunity of doing ſervice to the Tarentines.

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rentines. From all these circumstances we may easily judge, that he was the less able to resist the affectionate and pressing invitations of his friend *Critolaus*, as the duties of gratitude to his deliverer seemed not to leave him at liberty to take any other motives into consideration, in the choice of his residence.

He could not in fact have chosen a place better adapted to his future views, than *Tarentum*. This republic was then exactly in the situation which every patriotic republican would wish his own to be in—too circumscribed to form ambitious projects, and too great to fear the ambition of their neighbours, or their endeavours to aggrandize themselves; too weak to find it's advantage in other enterprizes, so much as in the arts of peace; yet strong enough to maintain itself against every enemy whose power was not exorbitantly superior; and such enemies a small republic seldom has. *Archytas*, during the course of more than thirty

thirty years in which he had held the chief authority in the republic, had ſo well accuſtomed the Tarentines to the wiſe laws he had made for them, that they ſeemed rather to be governed by the influence of morality, than by the authority of the legiſlation. The Tarentines for the moſt part were mechanics and tradeſmen. The ſciences and fine arts were in no very particular eſtimation among them; neither were they held in contempt. This indifference preſerved the Tarentines from the errors and extravagancies of the Athenians; among whom, every man, down to the tanner and ſhoemaker, would be a philoſopher and an orator, a man of wit and a connoiſſeur. They were a good kind of people, ſimple in their manners, diligent, laborious, regular, enemies to pomp and profuſion, † humane

† The character here given of the Tarentines, is widely different from that they had in the time of King Pyrrhus, and which they maintained till the loſs of their liberty. But it is to be obſerved, that Archytas and Pyrrhus lived at leaſt at the diſtance of eighty years from each other.

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humane and hoſpitable to ſtrangers, averſe to affectation, refinement, and extravagance in all things, and for the ſame reaſon lovers of the natural and the ſolid;—a people who conſidered more the matter than the form, and who could not conceive that a diſh made of Corinthian braſs, however exquiſitely wrought, could be better than a courſe one made of ſilver, or that a fool could be amiable, becauſe he was handſome. They loved their freedom, as a wife, not as a miſtreſs, without paſſion, and without jealouſy; they had a reaſonable confidence in thoſe to whom they intruſted the care of the ſtate; but they required that the confidence ſhould be merited. The ſpirit of induſtry, the moſt innocent and beneficent of any we are acquainted with in this ſublunary ſphere, which inſpired this happy and eſtimable people, made each individual trouble himſelf leſs about his neighbour's affairs at *Tarentum*, than is uſual in moſt ſmall cities. Provided they

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they did not incur ſcandal by any illegal action, or by any behaviour notoriouſly inconſiſtent with morality, every man might live as he pleaſed. All theſe things taken together, made in our opinion a very good kind of republican character; and it would have been difficult for *Agathon* to find out a republic better adapted to moderate the diſlike he had conceived againſt this ſort of government. Without doubt theſe people had their failings as well as others; but the wiſe *Archytas*, under whoſe adminiſtration the national character of the Tarentines had firſt taken a firm and determined form, knew how to manage ſo well theſe defects, which may be called the conſtitutional faults of a people, that being blended with their virtues, they almoſt ceaſed to be defects. —This is a neceſſary and perhaps the greateſt art of a legiſlator; and we take this opportunity of recommending a more accurate examination and analyſis of it to thoſe who feel a ſtrong impulſe to lend their

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their assistance towards a solution of the following problem; namely, which legislation under given circumstances is likely to prove the best? A problem, which lilliputian souls alone consider as chimerical; the solution of which, however difficult, is still possible, and may probably be reserved for future times.

Agathon no sooner fixt his eyes on the Italian shore, than he discovered his friend *Critolaus*, who with a train of the noblest youths of *Tarentum* had hastened—to meet him; in order to conduct him in a kind of friendly triumph, into a city, which esteemed itself honoured that such a man as *Agathon* should chuse to fix his residence there rather than in any other place. The agreeable air of this coast, surrounded with a serene sky, the view of one of the most beautiful countries under the sun, and the still more delightful sight of a friend, by whom he was beloved even to enthusiasm, made our Hero forget in one instant all the misfortunes he

he had experienced in *Sicily*, and throughout his whole life. A gladsome presaging expectation of the happiness which waited for him in this before untrodden land, diffused an inexpressible sensation of delight throughout his whole frame. The undoubted joy which seemed at once to take possession of all his senses, was not that peculiar enchanting sensation which the beauties of nature, and the consciousness of being actuated by her purest impulses, had made him experience in his youth.—It was not that sensation, that bloom of sensibility, that tender sympathy with every thing that lives, or seems to live;—it was not that spirit of joy which is breathed from all objects; that magic varnish which covers them, and makes us melt in silent rapture, at a sight, which ten years later would scarce even slightly affect us;—no,—this envied prerogative of our earliest youth loses itself imperceptibly as we advance in life, and can no more be found.—But, it was something

something similar to this; his soul seemed to be cleared from all the gloominess of his immediately preceding situation, and to be prepared for those tender impressions, it was to experience in this new period of his life.

One of his most happy hours, as he was often used afterwards to affirm, was that, in which he began a personal acquaintance with *Archytas*. This venerable old man was indebted to his constitution, and to that regularity which had been the distinguishing mark of his character from his youth, for the advantage of having preserved his powers in a state of vigour uncommon at his time of life. An advantage however not by much so uncommon among the ancient Greeks, as amongst most of the European nations of our time; with whom it has begun to be fashionable to lavish away the first half of their life so inconsiderately, that in the other half, they are obliged to call the most secret powers of medicine to their assistance,

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assistance, in order to enable them to protract from one day to another a precarious languid state between existence and non-existence. How much soever our Hero's imagination was cooled, he could not but feel something he was not able to account for in the mixture of majesty and grace, which was diffused through the whole person of this amiable old man;—and he could not but feel this the more sensibly, the stronger the contrast was between this object, and those to which his eyes had for a considerable time past, been accustomed to.—And why could he not do otherwise? The reason is plain; for this ideal something was not in his imagination, but in the object itself. Represent to yourself a tall majestic man, whose appearance at once gives the idea, that he is destined to govern others; and in whom, notwithstanding his grey hairs, you may still discover the features of a handsome person. —You may without doubt remember to

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have ſeen ſuch a one; but this is not all. Repreſent to yourſelf, that this man throughout the whole courſe of his life has been diſtinguiſhed for his virtue; that a long courſe of years has matured his virtue into wiſdom;—that the unclouded ſerenity of his ſoul, the tranquillity of his mind, the general benevolence with which he is inſpired, the calm conſciouſneſs of a life ſpent in innocence and good actions, is diſplayed in his eyes, and over all the features of his face, with a ſtamp of truth, with an expreſſion of ſilent greatneſs and dignity, the power of which a man muſt feel whether he will or no;—this is perhaps what you have not yet ſeen;—this is the ideal ſomething I meant, which our Hero conceived and could not account for.—But do you remember the good old Mrs. *Shirley?*—whom for my part, however charming or even imaginary the *Harriet Byrons*, and their rivals may be, I ſhould on ſome occaſions prefer to a whole ſeraglio of *Harriets*, *Clementinas*,

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mentinas, and *Emilias*, including even the *Charlottes*, *Olivias*, and all other Goddeſſes of the ſame ſtamp, together with the beautiful *Maguelone*:—Well; a picture of this ſame old lady, drawn by a *Van Dyke* (if ſuch a painter can be found) would make a cloſet-piece, for which I would freely give up all the *Venuſſes*, and Graces of *Vanloo* and *Boucher*s, how little ſoever I might object to them. A picture of *Archytas*, by the pencil of an *Apelles* (if there was an *Apelles* in his time) would be it's companion. *Agathon* had only to behold him, to be convinced that he had at laſt found a truly wiſe man; a man, who would only ſeem to be what he really was; and in whom the moſt penetrating eye could not diſcern any thing which one would have wiſhed to be otherwiſe. This was a character he had long wiſhed to find, but he had never yet imagined that he had found it, without being afterwards, one way or other convinced of his

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miſtake. Nature ſeemed to have intended to ſhew in *Archytas*, that wiſdom is no leſs her gift, than genius; and that although it is not impoſſible to reform a bad diſpoſition by art, and from a *Silenus*, if ſuch is the will of Heaven, to make a *Socrates* (a victory however which art very ſeldom obtains) yet it is given to nature alone to produce that happy temperature of the elements man is compoſed of, which by a concurrence of as many fortunate circumſtances, may at laſt be raiſed to that perfect harmony of all human powers and actions, in which wiſdom and virtue are concentrated.

Archytas had never had either a glowing imagination, or violent paſſions; a certain ſtrength, which characterized the mechaniſm of his head and his heart, had from his youth moderated the effect of external objects upon his ſoul. The impreſſions he acquired from them, were clear and preciſe enough, to ſupply his underſtanding with real images, and to prevent

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prevent the confuſion which uſually reigns in the minds of thoſe whoſe too relaxed fibres can only receive weak and languid impreſſions from objects. But theſe impreſſions were not ſo lively, nor accompanied with any ſuch violent agitations, as in thoſe perſons, who, by tender organs and more ſeducing ſenſes deſtined for the enthuſiaſtic arts of the Muſes, muſt purchaſe at a dear rate the doubtful ſuperiority of a magic imagination, and a heart made highly ſenſible by the tyranny of the paſſions, to which it is more or leſs ſubject. It was owen to the want of this advantage, as ſhining as it is little worth envying, that *Archytas* had ſcarce any trouble to keep peace and order in his internal diſpoſition; that, inſtead of being governed by his ideas and feelings, he was always maſter over them, and knew not the miſtakes of the head and heart, but from the experience of others; miſtakes, which the enthuſiaſtic tribe of heroes, poets and virtuoſos of all

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kinds can ſpeak of from their own. From hence it happened alſo, that the Pythagorean philoſophy, in the principles of which he had been educated—that very ſame philoſophy, which in the brains of ſo many others produces a ſingular mixture of truth and illuſion,—was formed in his mind, by reflection and experience, into a ſyſtem of ideas equally ſimple, uſeful and practical;—a ſyſtem, which ſeemed to come nearer to truth than any other; which ennobled human nature, without puffing it up, and opened its views into better worlds, without totally abſtracting it from this, or making it uſeleſs in its preſent ſtate;—a ſyſtem, which by the moſt ſublime and beſt ideas, our ſoul is capable of forming of God, of the conſtitution of the world, and of its own nature and deſtiny, purifies and moderates it paſſions, improves its ſentiments;—and (what is not ſo trifling an advantage, as nine hundred and ninety-nine men of a thouſand imagine)—a ſyſtem,

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tem, which delivers the ſoul from the bondage of thoſe popular ideas which deform it, which make it little, mean, timid, deceitful and ſervile; ideas, which drive away and ſtifle every noble inclination, every great thought, and on this very account are zealouſly entertained by political and religious Demagogues among the greateſt part of the human race, from views, which thoſe gentlemen have reaſon to conceal.

THE moſt convincing proof of the goodneſs of the philoſophy of the wiſe *Archytas*, in our opinion, is the moral character which is attributed to him by the unanimous teſtimony of the antients. This proof, it is true, does not agree with a ſyſtem of metaphyſical ſpeculations; but the philoſophy of *Archytas* was entirely practical. The example of ſo many great ſouls, who had miſcarried in their efforts to go beyond the limits of human reaſon, would not probably have made him wiſer in this reſpect, if he had

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had more vanity and leſs coolneſs. But, ſuch as his diſpoſition was, he gave up theſe ſort of ſpeculations to his friend *Plato*, and confined his examination of objects merely intellectual entirely to thoſe ſimple truths, which common ſenſe can attain, which reaſon confirms, and whoſe beneficial influence on the happineſs of our particular ſyſtem, as well as on the general good, is alone ſufficient to demonſtrate their excellence. We may therefore with undeniable certainty from the life of ſuch a man, infer the goodneſs of his principles. *Archytas* united all domeſtic and civil virtues, with that moſt excellent and moſt divine of all virtues, which is founded on no other relation than that general chain with which nature connects all beings. He enjoyed the uncommon happineſs, that the irreproachable innocence of his public and private life, the modeſty with which he knew how to ſoften the ſplendor of ſo much merit, and the moderation with which he exerted

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exerted his power, had at length ſo completely diſarmed envy, and ſo entirely gained him the hearts of his fellow citizens, that (notwithſtanding he had retired from affairs on account of his great age) he was conſidered as the ſoul of the ſtate, and the father of his country as long as he lived. In this quality he maintained an authority which wanted nothing but the outward marks of regal dignity. No deſpot ever ruled with more unlimitted ſway over the bodies of his ſlaves, than this venerable old man did over the hearts of a free people; nor was ever the beſt of fathers more affectionately beloved by his children. Happy people! to be governed by an *Archytas*, and to know ſo well how to eſtimate all the value of that felicity!—And ſtill more happy *Agathon*, who in ſuch a man found a protector, a friend, and a ſecond father.

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CHAP. III.

An unexpected Discovery.

ARCHYTAS had two sons, whose emulative virtue made the uncommon and deserved happiness of his old age complete. This amiable family lived together in a harmony, the sight of which transported our Hero into the happy simplicity and innocence of the golden age. He had never seen so beautiful an order, so perfect an union, so regular and excellent a whole, as the house of *Archytas* represented. All the domestics, even to the lowest class, were worthy of such a master. Every one seemed exactly suited to the place he occupied. *Archytas* had no slaves; the free, but discreet behaviour of his servants, the alacrity, the exactness, the emulation with which they did their duty; the confidence that was placed in them, were proofs that he had found out the means of inspiring even these

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these raw and mechanical souls with sentiments of honour and virtue. The manner in which they served, and the manner in which they were treated, appeared to efface what was ignoble and debasing in their situation. They were proud of serving so excellent a master; and there was not one of them who would have accepted of his freedom even with the most advantageous proposals, if he had been obliged to give up the happiness of being a domestic of *Archytas*. Content enlightened every countenance; but there was not the least trace of that mean pride which commonly distinguishes the lazy tribe of servants in great houses. Every thing was here in motion; but without that tumultuous noise which proclaims the heavy going of the machine. The house of *Archytas* resembled the internal mechanism of the animal body, in which every thing is employed in continual labour, without our

being ſenſible of any motion, while the external parts are at reaſt.

Agathon ſtill continued in that agreeable aſtoniſhment, which muſt increaſe every inſtant, during the firſt hours he paſſed in ſo ſingular a houſe; when he was at once, and without being prepared for it by the leaſt internal preſage, ſurprized with a diſcovery which had very nearly perſuaded him that all he ſaw was a dream.

The Gynæcium among the Greeks, we know was commonly as inacceſſible to ſtrangers, as the Harem among the people of the Eaſt. But *Agathon* was not treated as a ſtranger in the houſe of *Archytas*. This amiable old man therefore, after they had converſed together about a couple of hours, which ſeemed very ſhort to our Hero, conducted him in company with his two ſons into the inmoſt receſs of the houſe, where the female part of the family reſided, in order, as he ſaid, not to deprive his daughters any longer

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longer of a pleaſure, in the expectation of which they had ſo long rejoiced. Repreſent to yourſelf how much he muſt have been aſtoniſhed, when the firſt perſon who caught his eye as he entered, was his *Pſyche!*—Situations ſuch as theſe are better painted than deſcribed.—This apparition was ſo unexpected, that he at firſt thought himſelf deceived by an accidental reſemblance of this young lady to his beloved *Pſyche*. He ſtarted; he looked at her again; and if he had even been unwilling to truſt any longer to his eyes, what paſſed in his heart would have been ſufficient to clear his doubts. Yet it ſcarce appeared credible to him, that after ſo long an abſence, and with ſo little probability of ever ſeeing her again, he ſhould be ſo fortunate as to find her in the Gynæcium of his friend at *Tarentum!* Another thought, which in theſe circumſtances was very natural, increaſed his confuſion, and prevented him from giving himſelf up to that joy, which a ſight,

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as much desired as it was little expected, diffused over his soul. *Psyche* did not appear in character of a slave in this house; what else could he therefore suppose, but that she must be the wife of one of the sons of *Archytas?* It is true indeed, he might as well have imagined her to be his newly discovered daughter; but in such circumstances our imagination is ever led to suppose what we most apprehend. He had in reality guessed the matter at once; *Psyche* had been the wife of *Critolaus* a few months.

Our readers may now perceive, what a fine opportunity this little incident gives us for pathetic descriptions and tragical scenes—What a situation!—After a long and painful separation, unexpectedly to find again the object of the tendereſt affections of his heart, his first love; but, then to find her again, only to see her in another's arms, and what precludes all right of complaining, of being enraged or breathing revenge in the arms of one's

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one's deareſt friend!—Luckily for our Hero!—and for the author—the perſons who at this inſtant were witneſſes of his aſtoniſhment, were not ſo paſſionately fond of pathetic ſcenes, as to be capable of taking pleaſure in his torment. They only wiſhed to have the ſatisfaction of ſurprizing him; but it would have been cruel to make him go through a tragical ſcene, how fortunate ſoever the cataſtrophe might at laſt have turned out. The tender *Pſyche* beheld his confuſion for a few moments; but could not contain herſelf any longer. She flew to him with open arms, and while with tears of joy ſhe bedewed his glowing cheeks, he heard himſelf called by a name, which juſtified her tendereſt careſſes, even in the preſence of a huſband.

HAD the love with which ſhe inſpired him in the groves of *Delphos* been leſs Platonic, the diſcovering a ſiſter in the beloved of his heart, would not have been ſo joyful to him as it was. But it

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may be remembered, that their love, however infinitely tender it was, resembled rather that kind of affection which nature excites between brothers and sisters of a similar disposition, than that which is founded on the magic power of another instinct, from the ardent symptoms of which their love had been always exempt. They had already at that time found a particular satisfaction in imagining, that their souls at least were nearly related to each other, though they had not sufficient reasons, how much soever they might wish it, to ascribe the innocent passion they felt for each other, to the effect of the natural sympathy of consanguinity. *Agathon* therefore was happier than he could have expected to be, when after the explanations that were made to him, he could no longer doubt of recovering in *Psyche* a sister, whom from the account before given him by his father he supposed to be dead. He was still the more happy, as by her means he be-

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became connected with a family, in whose favour his heart was already so much prepossessed, that the thought of being ever separated from them would have become insupportable to him. Now, my fair readers, he wanted nothing more to make him as happy as a mortal could be, than that *Archytas* should have some amiable daughter or niece, to whom we might marry him. But unluckily for him *Archytas* had no daughter; and if he had any nieces, which we cannot positively affirm, they were either already married, or not calculated to banish the image of the beautiful *Danae*, and the recollections of his former felicity, which grew daily more and more lively.

THESE recollections had already begun to take possession of his heart in his melancholy hours at *Syracuse*. The sorrow with which his soul had been clouded and depressed in the last period of his life at court, had given him occasion to raise comparisons between his former and his

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his present situation; comparisons which could not possibly turn out otherwise than to the advantage of the former. He reproached himself, that in a fit of enthusiastic heroism, he had quitted for such frivolous reasons the most amiable of all women, on the mere accusation of so contemptible a man as *Hippias*, from which she might perhaps have justified herself completely, if he had given her the hearing. This action, which he at that time had thought so commendable, when he considered it as a glorious victory over the ignobler part of himself, as a great expiatory sacrifice which he made to offended virtue, now appeared to him ungrateful and base. He was grieved with the thought that he might have been happy in connecting his fortunes with her's; and enthusiasm suffered the more in his opinion, when he considered at the same time by what chimerical representations and hopes, it had deprived him of his private happiness. But the thought,

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thought, that by his mean behaviour he had obliged the beautiful *Danae* to deſpiſe, to hate him, and that ſhe could never think on the tenderneſs he had inſpired her with, otherwiſe than as an unfortunate weakneſs, the remembrance of which muſt neceſſarily load her with grief and regret—this idea was totally inſupportable to him. *Danae*, however offended ſhe might be, could not poſſibly deteſt him ſo much, as he abhorred himſelf in thoſe hours, when theſe ideas overpowered his reaſon. But theſe hours at laſt paſſed over, and a painful ſenſe of the preſent misfortune contributed not a little, to repreſent to him the cauſes and circumſtances of his departure from *Smyrna*, in ſuch a ſplenetic light. The happy alteration, which his ſituation in the moſt amiable family that perhaps ever exiſted, produced in his circumſtances, neceſſarily changed alſo the colour of his imagination. Had he not quitted *Danae*, he would neither have recovered his ſiſter,

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ſiſter, nor have become perſonally acquainted with the wife *Archytas*. Theſe conſequences of his virtuous infidelity, made it impoſſible for him to wiſh that he had not been guilty of it; but they excited, inſtead of this, another wiſh, which in the ſituation he lived in at *Tarentum*, was very natural. The ſerene tranquillity, which in a ſhort time was re-eſtabliſhed in his mind, naturally inclined to mirth; the freedom from all occupations and cares; the enjoyment of all that the friendſhip of a heart full of ſenſibility can ſupply; the proſpect of the happineſs of his friend *Critolaus*, which ſeemed to increaſe every day in the poſſeſſion of the lovely *Pſyche*; the want of diſſipation, by which the ſoul is prevented from concentrating itſelf in the ſphere of it's moſt agreeable ideas and ſenſations; the natural conſequences of this, that theſe ideas and ſenſations muſt of courſe become more lively;—all theſe circumſtances concurred to renew that kind

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kind of diſpoſition in him, which excited the tendereſt recollection of the once greatly beloved *Danae*, and produced in him from time to time, a kind of ſoft voluptuous melancholy, in which his heart ſuffered itſelf to be carried back without reſiſtance into thoſe inchanting ſcenes of love and delight, which—for reaſons we will leave to moraliſts to determine—had loſt infinitely leſs of their influence by the revolution that had taken place in his ſoul, than the abſtracted and mere intellectual objects of his former enthuſiaſm. Can we blame him for wiſhing in ſuch hours to find the beautiful *Danae* innocent,—for wiſhing it ſo often and ſo ardently, that he at length perſuaded himſelf ſhe really was ſo?—Can we blame him if the impoſſibility of regaining a good, of which he had ſo credulouſly and in ſo baſe a manner deprived himſelf, ſhould ſometimes ſink him into a melancholy, which imbittered the taſte of his preſent happineſs, and made the

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the deeper impreſſion on his mind, as he could not reſolve to communicate his affliction to thoſe perſons, to whom, except in this one point, he uſed to open the inmoſt receſſes of his ſoul?—Where then is this preparative to lead us?—ſome of our penetrating readers will perhaps think:—we ſhall doubtleſs have *Danae* brought here by ſome officious ſtorm, ſince the good *Pſyche*, without our knowing how, by a true ſtroke of a magic wand, has appeared to us in the Gynæcium of the venerable *Archytas*.—"And why not?—as ſoon as we are aſſured how happy we can make our friend *Agathon* by this."—But where then is the pleaſure of ſurprize, which other writers uſually procure to their readers with ſo much pains and art? It is neglected, gentlemen; and *Diderot* can tell you if ye pleaſe, why ye loſe little or nothing by it. In the mean while we are glad to be reminded, that we owe our readers ſome account, how *Pſyche*, whom we had left dreſ-

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dreſſed like a *Ganymede*, and in the hands of a pirate, ſhould have happened to become the wife of *Critolaus*, and the ſiſter of *Agathon*. A ſmall extract from the account given to *Agathon* partly by his ſiſter herſelf, partly by her nurſe, (who had the misfortune to be rather more prolix in her narratives than we are) will be ſufficient to ſatisfy their reaſonable curioſity on this point.

A violent ſtorm is a very unfortunate event for people who are in the middle of the open ſea, or ſeparated from a watery death merely by the thickneſs of a plank; but for one who writes the hiſtories of heroes and heroines, it is almoſt one of the luckieſt of all incidents, that can be thought of, to help him out of a difficulty. It was therefore a ſtorm (and you have no reaſon to complain, gentlemen, for it is, as far as we know, the firſt in this hiſtory) which delivered the lovely *Pſyche* out of the formidable power of an amorous pirate. The ſhip ſtruck on the Italian

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Italian coaſt, a few miles from *Capua*; and *Pſyche*, protected by the Nereids or the Deities of love, was the only perſon in the ſhip who was ſafely conveyed to land on a plank by the Zephyrs. The Zephyrs alone would not perhaps have been ſufficient for this purpoſe, but with the aſſiſtance of a few fiſhermen, who luckily happened to be near at hand, the matter admitted of no difficulty. This was all very fortunate, but it was nothing in compariſon with what is to follow. One of the fiſhermen (without doubt the moſt compaſſionate) carried the diſguiſed *Pſyche*, who wanted much to dry herſelf, and to recover from the fatigue ſhe had undergone, to his wife in his cottage. The fiſherman's wife (a pretty plump woman of three or four and forty years of age) who looked as if her heart had not been inſenſible in her younger days, ſhewed uncommon compaſſion for the misfortune of ſo amiable a youth as *Pſyche* appeared to her to be; ſhe

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ſhe took as much care of him as poſſible, and could not ſatisfy her eyes with gazing at him. She ſeemed to recollect, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe certainly had ſeen ſuch a face before; and could ſcarce wait, till the beautiful ſtranger was in a condition, according to cuſtom, to tell his ſtory. But *Pſyche* wanted reſt; ſhe was therefore put to-bed; and on this occaſion, the fiſherwoman, who was attentive to the moſt trifling circumſtances, diſcovered, that the diſguiſed youth was a moſt exquiſitely beautiful young woman, —but yet not quite ſo handſome as ſhe had found her in men's cloaths. It was natural to be at firſt rather diſſatisfied with this metamorphoſis; but this tranſient ill-humour was ſoon converted into the moſt lively and affectionate joy:—In ſhort, it was diſcovered that the fiſherwoman, *Clonarion*, was the nurſe of *Pſyche*, who by this name, imagined that ſhe recollected her beloved nurſe, as well as the other remembered her deareſt nurſ-

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ling from the features of her face, from her resemblance to her mother, *Mæsarion*, and particularly from a little mole she had under her left breast. *Clonarion* had been the most faithful servant of our Heroine's mother, and after her death, the little *Psyche*, or *Philoclea*, as she was properly called, was committed to her care, for *Psyche* was only a fondling appellation which her nurse had given her out of tenderness; and the little *Philoclea*, as she had never heard herself called any thing but *Psyche* or *Psycharion*, afterwards gave it out as her real name. *Stratonicus* had given *Clonarion* a sufficient sum of money with the yet infant *Psyche*, and had ordered her to bring the child up in the neighbourhood of *Corinth*, as that was the most convenient place where he could visit her now and then incognito. The young *Psyche*, the joy and pride of her tender nurse, who loved her as her own child, grew so pretty that a more lovely girl could not be seen. The hopes of gain

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gain at laſt ſeduced ſome baſe people to ſteal her away privately, when ſhe was about five or ſix years old, and ſell her to the Prieſteſs of *Delphos*. A necklace, to which was faſtened a miniature picture of her mother, and which the young *Pſyche* uſed always to wear, was bought with her, and ſerved afterwards to confirm that ſhe really was the daughter of *Stratonicus*. *Clonarion*, when ſhe miſſed her *Pſyche*, tore her hair; and after ſearching for her ſome time, every where, except where ſhe really was, ſhe could think of no better way, than to give out that the child was dead, in order to clear herſelf to her maſter, from the charge of culpable negligence. *Stratonicus* was the more eaſily impoſed upon, as at that time he had been engaged in affairs, which had hindered him a long time from going to *Corinth*. In the interim, *Clonarion*, who was always wandering about from one place to another, met with a number of adventures, which ended at laſt in this, that

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ſhe became the wife of a fiſherman in the neighbourhood of *Capua*, already rather advanced in years, in whoſe eyes ſhe was at that time as beautiful at leaſt, as *Thetis* or *Galatea*. She loved her dear nurſe-child ſo tenderly, that ſhe had given the name of *Pſyche* to a daughter of her own, merely to keep her in perpetual remembrance. The death of this child, happening near about the ſame age at which *Pſyche* had been ſtolen away, renewed her grief; and as from this circumſtance the image of the tender *Pſyche* was ever before her eyes, ſo ſhe had the leſs trouble in recollecting her, notwithſtanding fourteen or fifteen years muſt have produced ſome change in her features. Our Heroine therefore now increaſed the ſmall family of the old fiſherman, who changed his abode, and went into the neighbourhood of *Tarentum*, where, as they were totally unknown, ſhe paſſed for his daughter. *Pſyche* adapted herſelf to the low condition in which ſhe muſt neceſſarily

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ceſſarily live with her nurſe, as well as if ſhe had never known any better; and had nothing more at heart, than by induſtrious labour to lighten the burden of her maintenance. At laſt the young *Critolaus* happened accidentally to ſee our Heroine, who in her ruſtic, but neat dreſs, and adorned with freſh flowers, muſt have appeared to him, when he met her in a grove, rather as one of *Diana*'s companions, than the daughter of a poor fiſherman. *Critolaus* conceived the moſt ardent paſſion for her; and his love being as virtuous as it was tender, he ſoon gained the compaſſionate *Clonarion* over to his cauſe; and as *Pſyche* then knew that *Agathon* was her brother, ſo there was no reaſon why ſhe ſhould be inſenſible to the affection of ſo amiable a young man. In reality *Critolaus* was in many reſpects a ſecond *Agathon*; but the circumſtances afforded ſo little hope of the poſſibility of a legitimate connection with him, that *Pſyche* thought herſelf obliged

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the more carefully to conceal what her heart felt in his favour, the more determined he was to ſacrifice all other conſiderations to his affection. At length he had no other expedient but to diſcover the ſecret of his heart to the perſon, whoſe approbation he leaſt expected to gain. All the eloquence of inſpired love, would have had very little effect upon ſo wiſe a man as *Archytas*; but *Critolaus* related ſuch extraordinary things of the underſtanding and virtue of his beloved, that his father at laſt began to attend to him. *Archytas* had never experienced the power of the Demon of Love, but he was humane, good, and ſuperior to vulgar prejudices and deſigns. A beautiful and virtuous young woman was in his eyes a very noble creature, whoſe merit through the clouds of meanneſs and poverty ſhone only the more conſpicuouſly. As ſoon as *Critolaus* perceived that his father began to heſitate, he ventured to diſcloſe to

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him the ſecret of his beloved's birth, which *Clonarion*, without *Pſyche*'s participation, had told him in confidence, hoping it might have ſome good effect. *Archytas*, to whom *Stratonicus* had formerly diſcovered his ſecret connection with *Muſarion*, was not a little rejoiced at this incident; he wiſhed nothing more than that the lady with whom his ſon had been ſo violently ſmitten, might prove the daughter of his deareſt friend; but he would be certain that ſhe really was ſo; and the mere teſtimony of a fiſherwoman did not appear to him ſufficient. He contrived to ſee *Pſyche* and her ſuppoſed nurſe; he thought that he diſcovered in the features of the former ſome traces of her father; and the converſation he had with her, ſtrengthened the favourable impreſſion, the ſight of her had made upon him. At his deſire her ſtory was related to him with all the circumſtances; and he found ſtill leſs reaſon to doubt of the veracity of thoſe things which his ſon, without the

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leaſt inquiry, had received as the moſt evident truth, on the bare report of the nurſe. The necklace which *Pſyche* muſt have left behind her in the hands of the Pythoneſs, was the only thing wanting to convince him entirely. On this account he ſent a perſon he could confide in to *Delphos*; and the prieſteſs, when ſhe found that a man of ſo great authority intereſted himſelf in the fate of her former ſlave, made no difficulty of delivering up the tokens of her deſcent. *Archytas* now thought he had a right to conſider *Pſyche* as the daughter of a friend, whoſe memory was dear to him, and he himſelf now had nothing nearer at heart than to tranſplant her into his family. She became therefore the wife of the happy *Critolaus*; and this connection naturally gave *Archytas* freſh motives for intereſting himſelf in *Agathon*'s deliverance ſo warmly and zealouſly, as we have before related.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.

Something, which without a Spirit of Divination, may be foreseen.

AGATHON had begun to live much earlier than most men do, yet he was not near so far advanced in years as to retire totally from the world. But after having already twice undertaken a principal part on the theatre of public life, in which he had acquitted himself well enough for a young man, he thought he had a right to retreat into the circle of private life, as long as he had not any particular call to serve his country, or as long as it should not absolutely stand in need of him. The principles of the wise *Archytas* coincided exactly with his way of thinking on this head. A man of more than common capacity, said *Archytas*, may find sufficient employment in reforming his own life, and in endeavouring to attain per-

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fection. He is beſt qualified for his buſineſs when he has begun to acquire a knowledge of himſelf and of the world, by a ſeries of conſiderable experience. While he thus labours for himſelf, he in fact labours for the world; becauſe he is thereby ſo much the better enabled to be of uſe to his country, to his friends, and to mankind in general; and to concur towards promoting the univerſal good of the ſyſtem, whether with more or leſs dignity, in a greater or a ſmaller circle, in a public, or in a leſs conſpicuous manner.

Agathon, as ſoon as he became a citizen of *Tarentum*, employed himſelf agreeably to theſe maxims, principally in the mathematical ſciences, in examining the powers and properties of natural things, and in aſtronomy. In ſhort, he ſtudied that part of ſpeculative philoſophy, which, with the aſſiſtance of the ſenſes and careful reaſoning, leads to a clear, though by no means a complete knowledge

knowledge of nature, and her majeſtically ſimple, wiſe and beneficent laws. To theſe ſublime ſtudies, in which the inſtructions of *Archytas* were of great ſervice to him, he joined the reading of the beſt writers of all claſſes, particularly the hiſtorians, and the ſtudy of antiquity, which as well as verbal criticiſm, he conſidered as one of the moſt noble and uſeful, or one of the moſt inſignificant ſpeculations, according as it was purſued either in a philoſophical, or merely in a mechanical manner. He frequently laid theſe ſeverer ſtudies aſide, in order, as he ſaid, to ſport with the Muſes; and the natural bent of his genius made this kind of intellectual amuſement ſo agreeable to him, that he found it difficult to diſengage himſelf from it again. Painting and Muſic, the ſiſter arts to poetry, the ſublime theory of which loſes itſelf in the moſt myſterious depths of philoſophy, alſo employed ſome of his time; and helped him to avoid too great

an uniformity in the occupations of his mind, and to prevent the pernicious conſequences that might enſue from its being confined to one ſingle ſpecies of objects.

THE frequent converſations he had with *Archytas*, contributed much and perhaps principally to reſtrain his mind from wandering in abſtruſe ſpeculations upon metaphyſical ſubjects. *Agathon*, who formerly, when his ſoul was all ſenſibility, ſuffered his judgment to be too eaſily ſurprized; now he began to reaſon coolly, found almoſt every thing doubtful. Every day leſſened the number of human ideas and opinions, which would ſtand the teſt of a quiet, cool and accurate examination. The ſyſtems of dogmatical philoſophers were gradually eclipſed, and diſpelled by the rays of penetrating reaſon, as the chimeras, and magic beauties we ſometimes think we ſee in a cloud of vapours on a ſummer's morning, are diſſipated by the riſing ſun. The wiſe *Archytas*

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chytas approved the modeſt ſcepticiſm of his friend; but while he brought him back from his too adventurous flight into the land of ideas, to thoſe ſimple, and therefore more eſtimable truths that ſeem to be the guides, which the common Father of all Beings has ſet up to conduct us ſecurely through the labyrinth of life; —he warned him againſt that total ambiguity of mind which occaſions ſo much irreſolution and debility of reaſon, and conſequently becomes the ſource of ſo many injurious conſequences to religion and virtue, and to the tranquillity and happineſs of our lives, that the ſituation of the moſt inchanted enthuſiaſt, is preferable to that of a philoſopher, who from continual apprehenſions of being miſtaken, at length dares neither affirm nor deny any thing. In fact, reaſon in this inſtance is ſomething like Doctor *Peter Rezio* of *Aguero*; it has ſo much to oppoſe to every thing our ſoul is nouriſhed with, that ſhe muſt at laſt as neceſſarily

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ceſſarily languiſh through inanition, as the unfortunate governors of the iſland of *Barataria* did through the diet, to which they were condemned by the curſed preſcription of their too ſcrupulous phyſician. The beſt way on ſuch an occaſion, is to extricate ourſelves as *Sancho* did. Inſtinct, and the almoſt unerring ſenſation of what is right and good, which nature has imparted to all men, can beſt inform us what we are to truſt to; and ſooner or later, the men of the greateſt genius muſt have recourſe to this, if they would avoid the fate of the patriarch *Noah*'s dove, of fluttering about on all ſides, and finding no reſting place.

Notwithſtanding all theſe various occupations in which our Hero employed his leiſure to his own advantage, he had ſtill ſome hours to ſpare, which were devoted to friendſhip and ſociable pleaſures. —Too many hours indeed for his own tranquillity; for in theſe, a kind of tender melancholy which he could not get the

the better of, reduced his ſoul to that ſtate of inchantment, we have already mentioned in the preceding chapter. In ſuch a diſpoſition of mind a man prefers living in the country, where he has an opportunity of giving way to his thoughts with leſs interruption, than amidſt the duties and diſſipations of a more ſociable town life. *Agathon* therefore frequently retired to a ſeat, in the poſſeſſion of his brother *Critolaus*, about ſix miles from *Tarentum*, where he ſometimes diverted himſelf with hunting in his company. It happened once on this occaſion, that they were ſurprized by a ſtorm, at leaſt as violent as that in which, by the contrivance of two Goddeſſes, *Æneas* and *Dido* were driven together into the ſame cave.

But here no ſuch hoſpitable cave preſented itſelf to afford them ſhelter, and the worſt was, that they had loſt their ſervants, and knew not for a conſiderable time in what place they were. This is an accident which in itſelf has nothing very

very extraordinary, but occaſioned as we ſhall ſee one of the moſt fortunate adventures, that ever happened to our Hero. As ſoon as they got out of the wood, *Critolaus* recollected the country, but perceived at the ſame time, that they were ſome miles diſtant from home. The ſtorm ſtill continued to rage violently, and there was no place in which they could take ſhelter nearer, than a lonely country houſe, inhabited, for more than a year paſt, by a foreign lady of very ſingular character. It was conjectured from ſome circumſtances, that ſhe muſt be the widow of ſome man of rank and fortune, but no one had hitherto been able to find out her name and former reſidence, or diſcover what had induced her to change it, in order to live in a ſtate of total ſequeſtration from the world. Report ſaid much of her beauty, yet no body could boaſt of having ſeen her. The leſs people knew of her, the more they made her the ſubject of their con-

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verſation for a conſiderable time; but when they found ſhe was reſolutely determined not to trouble herſelf about what they ſaid, they no longer mentioned her, and left it to time to explain the myſterious character of this perſon, and the reaſons of her ſingular method of living. Perhaps, ſaid *Critolaus*, this lady is a ſecond *Artemiſia*, who chuſes to bury herſelf alive in this ſolitude, in order to abandon herſelf to her grief without interruption. I have long been deſirous of ſeeing her; this ſtorm will I hope give us the opportunity: ſhe cannot refuſe us ſhelter in her houſe; and when we have once gained admittance, we ſhall find ſome means or other of ſeeing her, even though we ſhould be the firſt perſons in this neighbourhood, who may have been indulged in that privilege.

We can readily imagine, that *Agathon*, however indifferent he might be to the ladies, ſince the time of his ſeparation from *Danae*, muſt yet have ſome curioſity

rioſity to be acquainted with ſo extraordinary a perſon. They arrived at the outward door of a houſe, which reſembled rather an inchanted caſtle, than a Villa in the Ionian or Corinthian taſte. The badneſs of the weather, the earneſtneſs of their requeſt, and perhaps their good appearance gained them admiſſion. Some old ſlaves conducted them into a ſaloon, where they could not avoid accepting all the little ſervices that were offered them in the moſt friendly manner, and which their ſituation required. The figure of theſe ſtrangers ſeemed to throw the people of the houſe into aſtoniſhment, and gave them reaſon to think that they muſt be perſons of diſtinction: but *Agathon*, whoſe attention was preſently engaged by ſome pictures which ornamented the ſaloon, did not perceive that he was obſerved with ſtill greater attention by a female ſlave. This ſlave appeared like a perſon who knew not whether ſhe ſhould believe her eyes or not; and

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and *Critolaus*, as he afterwards declared, thought at first that her surprize was an effect of our Hero's beauty. After gazing upon him a few minutes with eager eyes, she hastily quitted the saloon. She ran so eagerly up to her mistress's chamber, that she was quite out of breath. "And who do you think, Madam, said she panting, is below in the saloon? Has not your heart already told you? *Diana* be propitious to me! What an incident is this! Who would have dreamt it? I am so astonished, I know not where I am!" —"Upon my word I believe you are not rightly in your senses, said the lady rather surprized; who is then below in the saloon?"—"O! by the Goddesses! I scarcely could believe my own eyes;—but yet I knew him again the moment I saw him, though he is grown rather stouter: nothing is more certain—it is he, it is he!"—"Torment me no longer, cried the lady, seized with still greater astonishment, with thy mysterious jargon; tell me

me then trifler, who is it?"—"But can you not yet gueſs, Madam, who it is?—I tell you, that *Agathon* is below in the ſaloon, yes *Agathon*, nothing is more certain:—It is either he, or his ghoſt, one or the other indiſputably. His mother could not know him better than I did, the moment he threw off the cloak in which he was at firſt wrapped up."—This good girl would ſtill have run on in the ſame ſtrain, for her heart overflowed with joy, if ſhe had not quickly perceived, that her miſtreſs had fainted, and was fallen back on the ſopha. It was with ſome difficulty ſhe could bring her to herſelf again; at length the lady recovered, but only to be diſpleaſed with herſelf, for having ſo much ſenſibility. "You frighten me, Madam, ſaid the ſlave, if you faint away merely at the mention of his name, what will become of you when you ſee him?—Shall I go and bring him up immediately?"—"Bring him up? replied the lady, no truly; I will not ſee him!"—"You will

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not ſee him, Madam? What a thought! But you cannot be in earneſt! O! if you did but ſee him,—he is ſo handſome,—handſomer I think than ever; my eyes could have devoured him; you muſt ſee him, Madam,—It would indeed be inexcuſable in you, to let him go away without ſeeing you;—wherefore have you then"—"Hold your tongue, ſay no more, cried the lady, leave me,—but do not think of going down again into the ſaloon. If it is he, I do not chuſe he ſhould recollect you; for I hope you have not yet betrayed me."—"No, Madam, replied the confidant; he has not yet noticed me, for he was totally taken up with conſidering the pictures, and I thought I heard him ſigh once or twice; probably"—"Thou art crazy, interrupted the lady, leave me,—I will not ſee him, neither ſhall he know in whoſe houſe he is; if you diſcover it to him, you have loſt a friend."—The ſlave retired in hopes that

that her mistress would think better of it, and the beautiful *Danae* was left alone.

A detail of all that passed in her mind, would fill up some sheets, though it took up less than six minutes.—What a contest!—What a tumult of contrary emotions! Till this moment she had loved him so tenderly—and now it seemed to her as if she felt that she hated him.—She dreaded to see him,—and yet impatiently wished it. What would she have given an hour before to see this *Agathon*, who, however ungrateful, however inconstant, still reigned over her whole soul,—the loss of whom had made all the advantages of her former situation, her residence at *Smyrna*, her friends, her riches insupportable to her,—whose image, with all the delightful recollections of her former happiness, was the only good, the only pleasure, she was susceptible of. But now, when she knew that it was in her power to see him again, all her pride was at once awakened, and in some moments seemed

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ſeemed to make it impoſſible for her to forgive him. If in the next moment love reaſſumed its dominion, the apprehenſion of finding him indifferent inſtantly reduced her to the ſame dilemma. To all theſe may be added another conſideration, which perhaps might appear too refined in the beautiful *Danae*, if we did not declare in her juſtification, that our Hero's flight, the diſcovery of the cauſes which compelled him to ſo violent a reſolution, the thought, that her own errors had made her contemptible in the eyes of the only man ſhe had ever loved,—that all theſe things I ſay, had produced a total alteration in her way of thinking, an alteration which had been brought about by her converſing with *Agathon*, and by that union of ſouls, of which we have already ſpoken in the fifth book. *Danae* did not ſuffer herſelf to be diſcouraged by the reproaches ſhe had to make herſelf, and which probably ſhe might deſerve merely on account of the peculiarity

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liarity of circumſtances, from the noble reſolution of devoting herſelf to virtue; a reſolution, which in that age was in itſelf conſidered as meritorious. In reality, a kind of amorous deſpair had the greateſt ſhare in the extraordinary ſtep ſhe had taken, of voluntarily quitting a world in which ſhe was adored, for a ſolitude, where the liberty of entertaining herſelf with her own ideas, was the only ſatisfaction that could compenſate the loſs of all that ſhe ſacrificed. But it belonged only to a great ſoul, a ſoul formed for virtue, to be capable of ſuch deſpair in the ſplendid circumſtances in which ſhe lived, and to perſiſt in a reſolution, which muſt ſoon have overpowered a weak mind. Had *Danae* been voluptuouſly inclined, ſhe might have found opportunities enough at *Smyrna* and every where elſe, of conſoling herſelf for the loſs of her lover. But her love, as we may perhaps ſtill remember, was of a more noble kind, and ſo nearly allied to the

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the love of virtue itſelf, that we have reaſon to imagine, from the total privacy in which our Heroine lived, that the firſt had now entirely loſt itſelf in the latter; that her ſincere love of virtue, and the conſciouſneſs of the involuntary weakneſs of her heart for the too amiable *Agathon*, were good reaſons why ſhe ſhould heſitate to expoſe herſelf to the danger of being affected by a too probable return of her former ſentiments. This was a thought which ſhe might have, without entertaining too high an opinion of her charms; and which from the ſelf-diſtruſt always accompanying real virtue, muſt have no inconſiderable degree of weight. Such was the conteſt between love, pride and virtue in her irreſolute heart, for and againſt the deſire of ſeeing *Agathon*.— What was the effect we may readily imagine. Love could not be love, if it did not contrive to gain over pride and virtue to it's ſide. It inſpired her pride with the deſire of ſeeing how *Agathon* would

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behave, when he ſhould ſo ſuddenly and unexpectedly behold the once much beloved, and cruelly injured *Danae*; and encouraged her virtue to a confidence that ſhe ſhould be able to bear, without being too violently agitated, the tranſports he might poſſibly experience on this occaſion. In ſhort, the conſequence of this internal conflict was, that ſhe had juſt reſolved to call in her confidant (the only perſon ſhe had taken with her at her departure from *Smyrna*) that ſhe might give her the neceſſary orders; when the ſlave herſelf came in, and told her lady, that the two ſtrangers had ſent one of the ſlaves who waited upon them, requeſting in a very preſſing manner the permiſſion of being admitted to the miſtreſs of the houſe.—A freſh cauſe of irreſolution, which no man who knows the nature of a female heart will wonder at. In reality *Danae's* heart beat ſo violently at this inſtant, that ſhe found it neceſ-

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neceſſary to compoſe herſelf, before ſhe could venture to undergo ſo ſevere a trial.

In the mean time, while this beautiful lady is ſettling with herſelf what ſhe ſhall reſolve upon, and how ſhe ſhall behave in an interview ſo much deſired, and ſo much dreaded, let us return for a moment to our Hero in the ſaloon. The more *Agathon* conſidered the pictures which hung round the walls, the more was he perſuaded that he had ſeen them in *Danae*'s country houſe at *Smyrna*. But ſo little could he conceive how they ſhould have got here from the place in which he had ſeen them two years before, that he thought it rather more probable he ſhould be deceived by his imagination. The ſame maſters might perhaps have wrought off ſeveral copies of their pieces. But when he fixed his eyes a ſecond time upon one picture, which repreſented the Goddeſs *Diana*, as ſhe was viewing with eyes of love the ſleeping *Endymion*;—he was ſo firmly perſuaded

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that it was the ſame, before which he had ſo frequently ſtood for a quarter of an hour together in admiring extaſy, in a ſummer-houſe of *Danae*'s at *Smyrna*, that it was impoſſible for him to reſiſt conviction. The confuſion which this threw him into, is not to be deſcribed.—Had *Danae*,—but how could that be poſſible? —And yet all the particulars which *Critolaus* had told him of the lady of the houſe, ſeemed to confirm the ideas that aroſe in his mind, and which he ſcarce dared to indulge. The beautiful *Danae* might have been ſatisfied, if ſhe had known what was paſſing in his heart. He could not have been ſeized with greater dread at coming into the preſence of an injured Goddeſs, than at the thoughts of appearing before this *Danae*, whom for a conſiderable time paſt he had been accuſtomed to repreſent to himſelf as innocent, as ſhe ſeemed contemptible and odious to him, at the time that he quitted her. But the deſire of ſeeing her,

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at length baniſhed all other emotions with which his heart was agitated. His anxiety was ſo viſible, that *Critolaus* could not but obſerve it. *Agathon* would have done better to diſcloſe the cauſe of it to him; but inſtead of doing this, he had recourſe to the common excuſe of not being well. Notwithſtanding this he expreſſed ſo impatient a deſire of ſeeing the lady of the houſe, that *Critolaus* began to conjecture from what he obſerved of his behaviour, that there muſt be ſome myſtery in this buſineſs, the unfolding of which he eagerly expected. In the mean time, the ſlave whom they had ſent with the meſſage to his miſtreſs, returned with the anſwer, that he had orders to conduct them into her chamber. And here it is, that we are more than ever tempted to wiſh, that this book ſhould be read by none but thoſe who believe that there are ſuch things as great ſouls. The ſituation in which we ſhall ſee our Hero in a few minutes, is perhaps one of the moſt

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delicate that can be experienced in life. If we had here to do with such imaginary characters as those which have been feigned by the female writer of the secret history of *Burgundy*, and of the Queen of *Navarre*, we should scarcely have been less embarrassed than *Agathon* himself, when with a throbing heart and panting breast, he followed the slave who introduced him into the chamber of an unknown lady, whom with equal agitation he wished and dreaded, might be *Danae*. But as *Agathon* and *Danae* are as much historical characters, as *Brutus*, *Portia*, and a hundred others, whose existence has not been the less certain, because they have not thought, or acted exactly as common people do: we are not very anxious how this *Agathon* and this *Danae* might or would have acted according to the moral ideas of any persons, who may judge well or ill of this work, if this *Agathon* and this *Danae* had not been what our Hero and Heroine were. The right

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right of judging cannot and ought not to be conteſted with any man; our duty is to relate, not to invent, and we are not to be blamed, if *Agathon* has not behaved himſelf wiſely and heroically enough on this occaſion, to deſerve the eſteem of rigid moral critics; or if *Danae* has not maintained the prerogative of female pride, ſo well as many others, who thank heaven that they are no *Danaes*, would have done in her place.

The beautiful *Danae* ſeated on her ſopha, waited for the viſit ſhe was going to receive, with as much fortitude as a female ſoul, and one, which at the ſame is as tender and ſenſible as ſuch a ſoul can be, could poſſibly be capable of.—But are there ſuch things as female ſouls?—O, Sir! I told you that the latter part of this chapter was not written for any one who can aſk ſuch a queſtion.—You may perhaps doubt whether women have any ſouls; but if they have ſouls, they are female ſouls; for Heaven defend us

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from thoſe Penthefileas, and Amazons, in whom nothing is female, but their form.—We will not however contend upon this ſubject at preſent. *Danae* therefore waited for the ſight of her fugitive with tolerable firmneſs; but as to what paſſed in her heart, ſuch of our tender readers as are capable of putting themſelves in her ſituation, muſt read it in their own. She knew that *Agathon* had a companion, and this conſideration was of uſe to her; but *Agathon* experienced very little relief from it. The door of the anti-chamber was opened by the female ſlave;—he immediately recollected the confidant of his beloved, and therefore could no longer doubt that the lady he was to ſee in a few moments, was *Danae*. He ſummoned all his fortitude, while with trembling faultring ſteps he followed his friend, *Critolaus*.—He ſaw her, would have advanced towards her, but could not; he fixed his eyes upon her, and fell back, overpowered with exceſs

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exceſs of ſenſibility, into the arms of his friend. The beauteous *Danae* at once forgot all the great reſolutions of coolneſs and reſerve ſhe had taken ſuch pains to make. She ran to him with tender conſternation, took him in her arms, and gave a free courſe to all her tenderneſs, without ever conſidering that there was a third perſon by, who muſt unavoidably be aſtoniſhed at all he heard and ſaw. But the goodneſs of his heart, and the ſympathy, which in a few minutes makes great ſouls acquainted with each other, inſpired him with the ſame kind of behaviour, in a ſituation for which he was ſo little prepared, that a long intimacy with her would have produced. He led his friend to the ſopha, on which *Danae* threw herſelf down near him, and as he was now ſufficiently let into the ſecret to perceive, that he could be of no farther uſe, he unobſervedly ſlipt away to a ſufficient diſtance, to relieve our lovers from the

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conſtraint of a reſerve, which in ſuch moments is a greater evil, than people who want ſenſibility can ſuppoſe. *Agathon*, by the ſide of the tenderly affected *Danae*, and incircled with one of her beautiful arms, gradually recovered the power of breathing; his face repoſed on her boſom, and the tears, which trickled down upon her, were the firſt ſigns that convinced her of his returning affection. Her firſt thought was to diſengage herſelf from him; but her heart would not ſuffer her to do it; it told her what was paſſing in his, and ſhe had not the courage to deprive him of a conſolation, which he ſeemed, and in reality did ſtand ſo much in need of. But in a few minutes, he reproached himſelf, as being unworthy of ſuch exceſſive goodneſs.—He threw himſelf at her feet, embraced her knees with a ſenſibility, which words cannot deſcribe; he endeavoured to raiſe his eyes up to her, and being not able to ſupport her look, ſank down, his

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his countenance bathed in tears, upon her lap. *Danae* could now no longer doubt of her being beloved, and it was with great difficulty ſhe reſtrained the tranſports into which ſhe was thrown by this aſſurance; but, it was neceſſary to put an end to this too tender ſcene. *Agathon* could not yet ſpeak,—and what indeed could he have ſaid?—"*Agathon*, I am ſatisfied," ſaid ſhe in a tone of voice, which involuntarily diſcovered what trouble ſhe had to check her tears;—"I am ſatisfied;—you recover a friend,—and I hope you will hereafter find her leſs unworthy of your eſteem.—No excuſes, my friend, (for *Agathon* attempted to ſay ſomething that looked like an excuſe, and in the violent emotions he was in, he would have found it difficult to make a proper one)—you ſhall hear no reproaches from me,—we will think no more on what is paſt; but in order to enjoy more completely the happineſs of ſo unexpected a meeting."—

"Generous,

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"Generous, divine *Danae!*" exclaimed *Agathon*, in a transport of gratitude and love—"No epithets, *Agathon*, interrupted *Danae*, no enthusiasm! Thou art too much agitated; compose thyself—we shall have time to give each other an account of what has happened to us since the last time we met.—Allow me to enjoy uninterruptedly the pleasure of having found thee again, it is the only satisfaction I have experienced for these two years."

WITH these words (and indeed she would have kept the last to herself, if it had been possible for her to be mistress over her own heart) she arose, approached *Critolaus*, and gave the more than ever inchanted *Agathon* time to resume a calmer disposition of mind.

Cætera intus agentur.—Our fair readers have already seen enough, to represent to themselves what the consequences of so tender a scene must be. *Danae* and *Critolaus* were soon good friends. This young man confessed, that his *Psyche* excepted,

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cepted, he had ſeen nothing more perfect than *Danae*; and *Danae* diſcovered with much ſatisfaction, that *Critolaus* was the huſband of the beautiful *Pſyche*, and *Pſyche* the recovered ſiſter of *Agathon*. She had not much trouble to perſuade her gueſts to paſs the night in her houſe; the blame therefore would have lain upon our lovers, if they had not found an opportunity of converſing privately, and explaining their ſentiments to each other. The charming *Danae* told her friend, that on her return to *Smyrna*, ſhe ſoon diſcovered the treachery of *Hippias*, and the cauſe of *Agathon's* ſudden diſappearance. She did not conceal from him, that the pain of loſing him, had forced her to take the ſtrange reſolution of renouncing the world, and of puniſhing herſelf in a diſtant ſolitude, for the foibles and failings of her paſt life. To this ſhe added, that ſhe hoped, if once ſhe ſhould have the opportunity to give him an entirely ſincere and circumſtantial hiſtory

tory of her heart, to the time when his converſation, and the tenderneſs ſhe had experienced for him alone the firſt time in her life, had given her ſoul a kind of new exiſtence,—that ſhe hoped he would then find reaſons, if not entirely to juſtify, yet to pity rather than condemn her. The fear of giving her reaſon to think that ſhe had forfeited any of his eſteem, on account of what had before paſſed between them, obliged our Hero for a conſiderable time to conceal the vivacity of his ſentiments. *Danae* however became acquainted with the family of *Archytas*: whoever ſaw her muſt neceſſarily love her; and the better ſhe was known, the more did ſhe riſe in their eſteem. Beſides this, it was one of her qualifications to be able to accommodate herſelf very eaſily and in the beſt manner to all perſons, ſituations and ways of living. How could it therefore be otherwiſe, than that in a ſhort time ſhe ſhould be connected by the tendereſt friendſhip to this worthy fami-

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ly? The wife *Archytas* himself was fond of her company, and she took a delight in assisting to alleviate, by the sprightliness of her conversation, the inconveniences of old age, in a man of such uncommon merit. But nothing could equal the affection with which *Psyche* and *Danae* inspired each other. Never perhaps did so tender and perfect a friendship take place between two females, so well fitted to become rivals. We may imagine that *Agathon* lost nothing by this. He saw the beautiful *Danae* every day, and had all the privileges of a brother with her—but how could it have been possible, he should for ever have been satisfied with this?—There were moments, when intoxicated with the recollection of his former felicity, he wished to exert the privileges of a favoured lover. But *Danae* was so much strengthened in her new way of thinking, by a familiar intercourse with the virtuous persons she lived with at present, that the tenderest solicitations of love could not triumph over her.

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her. In this respect she would no longer be *Danae* for him. That is improbable, will the connoisseurs say; improbable I grant, yet still possible. In a word, *Danae* shewed by her example, that this was really possible to a *Danae*; and *Agathon* experienced it to such a degree, that *Psyche* at last began to pity him. She knew the secret history of her friend; *Danae* had been candid enough to give her a faithful account of it. We may easily conceive the difficulties that opposed themselves to the felicity of these lovers, who seemed so entirely made for each other. But were they of consequence enough to make them unhappy? Had he not the example of the great *Pericles* before him? Did not *Danae* in all respects deserve the fate of *Aspasia?*— It would be an easy matter for us to explain this miraculous affair to our readers, but we leave it to them to conjecture what he did—or to determine what he ought to have done.

CHAP.

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CHAPTER V.

A Farewell.

AND now ſince in this laſt book we think we have done every thing in favour of our Hero, that the moſt affectionate friends he may have gained, (and we hope he has found ſome) could ever wiſh for his advantage:—Since he is now happier perhaps than ever mortal was —or at leaſt that he has it in his power to be happy,—we have nothing more to do, than to thank our readers of both ſexes, who may have had patience enough to read as far as this page—and to aſſure them, that we ſhall be very well ſatisfied, if they have taken pleaſure enough in this hiſtory to read it through—and ſtill more ſo, if they are become wiſer or better by it. But this is their own buſineſs. The editor of the hiſtory flatters himſelf at leaſt (for who does not flatter himſelf?) that he has furniſhed them with

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with frequent opportunities both of pleasure and improvement. If the success does not answer his expectations, he will console himself with reflecting on the fate of so many thousand measures and attempts which are daily frustrated, and will wrap himself up with *Horace*, in the integrity of his intentions.

He cannot however avoid discovering in confidence to his friends, that the Greek manuscript which he has in his hands, enables him to give some supplements or additions to the history of *Agathon*, which may not perhaps be unworthy of their attention. It is not impossible for instance, that they may be desirous of being more accurately acquainted with the system of the wise *Archytas*, or of knowing what *Agathon's* opinion might be, when he was fifty years old, upon every thing in heaven or on earth which deserves to be an object of our inquiries, our thoughts, our inclinations, our wishes, or reveries. Perhaps also it might not be dis-

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diſagreeable to them, to read the hiſtory of *Danae* circumſtantially detailed, as ſhe had had the courage to relate it to *Agathon* at a time when he no longer thought ſo enthuſiaſtically, and therefore more reaſonably—We could have ſatisfied the deſire of our friends in all theſe particulars, if we had previouſly known that they had ſuch a deſire—and had any reaſons to hope that theſe additions would have been of half as much ſervice to the public, as the French author of the treatiſe on Nightingales, mentioned by *Helvetius*, thinks he has been of to mankind by his book.

THE END.

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